THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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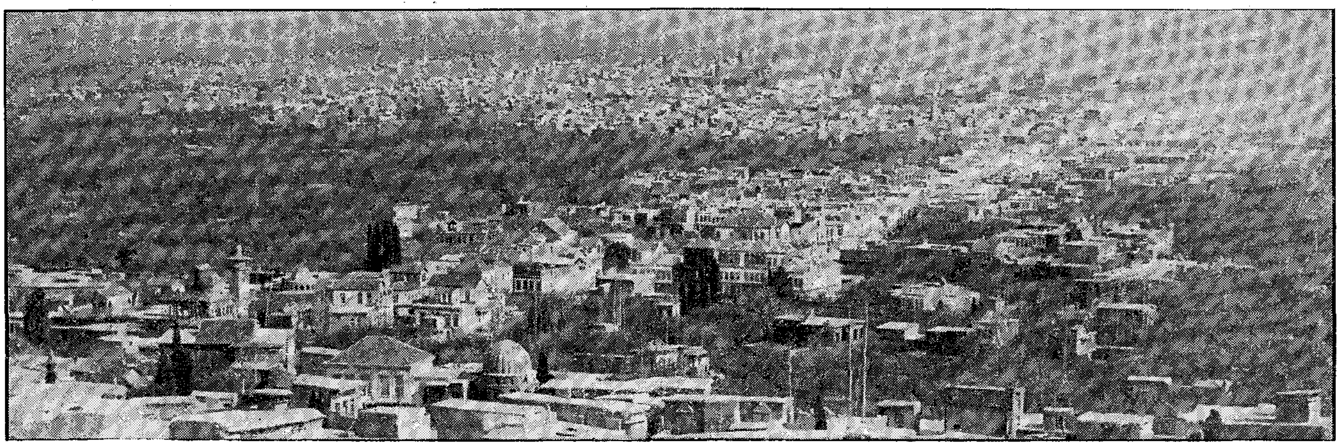


International Newsreel photograph

WHERE FRENCH SHELLS AND BOMBS WROUGHT HAVOC FOR TWO DAYS

Damascus, described as "the heart of the Mohammedan World," was a seat of culture 1,000 years before the Parisii laid the foundations of the city now known as Paris. It was old before any one dreamed of Athens. It was once besieged and conquered by King David, and in comparatively modern times was the home of St. Paul.

THE DAMASCUS MASSACRE

THE SCREAMING AND BURSTING SHELLS that spattered the streets of Damascus with the blood of innocent men, women and children sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world—a horror not lessened by the fact that the shells were fired from the guns of a Christian nation. And the work of the artillery was supplemented by bombing airplanes and by tanks that spit machine-gun fire as they lumbered through the historic streets of what is said to be the world's oldest inhabited city. This exhibition of "frightfulness" began on Sunday night, October 18—two days after the initialing of the European security pacts at Locarno—and continued until late Tuesday afternoon. An eye-witness quoted in an Associated Press dispatch describes the period of the bombardment as one of "unforgettable horror," tells of hundreds of dead bodies lying in the streets, and estimates that "at least 2,000 were buried in the débris of the wrecked buildings of Damascus."

In the United States editorial writers discuss this event under such uncompromising headings as "Murder in Damascus," "Butchery in Damascus," and "French Butchers in Syria." "In one brief rain of bullets France has done more harm than a thousand peace pacts and missionaries can repair in a hundred years," thinks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. "While we still mourn with the French over the shelling of the cathedral at Reims, Damascus lies in smoking ruins," remarks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which reminds us that "Damascus is to the Mohammedan what Reims is to the Christian." The same paper notes further that "while the right hand of France was signing the Locarno agreements and intervening, as a member of the League of Nations, in the Greece-Bulgar squabble, its left hand was committing ruthless butchery in Syria." "It becomes increasingly apparent," says the Grand Rapids *Press*, "that France has made the blunder of its entire colonial career—a blunder that may never, perhaps, be excused or remedied." "Nothing can really excuse the occurrence," agrees the Detroit *Free Press*, which adds: "At best, the whole imbroglio was the result of stupid blundering by the French authorities; at worst, it was a piece of ruthless vandalism which will leave the Orientals extremely skeptical about the superiority of French culture over their own." "The ghastly joke is that all this is done in the name of civilization," exclaims the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which reminds us that France holds a mandate from the League of Nations for the just administration of Syria. "There will be little to be said for the mandate system," it declares, "if

THE ROLL OF HONOR

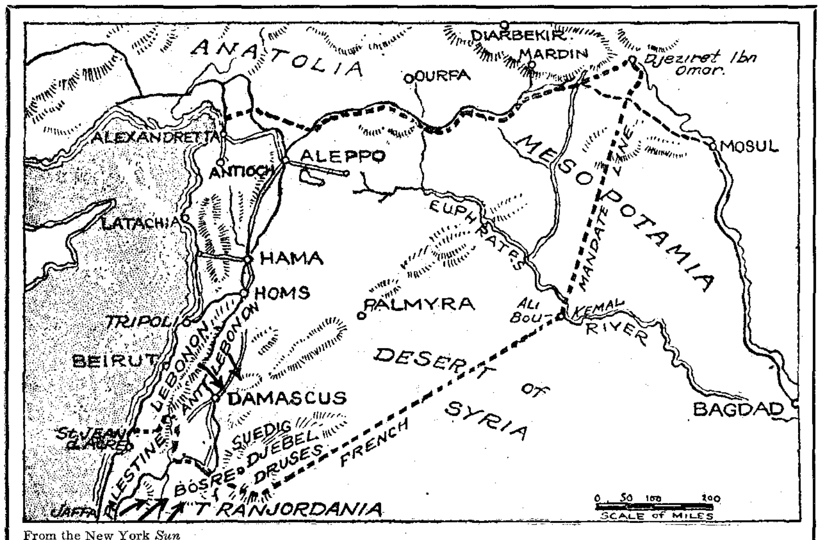
In one great perennial privilege Americans of all classes and all conditions take unfailing pride and pleasure: It is their annual enrolment as members of the world's greatest legion of mercy, The American Red Cross. *The 1925 Enrolment is now beginning.*

The American Red Cross is the world's Good Samaritan, who freely and tenderly soothes the suffering of every race, every religion, and every nationality.

> "Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives:
> She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
> Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
> And opens in each heart a little Heaven."

The Roll of Honor is Open! Enroll Now!

the situation in Syria goes on uncorrected and unrebuked." The international reverberations of the Damascus incident will be serious, predicts the Baltimore *Sun*. "Will Western nations learn in time to save their own hides, that in dealing with the non-white populations, who make up nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the earth, sympathy and effort at understanding go far toward peaceful cooperation, while rough-shod violence serves only to advance an inevitable day of reckoning?" asks the Boston *Globe*. "What the French are facing in Syria, and also in Morocco, increases a growing feeling that the old pre-war methods of dealing with so-called subject peoples will no longer work," says the Indianapolis *News*. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* remarks ironically that "it is becoming ever more difficult for France or any other Power to impress the 'backward peoples' with the great blessings incidental to European overlordship." And in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* we read:



From the New York *Sun*

FRANCE'S MANDATE IN SYRIA

> "France's great blunder at Damascus has shocked the world by irreparable damage done to precious historical monuments of one of the most ancient and picturesque of cities, a city that was old when Abraham dwelt in tents in Palestine. It has roused the Moslem population to fury and made mandate administration everywhere harder for the Western Powers.
>
> "It has brought what threatens to be a long and obstinate war on France, imposing new sacrifices in men and money on a country already wearied of the prolonged struggle in the Riff.
>
> "The United States has complained of the danger to its nationals, who have been advised by the American consul at Damascus to withdraw from the capital to the safety of the seaport Beirut. Two American destroyers, ordered from Gibraltar, are held at Alexandria in readiness to speed to the Syrian port if the safety of Americans there is threatened.
>
> "Britain is drawing up a heavy bill of damages to present to France because of the material damage suffered by British subjects in the bombardment of Damascus. But London's chief grievance is the additional trouble it expects in mandated Palestine and Transjordania by reason of rekindled Arab rage against the Westerner and the Christian. The British mind is reflected in the sharp language of the London *Times*, which brands the French tactics which led to the Damascus rising as a 'grotesque imitation of the barbarities of primitive peoples.'
>
> "The action thus denounced was the parading through the city on the backs of camels of the bodies of twenty-four slain bandits. The French justification for the bombardment of an open town that followed was that the manner in which the houses of Damascus are huddled together in the immemorial style of the Orient gave such perfect cover to snipers at the French that their destruction on a large scale was a military necessity. The French military administration in this case is charged with the fault, so often laid to the Germans, of letting purely military considerations overrule all considerations of humanity."

The bombarding of Damascus is a tragic incident in France's effort to administer Syria—a responsibility assigned to her at San Remo on April 25, 1920. Her task has been made difficult by repeated revolts, the most serious of which, the Druse rebellion, broke out last August, and seems to be still gaining headway. In an Associated Press dispatch from Cairo, we read:

> "A traveler who has just arrived here from Damascus says that at 4 P. M., October 18, Hassan El Karreth, chief of a native band, penetrated into the Chagour quarter of Damascus with his followers, crying:
>
> "'Rise up! Your brothers, the Druses are here.'
>
> "The band then attacked a police post where they shot a French officer. The inhabitants of the quarter armed themselves and joined the insurgents, the traveler said, and then all advanced toward the Medan quarter, the inhabitants of which ranged themselves against Hassan El Karreth's men.
>
> "The traveler relates that at this hour many Frenchmen were working with Armenians in the Medan quarter. They were savagely attacked by insurgents, who caught them between two fires. Here one hundred men died fighting.
>
> "Suddenly an airplane appeared over the scene and dropt bombs on the crowds massed in the Armenian quarter to disperse them. The angry crowds fired back, but without hitting the airplane.
>
> "Tanks and armored cars arrived. A number of airplanes joined in, all uniting in spreading death among the rebels. The latter fled in all directions.
>
> "The insurgents, however, did not cease their firing on public and military buildings. They barricaded the streets and set fire to certain quarters. Artillery in the citadel began shelling the rebel district, the French making it known that the bombardment would continue until the insurgents ceased firing.
>
> "The bombardment lasted from Sunday night until Tuesday. Shells destroyed the Medan and Chagour quarters, while parts of the Hamideh Bazaar, El Bouzourie and El Komeira were burned. A palace, considered one of the finest monuments in the East, was greatly damaged.
>
> "The traveler describes the period of this bombardment as days and nights of 'unforgetable horror.' He says it is difficult to show how many persons were killed or wounded, but that hundreds were lying in the streets, and that he believes at least 2,000 were buried in the débris of buildings wrecked by the bombardment.
>
> "Apparently the Christians escaped effects of the fighting. The French sent 2,000 soldiers into the Christian quarters, but the insurgents made no direct attack on these.
>
> "Tuesday afternoon, this traveler says, leading native residents of Damascus went to General Sarrail, French high commissioner, and undertook to fulfil all requirements laid down by the French. Martial law has been declared in Damascus, according to this account, and all persons found in the possession of arms are executed."

French witnesses from Damascus are quoted as saying that the greater part of the damage done to the city was due to vandalism by the rebels. They also argue that the shelling of Damascus "saved Syria from much more serious trouble." However this may be, dispatches report that the country around Damascus is "seething" and that guerrilla warfare is spreading throughout Syria. Damascus, we are told, "is like a city in the war zone—barbed-wired entanglements and sand-bag barricades across every street, and French sentries challenging every one." According to a Paris dispatch "ten thousand fresh troops have been sent to reinforce the ten thousand already in Syria." The French losses in the Damascus trouble are reported as only ten killed and fifty wounded; but in an Associated Press dispatch from Paris we read:

> "France has lost more than 17,000 men and has spent more than 3,000,000,000 francs in Morocco and Syria since she took over the protectorate of Morocco and assumed the League of Nations mandate over Syria. In Morocco 2,176 men were killed and 8,297 wounded, and in Syria 6,626 were killed, wounded or are missing. The cost in Morocco had been 950,000,000 francs and in Syria more than 2,000,000,000 francs."

France, the correspondents tell us, is more appalled and

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shocked than any other nation at the developments in Syria. The *Dépêche de Toulouse* calls the whole affair "a veritable nightmare." Says William Bird in a Consolidated Press dispatch from the French capital:

"The apparent failure of General Sarrail, military Governor of France's Syrian mandate, to understand the Syrian situation and particularly the delicate psychological difficulties of ruling a people who possess the age-old tradition of independence, has brought about a grave menace to France's Oriental prestige. . . . Even Sarrail's stoutest defenders stand aghast to-day at what the mildest among them term his tactlessness in parading the dead bodies of twenty-two executed agitators through the streets of Damascus and burning their homes."

And in another Paris dispatch, published in the Philadelphia *Record,* we read:

"An increasing number of persons, for various motives, wish France to abandon the Syrian mandate. The Socialists wish to abandon it on principle, but hesitate to say so directly, because Sarrail, who caused the immediate failure in Syria, is a radical, anti-Catholic, and closely allied to the Socialists. They already have given Painlevé warning they will not vote the necessary credits to continue the fight against the rebels there, which amounts to the same thing as abandoning the mandate.

"The average Frenchman, seeing the country faced with a prolonged struggle to regain what Sarrail has lost, asks whether it is worth the price in lives and money. Others, believing France would declare herself a second-class Power by throwing up Syria in the face of difficulties, insist that France must retain the mandate and try to regain her lost prestige."

General Sarrail has been recalled to France "to make a report on his administration and the conduct of military operations in Syria," and it is taken for granted, the correspondents say, that he will be superseded as High Commissioner. Many observers in the United States blame him for most of the troubles France is having in Syria. Thus in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* we read:

"When General Weygand went to Syria he proceeded to establish peaceful relations with the mountain tribesmen, who had been causing the French trouble by their raids into the French territory. He entered into an agreement with Atrash, the Druse leader, who had been imprisoned by his predecessor, whereby Atrash would be given his freedom provided he would maintain peaceful relations. Even the French say that the mountain people, tho their agreements are usually oral, live up to them.

"Now into this situation about a year ago stept General Sarrail, and with his entry the troubles started anew, but on a larger scale.

"Sarrail was a political appointee. He had been in command of the Saloniki Armies in the World War, but was relieved of his command in December, 1917, when Clemenceau became Prime Minister. He continued without a command until the end of the war, when he was retired for age. It was not until the Herriot Government came in that he was again recognized. Then a special law was passed reinstating him to active service.

"Upon his arrival in Syria, it is said, General Sarrail began to upset all the peaceful relations which his predecessor had established.

"Of all the troubles he has been encountering General Sarrail has reported little to his Government."

The Maronite Patriarch, head of the Syrian Christians, is reported to have said that for years France had been the greatest friend of Syria, but that "the France Sarrail represented was a stranger to Syria." Nevertheless, remarks the Providence *Journal,* "the charges of incompetency on the part of General Sarrail have not been proved, and until they are judgment must be withheld."

But in any case, as some observers point out, the final responsibility for what happens in Syria rests not with General Sarrail, or even with France, but with the League of Nations, under which France holds her mandate. Already, we are told, the Permanent Mandate Commission of the League has called upon the French Government for full particulars of events in Syria. Says the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

"The Covenant defines the spirit of the mandatory machinery as that of 'a sacred trust of civilization,' calls for an annual report from each nation 'in reference to territory committed to its charge' and empowers the commission 'to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates.'

"Syria is not a French colony. Its status resembles that of Irak under the British, and in both instances, if occasion requires, the League is in a position to impose checks on administrative abuses."

"If an unfortified community like Damascus is bombarded as a 'punitive example,' what city under the rule of a great Power, acting for the League of Nations, is safe?" asks the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph.* "The Syrian trouble puts the League once more on trial," agrees the Boston *Globe;* and the Boston *Herald* remarks that it has taken the first step in the right direction in calling for the facts. To the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

Keystone View photograph

BLAMED FOR THE DAMASCUS MASSACRE

Maj.-Gen. Maurice Paul Emmanuel Sarrail, the French High Commissioner for Syria, has been recalled to France "to make a report on his administration."

"One basis for hope that the League will succeed is found in the fact that a great part of the French people, doubtless an overwhelming majority, strongly denounce the conduct of Sarrail. Already France tacitly admits that a great mistake was made. After this tacit admission it ought not to be hard for Painlevé and Briand to reply adequately to the request of the League of Nations for comment on the complaints which the League has received. This comment should be as far as possible a disavowal of the acts of Sarrail, and a promise of reparation for the damage suffered by non-French residents of Damascus. There should, moreover, be adequate assurance that the future administration of Syria will be efficient and humane."

Here is a dramatic opportunity for a follow-up on Locarno and the Balkan episode, agrees the New York *Evening Post;* and the New York *World,* which regards the outlook with confidence, remarks:

"France is called, and consents, to answer to international opinion and authority for her conduct in Syria. The case develops in the orderly way contemplated in League procedure.

"From the first the enemies of the League have sneered at its dealings with small nations, and inquired when it was to be ready to discipline a great Power. The answer, in part, was obvious. The League never proposed to rewrite history or redress old grievances."

A "NEW" TAMMANY TO RULE NEW YORK

WHATEVER ELSE ELECTION DAY may have been, "it was not a day for the Republican party," observes one Washington correspondent, and political observers agree that while there was little national significance in the scattered off-year elections of 1925, there was rather more cheer for Democrats than for Republicans; for wets than for drys; for enemies than for friends of the Ku Klux Klan. Altho Democratic Boston elected a Republican Mayor, Democratic candidates for Governor won easily in Virginia and New Jersey. Exciting contests involving the Klan were fought out in Detroit, Buffalo, Indianapolis, and other cities. Election night in New York was dull because the Democratic candidates' victory was generally expected. But Mayor-elect Walker's 400,000 plurality attracts nation-wide comment on the complete control of the city now attained by a somewhat modernized Tammany Hall, and on the further addition to the prestige of the most famous product of the sidewalks of New York, Gov. Al Smith.

Senator Walker says he will try to give the city "an administration that will be clean, progressive and effective in achievements that will contribute to the welfare and happiness of the people," in the largest measure of which he is capable. And we read in the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), that there will probably be very close cooperation between Senator Walker and Governor Smith to the end of greatly promoting "the effort which with the support of Tammany Leader Olvany will be carried forward in the next four years firmly to establish the Tammany organization, decried in the past, as the ultra-progressive and ultra-clean element in New York City politics."

Among other New York election results not altogether overlooked in the Tammany landslide were the decided decline in the Socialist vote and the appearance of Mrs. John T. Pratt (Rep.), as New York City's first woman member of the Board of Aldermen. Still another element was the acceptance in a State-wide referendum of four constitutional amendments sponsored by Governor Smith. This the New York *Sun* (Rep.) accepts as "a mighty victory for Governor Smith." Smith's name appeared on no ballot, but, says *The Times*, "his was the chief influence decisive of the vote in this city and throughout the State." This, says the New York *World*, "is indeed the clearest triumph of Smith's career":

> "It is a high vote of confidence in his administration of the affairs of the State. The people have not only elected him three times; they have now given him the money and the power to carry out the reforms to which he is devoted."

"A new feather adorns Governor Smith's far-famed brown derby," breezily begins the writer of a first-page review of the political situation in *The Times* (Ind. Dem.), and he continues:

> "Alfred E. Smith to-day is the most powerful leader the Democratic party has ever had in the greatest State of the Union. Not only is his leadership over his own party in the State undisputed, but the election has shown that he has a tremendous following among Republicans.
>
> "Despite recent protestations on the part of Governor Smith that nothing would induce him to continue for another term in his present office . . . the clamor for another State administration headed by him has already been raised by up-State Democrats, and it may become irresistible.
>
> "The triumph won by Governor Smith on Tuesday will be the signal for his friends in all parts of the country to renew their fight for his nomination for President in 1928. New York Democrats now expect the coming Walker Administration to remove from the minds of Democrats in other parts of the country the prejudices they have long harbored against Tammany Hall. These in large measure were responsible for the defeat of Governor Smith's candidacy for the Presidential nomination last year."

There is no doubt, says the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.), that "the voters of New York City have accepted a thorough-going Tammany administration." Therefore, "the kind of government New York receives in the next four years can be laid squarely at the door of Tammany Hall." But, says *The World* hopefully, "Tammany has given the State an excellent administration, and what it has done once it ought to be able to do again." And *The Herald Tribune* admits that if Mr. Walker gives the city "the kind of administration he promised to give it in his campaign speeches," it "will be a better administration than any Tammany Mayor has ever given it." Another Republican paper, the New York *Sun*, reminds us that:

> "As Mayor, Mr. Walker will have to face a difficult situation. It is nearly ten years since a new subway trunk line was opened. It is twenty years since a new East River bridge was started. School construction lags. The police problems in both crime and traffic are grave. Nobody who wished to shine by contrast could hope for a darker background than that which James J. Walker will inherit from John F. Hylan on New Year's Day, 1926."

Not since the days of Mayor McClellan, explains a writer in the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), has Tammany "had one of its own sons in the Chief Magistrate's chair." Altho Mayor Hylan was supported by Tammany and was "a generous distributor of patronage to the organization, he was not a product of the organization like Mayor-elect Walker." Walker was sponsored by Governor Smith, and there is a wide-spread feeling, according to the New England paper, that no man with a Smith label could be a complete misfit, while the Smith fight against Hylan and Hearst "has created a certain sympathy with the Tammany machine." What New York City wonders about, says *The Times* (Ind. Dem.), is whether the new Mayor will be with Governor Smith in his desire to create and perpetuate a "new" Tammany. The Smith endorsement, says the New York *Evening World* (Ind. Dem.), "should go with Senator Walker into the City Hall":

> "Not that Mayor Walker should be Al Smith's man. We do not mean that. Mayor Walker should be his own man. By the same token he should not be Tammany's man in the sense of taking his election as a signal to slack up and become a Tammany Mayor if Tammany slumps back to type. The gains Tammany has made of recent years in public esteem have been chiefly due to the lifting power of Tammany's prize-product, Al Smith. Nobody questions that. Al Smith has exerted that lifting power by being independent, fearless and insistent in directions where a typical Tammany man would have been the contrary. And Tammany itself has respected Al Smith the more and profited by his hold on public confidence. Here is an example for Senator Walker in the City Hall. He can be a bigger Mayor by following that example. Tammany will make headway in lessening the distrust with which it is regarded by the nation at large just so far and so fast as it lets itself be steered by imitators and emulators of Al Smith. And to emulate Al Smith no Mayor has to be the minion of any man or any organization."

The election of Mr. Walker by a plurality of more than 400,000 calls forth a few scathing remarks from the New York *American* on "the pusillanimous impotence of the Republican party in this city." *The Wall Street Journal* considers the local Republican machine "beneath contempt." *The Times* calls their whole campaign "a masterpiece of miscalculation and ineptitude." *The Herald Tribune* believes that there is more of a demand for a strong political opposition to Tammany than was shown in last week's voting, and it wants a new kind of Republican leadership, concluding that "no leader will ever rout Tammany without arousing the public conscience and the public spirit, and bringing together men and women who are willing to work for good government." *The World* reminds us that one reason why the Tammany organization does so well in getting votes on Election Day is "because it is in close contact with the votes it needs."

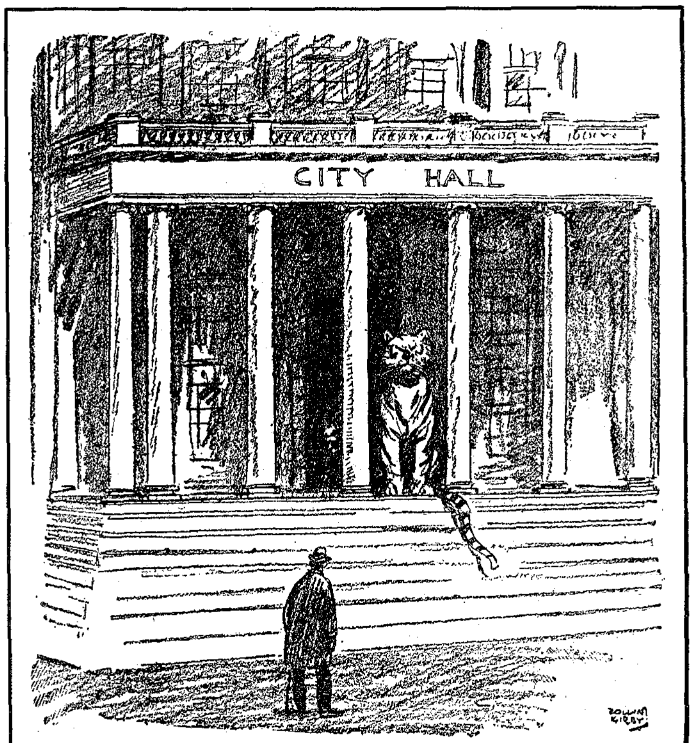
The Walker victory and the election of a Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, to Representative Oldfield (Dem., Ark.) indicate that—

> "The pendulum has begun to swing the other way. The election of a Democratic Congress in 1926 appears to be certain, to be followed by the election of a Democratic President in 1928.
>
> "These results are evidence that the people can not long be deceived and misled by the huge mass of propaganda exalting and glorifying the Coolidge Administration almost beyond human imagination, such as has been inflicted upon the country from Washington and other points for some time."

But by most press observers the victory of A. Harry Moore (Dem.) over Arthur Whitney (Rep.) is interpreted primarily as another indication of the predominatingly wet sentiment in New Jersey. Mr. Moore, himself, considers his election "the repudiation by the people of the Anti-Saloon League." The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) thinks "there is no longer any reason for questioning that New Jersey is Democratic on State issues and wet, tho not by any tremendous margin, because of the large and growing voting powers of the cities." Noting the victories of wet candidates, like Edwards in 1919 and Silzer in 1922, the wet verdict must "be accepted as proof of the fact that the majority of the people of New Jersey do not favor the Volstead Law," says the Republican Jersey City *Journal*.

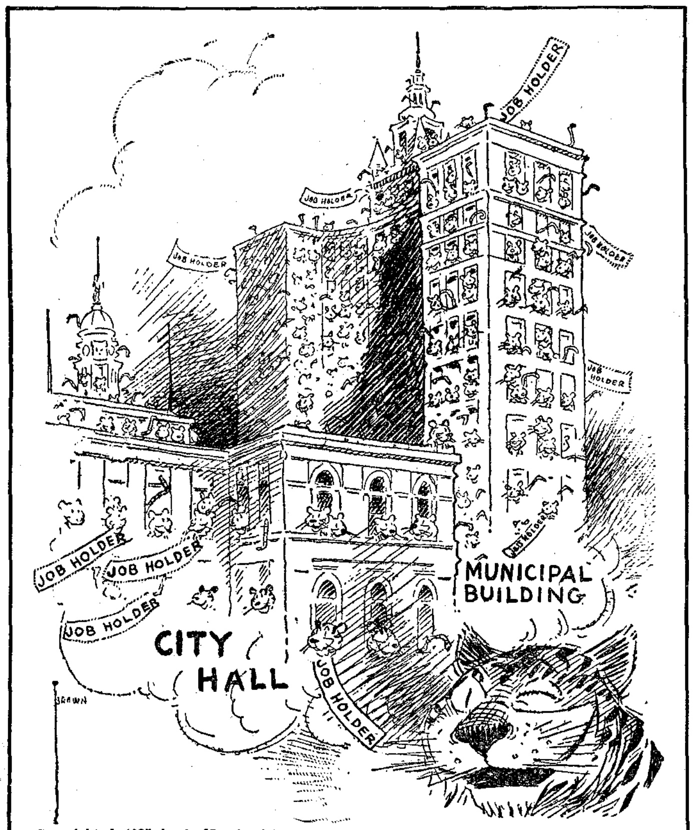
"In the municipal elections throughout the country issues were so local that no inferences of value can be drawn as to national trends," declares David Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches. He adds:

> "There were, however, unfortunate characteristics common to many municipal elections, namely the injection of Klan and religious issues. And this, too, at a time when national politicians have been hoping that the wave of religious bigotry was on the wane and would not trouble them as much hereafter. The truth is, the religious issue has proved an effective means of lining up numerical groups of dominant strength so that the balance of power can readily be wielded by forcing alinements on religious grounds. There is ample evidence that both sides in religious disputes have not failed to take advantage of the situation, tho each side no doubt would place on the other the responsibility for agitating the thing."



GOOD TIGER OR BAD TIGER?

—Kirby in the New York *World*.



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THE TIGER'S DREAM

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Taking the results by and large, the rebuke in last week's election "to the raising of creed issues in local and State politics is a substantial one," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, wherewith the New York *World* and Mr. Brisbane of the New York *American* substantially agree. A review of the local elections involving the Klan appears in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "The victory of the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer of Virginia, a Catholic, in the face of a determined effort by the Klan to defeat him, caused rejoicing not only among Democrats but among Republicans.
>
> "What furnishes the most gratification over the defeat of the Klan in its drive against this candidate is the suggestion it carries of the waning of Klan power in the South, where at one time it had its greatest strength.
>
> "In Detroit the Klan candidate for Mayor was snowed under, and the Klan candidate for Mayor of Buffalo was also beaten.
>
> "Reports reaching Washington indicate that there is a Klan recrudescence in Oklahoma and in certain sections of the West, but these have not been confirmed except to the extent that yesterday's elections in Indiana are interpreted as showing that the Klansmen are maintaining a strong hold on the Republican political organization there.
>
> "In Indianapolis the Republican candidate for Mayor, regarded as the Klan's choice, was elected but by a small majority. Indiana's municipal elections yesterday found the Republicans very generally dominant, with victories for their candidates for Mayor in cities that have shown strong Democratic inclinations. The Republicans ousted the Democrats from Mayoralties in Crawfordsville, Evansville, Elkhart, Fort Wayne, Frankfort, Jeffersonville, Lafayette, Peru and Terre Haute. The Republicans were defeated in Marion, Richmond, and South Bend.
>
> "These Republican municipal victories are taken to indicate that the Klan is still strong among the Hoosier people."

The precise significance of the Boston election, which was on a non-partizan basis, is difficult to discern from editorial comment. Malcolm E. Nichols, the first Republican to win the office since 1907, was elected Mayor in a field of ten candidates, seven of whom were Democrats. "The first guess of the public outside of Boston," observes the independent Springfield *Republican*, will be that "the prospect of satisfactory municipal administration has been enhanced by his success."

WAR-LIES

LYING TO MAKE PEOPLE HATE the enemy is one of the war-time virtues that seems a bit malodorous when dragged into the sweeter air of peace in after years. In the world-wide warfare against war one indictment, it would seem, has not yet been sufficiently strest. This is the charge that Governments in war-time do not hesitate to deceive their own people as well as the enemy—the manufacture of hate being scarcely less necessary for waging war than the raising of armies. And yet, says M. C. Duvall in a letter to the press, "the new engines of war are not comparable in terror and horror to the new psychology of war induced by the organized authoritative debasing of the human heart and mind." For, to quote this writer further: "Projectiles and poisons thrown out by mental and emotional processes are more powerful than those encountered on the intrenched field, and they do not fall to earth powerless in any calculable time. And their havoc, while deadly enough abroad, is more deadly at home."

These comments, with many others in the same vein, are inspired by the reported confession of Brig.-Gen. John V. Charteris, Chief of the Intelligence Service of the British Army during the World War, that he invented and launched, as anti-German propaganda, the story that Germany was boiling down the bodies of her dead soldiers for fat. General Charteris is said to have made this startling confession on October 19 in an after-dinner speech at the National Arts Club, New York, when he understood that he was speaking confidentially, and that no reporters were present. Next day he was quoted in the New York *Times* as telling how the famous "corpse factory" story began as a bit of propaganda in China, but grew far beyond its original purpose. The *Times* report, which the general denounces as "inaccurate," reads as follows:

> "England was worried about the attitude of China, which seemed to favor Germany. One day there came to the desk of General Charteris a mass of material taken from German prisoners and dead soldiers. In it were two pictures, one showing a train taking dead horses to the rear so that fat and other things needed for fertilizer and munitions might be obtained from them, and the other showing a train taking dead Germans to the rear for burial. On the picture showing the horses was the word 'cadaver.'
>
> "Knowing how the Chinese revere their ancestors and their dead, General Charteris had the caption telling of 'cadaver' being sent back to the fat factory transposed to the picture showing the German dead, and had the photograph sent to a Chinese newspaper in Shanghai. He forgot all about it until six weeks later a letter from a Chinese reader of *The Field*, an English publication devoted to fishing and hunting, appeared in that magazine telling the story of the 'horrible boiling down of German soldiers' which had appeared in China.
>
> "It might have ended there if some indignant Englishman had not written to the London *Times* to explain that the pictures must be a fake, because the word cadaver in German was used only with reference to animals, which, General Charteris said, was perfectly correct. But an English physician also wrote in to say that in Austria, where he studied medicine, the word cadaver was used in the dissecting room, and he thought the tale must be true.
>
> "The controversy raged until all England thought it must be true, and the German newspapers printed indignant denials. The matter came up in the House of Commons, and an interrogation was made which was referred to General Charteris, who answered that from what he knew of the German mentality, he was prepared for anything. It was the only time, he said, during the war, when he actually dodged the truth.
>
> "The matter might have gone even further, for an ingenious person in his office offered to write a diary of a German soldier, telling of his transfer from the front after two years of fighting to an easy berth in a factory, and of his horror at finding that he was to assist there in boiling down his brother soldiers. He obtained a transfer to the front and was killed.
>
> "It was planned to place this forged diary in the clothing of a dead German soldier and have it discovered by a war correspondent who had a passion for German diaries. General Charteris decided that the deception had gone far enough and that there might be an error in the diary which would have led to the exposure of its falsity. Such a result would have imperiled all the British propaganda, he said, and he did not think it worth while, but the diary is now in the War Museum in London."

The confession attributed to General Charteris caused an immediate sensation in England, some London papers and several Labor members of Parliament demanding an official investigation. Meanwhile the general himself, sailing for England, informed reporters that the story of his speech as published was "wholly inaccurate"; and when asked what he did say about the boiling down of dead German soldiers, he replied: "I think the best thing to do is to drop the subject entirely. I hope the whole thing will die off."

This rather vague denial, however, does not prevent the American press from seizing upon the incident as a text for some vigorous editorial sermons against the whole business of "manufacturing hate" in war time. "Here is the stuff wars are made of," remarks the Des Moines *Register*, which adds:

> "When the next war comes the factories of hate will resume their work, as coldly, as destructively as ever. It is all wrong, of course, no intelligent person in peace-time will defend it, but when nationalism is perverted, honesty and fair-dealing lose esteem. The emphasis is wrong. Why should we not turn attention to the making of good-will, not on the basis of falsehood and ignorance, but on the basis of truth and enlightenment?"

"War is not only a grim and savage business of Governments; it is also a lying business," declares the New York *World;* and the evening edition of the same paper, affirming that "the most monstrous falsehoods were put out by both sides in the late war," adds: "The wicked truth is that it is the business of the propagandist to get results, regardless of methods." Reminding us that America is subjected to an enormous amount of propaganda from other nations, the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* remarks: "When the American people are bombarded hereafter with stories warmly praising one nation or warmly condemning another, they should remember the frankness of General Charteris." The story attributed to the General, remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "illustrates the cruel refinement with which the belligerents went about the business of manufacturing international hate." To quote this Virginian daily further:

> "No doubt the Germans manufactured equally outrageous libels against the Allies. There was no monopoly of international lying in those days. Berlin propaganda lied, Paris propaganda lied, Moscow propaganda lied and Washington propaganda lied. Each nation was out to win the war, and every story that added gall to the people's bitterness and salt to their wounds, was so much new artillery. So we had stories about the bodies of German soldiers made into soap, of Belgian babies thrown up and caught on bayonets, and of Uhlans who clipt the ears from Allied chaplains—all of uniform mendacity. What the Germans invented about the Senegalese was even more hair-raising."

General Charteris's denial of the accuracy of the published version of his speech is not sufficient, argues the Portland *Oregonian:* "He should give the correct version." And this paper goes on to say:

> "From the opening of the war resort was had to propaganda by both parties. The Germans were first with their fictions about French airplane flights over Belgium and across the upper Rhine as excuse for invasion of Belgium and as grounds for the charge that France was the aggressor, but the Allies were not far behind. They found many well-authenticated facts of German barbarity, and they found in the German official War Book sanction for terrorism of civil populations, but they drew on their imaginations for word-pictures of Belgian children whose hands had been chopped off. If all apocryphal outrages should be eliminated, there still would remain a formidable indictment against Germany for the sinking of the *Lusitania*, for murder of civilians, for the horrors of prison camps, for torpedoing of hospital ships, and for bombing from the air of Red Cross hospitals in France and schools in England.
>
> "Lest doubt be raised that any of these crimes were committed, the world should be given the truth about the Charteris

story. Either it should be proved true or its falsity should be acknowledged. If that issue be evaded, propaganda will be discredited as a weapon of war, for the common disposition will be to disbelieve any charge that a belligerent nation makes against its enemy."

In the New York *Times*, whose account of the National Arts Club dinner started all the excitement, we read:

> "What is beyond question is that from the General's speech his auditors gained the impression that he told the cadaver yarn in illustration of what was done during the war by propagandists to create hatred of 'the enemy'; that the General himself had something to do with sending the grisly tale on its way, and that he regarded it as a rather clever device.
>
> "While the war was on there might have been a tendency in several quarters to agree with this estimate of the episode, but now a different view will be taken of it by everybody, and no less in England than elsewhere the disposition will be to declare fighting of that sort nothing less than criminal. The story about the German 'corpse factory' certainly had wide circulation. Many found it incredible, as it should have been to all, but many also believed it, because they were ready to believe anything about the Germans.
>
> "One thing is sure as a result of General Charteris's revelation: not only will that particular piece of propaganda be thoroughly investigated and the responsibility of it put wherever it belongs, but there will be a general revision of ideas as to what is and is not justifiable in the manufacture of war-time public sentiment. Whenever during the war deception of this sort was discovered it was hotly resented, as it should have been, and the English are more than right in demanding that their Army and its Intelligence Department shall be cleared, if possible, of the odium which the circulation of such a slander inevitably creates."

In this connection the following paragraph from Sir Philip Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told," describing war-time psychology in England, is pertinent and illuminating:

> "Base passions as well as noble instincts were stirred easily. Greedy was the appetite of the mob for atrocity tales. The more revolting they were the quicker they were swallowed. The foul absurdity of the 'corpse factory' was not rejected any more than the tale of the 'crucified Canadian' (disproved by our own G. H. Q.) or the cutting off of children's hands and women's breasts, for which I could find no evidence from the only British ambulances working in the districts where such horrors were reported. Spy-mania flourished in mean streets; German music was banned in English drawing-rooms. Preachers and professors denied any quality of virtue or genius to German poets, philosophers, scientists, or scholars. A critical weighing of evidence was regarded as pro-Germanism and lack of patriotism. Truth was delivered bound to passion. Hatred at home, inspired largely by feminine hysteria and official propaganda, reached such heights that when fighting men came back on leave their refusal to say much against their enemy, their straightforward assertions that Fritz was not so black as he was painted; that he fought bravely, died gamely, and in the prison-camps was well-mannered, decent, industrious, good-natured, were heard with shocked silence by mothers and sisters, who could only excuse this absence of hate on the score of war weariness."

PERSIA'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

ANOTHER MUSSOLINI is seen by certain elements in Persia in the assumption of the Shah's throne by Reza Khan Pahlevi, Premier and former Minister of War, after the National Assembly had adopted a resolution deposing the youthful Shah and the Kajar dynasty by a vote of 80 to 5. Thus a private soldier in a Cossack regiment garrisoned in Persia becomes a dictator of an empire which for centuries has been one of the most exclusive monarchies on earth. Little sympathy for the Shah, however, is to be found in American newspapers. In fact, "the Shah himself is to blame for the present situation," declares the New York *Evening World*. "Two years ago he left Persia to regale himself with the delights of Paris. There he has given himself over to wine, women, and song, spending lavishly of the money that has been wrung from the Persian people. His deposition came in direct response to public opinion, and out of it may come a better and more popular government." "Nowhere in America will there be much sympathy for Shah Ahmed Mirza, who has been playing ducks and drakes with his big income in European gambling places," agrees the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The youthful ruler's losses, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, have been estimated at $3,000,000. His parties on his private yacht have cost him another million, it is said. Under the new régime, he is to receive a pension—and his jewels, valued at $400,000,000, we are told.

International Newsreel photograph

THE EX-SHAH OF PERSIA

Who, at the age of 16, became Persia's ruler, the "King of Kings." He is now under thirty, and lives in Paris.

Keystone View photograph

THE NEW RULER, REZA KHAN

Who rose from the ranks of the army, in which he served for years as a private, to Commander-in-Chief.

What of his successor? What of this "iron-willed" soldier who has ousted the "King of Kings," as Mustafa Kemal Pasha deposed the Ottoman Sultan and Caliph? According to the Providence *Journal:*

> "Before the World War Persia had come under the joint control of Great Britain and Russia, but the latter's hold slipt because of its own upheaval. Reza Khan saw his opportunity. His rise to power was rapid, and for years he has been the Mussolini of Persia."

During the last six years, says a dispatch from Persia's capital to the Chicago *Tribune*, "international intrigue, with oil as the compelling motive, has added to political unrest in Persia. Bolshevik and British influences have sought constantly to gain a predominant position." "Persia has great potential wealth, but needs money for its development," points out the Washington *Star*. "It needs railroads and improved agricultural methods." In a New York *Herald Tribune* article by Emil Lengyel we are told that—

> "In contemporary Persia, covering more than 600,000 miles, there are at the most only about 100 miles of railway tracks. Thirteen years ago there was in the country only a single automobile.
>
> "Reza Khan Pahlevi, who now is the virtual dictator of the land of the Shahs, is of a very humble origin, both as regards his

> ancestry and education. His father was a farmer, which means that Reza Khan could not obtain in his childhood that elementary education which is comprised in the three Rs. He has been virtual dictator since February, 1921. Like Mussolini, Reza Khan has retained the Parliament in order that it may approve his will, according to the formalities of a constitutional régime.
>
> "It is rather difficult to compare Reza Khan with any of the dictators who have made themselves the rulers of several European countries. Both Lenin and Mussolini had sworn allegiance to causes which have served as the cloaks of their assumption of power. Reza Khan professes no adherence either to the tenets of internationalism or to those of nationalism. Altho there is some superficial resemblance between him and Spain's dictator, Primo de Rivera, their aspirations, as indicated in their utterances, are far from having the same objective. Reza Khan is fighting for the unification of his country, because the expansive power of his ruling ambition demands the widening of his field of action.
>
> "Reza Khan has an army such as Persia has not had for a long time. It consists of 40,000 soldiers who, altho they are not models of military efficiency, are a great deal ahead of the military formations of the past. Reza pays them regularly, feeds and clothes them, thereby assuring for himself their loyalty and fitness for military action. His personal courage, which is extraordinary, has helped him in retaining his hold over the troops.
>
> "The inhabitants of the country have attributed the greatest importance to Reza Khan's army. They have not seemed to be aware that the international situation has been greatly favoring the dictator's scheme of unification and of centralized sovereignty. Soviet Russia had renounced her claims to Persian concessions and privileges. Britain, too, the cause of perennial jealousy having been thus eliminated, felt no inducement to continue a policy of infringing upon Persia's sovereignty. The United States, too, had declared its insistence upon the policy of the open door, which was an additional reason for the course which England took. The Persian legislative body, the Majless, had ratified a contract which engaged Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, an American, to serve as Administrator General of the Finances of Persia.
>
> "Since Reza Khan became dictator he has had the titles and ranks in the Army abolished, introduced several reforms to simplify the weights and measures, furthered the cause of sanitation, public charity and education, and has been doing everything in his power to initiate a system of orderly accounting in the State finances."

The first act of "King" Pahlevi, the name assumed by Reza Khan after the Shah was deposed, according to dispatches from Persia's capital, was to order the liberation of all political prisoners, grant amnesty to the former Shah, members of the late dynastic family, and members of the royal household, who will be pensioned. The new ruler also ordered that the price of bread be reduced through government subsidy. Judging from these acts, the Washington *Star* believes that "Reza Khan, whether King or President, is likely to advance Persia materially, and to give that remnant of a once mighty empire a stable Government." "He may be an autocrat and virtual dictator," agrees the Springfield *Republican*, "but he is likely to leave behind him a Persian republic as the fruit of his labors."

THE JAILING OF ANITA WHITNEY

THERE'S SOMETHING "OBVIOUSLY ROTTEN" in the State of California, so it seems to the Baltimore *Sun*, if Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney goes to jail under the State's Criminal Syndicalism Law. Now that the United States Supreme Court says it has no jurisdiction and can not interfere with the one-to-fourteen-year sentence imposed on Miss Whitney by the California court, only executive action can keep this well-born social worker, suffragist and radical from entering San Quentin prison later this month. Miss Whitney will not ask for a pardon, but the Governor is being deluged with petitions on her behalf from Californians and non-Californians alike. "How ridiculous" California will appear, remarks the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "if Governor Richardson permits Charlotte Whitney to become a martyr for the sake of free speech and unshackled political opinion." The New York *World* thinks "our liberties are at a low ebb, indeed, if such a thing can come to pass in an American State." Such seems to be the prevailing opinion of the country on the Whitney verdict as called forth by the Federal Supreme Court's refusal to act, altho we do find the Mobile *Register* remarking that "American citizens as a whole will decide that persons who do not want to be branded as Reds should stay out of Red company." And the editor of the Iowa *Legionnaire* is thus quoted in the Des Moines *Register:*

International Newsreel photograph

"WHY SHOULD I ASK FOR PARDON WHEN I HAVE DONE NO WRONG?"

Asks Miss Anita Whitney, who faces a jail sentence of from one to fourteen years for violating California's antisyndicalist law.

> "Let the California syndicalism laws covering the case of Charlotte Whitney take their course. They are good laws and all the States should have laws like them. I hope she is compelled to serve the full fourteen years. It is amusing to see these traitors who advocate the overthrow of our Government by force, when convicted, come bawling to public sentiment for support in their pleas for mercy from the same courts they have scoffed at."

In California the law under which Miss Whitney is convicted seems to be generally upheld, by the press, altho there is a difference of opinion about what should be done in her particular case. One of the strongest editorials urging that the law take its course appears in the Sacramento *Bee*. It is provoked in part by a San Francisco *Call* headline: "Patriotic Citizens Deplore Martyrdom of Gentle Woman," alluding to the wide-spread demand in California that Miss Whitney be pardoned. *The Bee* takes the attitude that such citizens are hardly patriotic and that the woman is not exactly gentle. It asserts that Miss Whitney was a prominent member of the Communist party, and at its convention in Oakland was one of the "leading spirits of the movement whose avowed purpose is the overthrow of the present form of Government in this country by force." To quote further from this editorial:

> "Following a long series of outrages in this State, from sabotage by the torch in grain-fields to the attempted assassination of the Governor, the Legislature passed the Criminal Syndicalist Act making it a felony to be a member of any organization

preaching force to achieve its ends, or advocating the overthrow of the United States Government by violence.

"Tried for violation of that law before a judge and a jury of twelve men and women, ably defended by prominent lawyers secured by her ample wealth, Anita Whitney was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary, as the law decrees.

"Whereupon there burst out in radical centers a wailing and a sobbing at the 'martyrdom' of this 'gentle woman'—the 'gentle' woman whose purse-strings have yielded the sinews of war for the I. W. W. for years past; the 'gentle' woman who wilingly serves upon a resolutions committee of an organization advocating force to overthrow the Government at a convention where the red flag is draped over the Stars and Stripes!"

The California antisyndicalist law is upheld and the Supreme Court's refusal to interfere is welcomed by the Los Angeles *Express* and the San Diego *Union*, altho the latter paper suggests that there will be a growing disposition to use the law intelligently. And the San Francisco *Bulletin*, while holding that Miss Whitney was justly convicted, declares that everybody knows her to be "a hopeless eccentric" and it wonders whether "society would not do better to treat persons of her tupe, not as criminals, but with the aimable tolerance that we accord to children and the mentally abnormal."

To William J. Locke, who led the fight for the passage of the syndicalism law in the State Assembly, the punishmentof Miss Whitney seems hardly expedient:

> "Execution of the fourteen-year sentence against Miss Whitney will make her a martyr in the eyes of the radical element and arouse a common cry against justice. The law was never intended to halt free speech nor to punish persons for their thoughts."

Miss Whitney, according to a news dispatch in the Baltimore *Sun*, was originally convicted on February 20, 1920, and since then has been fighting the case in the courts, the legal battle ending with the Supreme Court decision of October 19. She is a member of a distinguished California family, a Wellesley graduate, and has been an active worker for suffrage and civic reform. In 1919, according to a Los Angeles dispatch to the Boston *Globe*, she became treasurer of the Labor Defense League, dedicating herself to the task of defending persons charged with violation of the Syndicalism Law. She was arrested on November 28 and in February was convicted of "membership in a criminal syndicalist body, the I. W. W." In a statement for the New York *World*, Miss Whitney says:

> "At my trial no attempt was made to prove that I had ever made a seditious statement, advocated force or violence, or committed any overt act.
>
> "That such proceedings can be instituted and put through the courts is the menace of all the so-called syndicalist laws. The existence of such laws practically nullifies freedom of speech and makes it possible for local hysteria to initiate proceedings which may terminate in convictions carrying ferocious sentences."

"TWELVE FEET TALL"

"And built in proportion," was the impression Heywood Broun, a New York *World* "colyumist," says he had of Countess Karolyi, when he heard she had been barred by Secretary Kellogg. But, as this picture shows, Mr. Broun was mistaken.

THE EXCLUSION OF COUNTESS KAROLYI

A BATTLE-ROYAL which will be carried to the floor of the United States Senate, declares more than one Washington correspondent, has been precipitated by the recent action of Secretary of State Kellogg in barring from American soil Countess Catherine Karolyi, wife of the former President of Hungary. Furthermore, believes the Baltimore *Sun*, President Coolidge must feel considerably embarrassed, particularly since he made his Omaha speech in favor of tolerance. Altogether, thinks Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, "Mr. Kellogg has stirred up a ruction that is destined to disturb the peace and quiet of the Coolidge Administration." As this writer sums up "the Karolyi case":

> "Last year Countess Karolyi was allowed to enter the United States, the Administration betraying no alarm at her alleged dangerous Communistic tendencies. After she had been here some time she became ill, and Count Karolyi wanted to come over to visit her.
>
> "The Count volunteered to make no public utterances while in this country, and upon that assurance Secretary of State Hughes decided it would be safe to allow him to visit his sick wife, the Immigration Law to the contrary notwithstanding.
>
> "Eventually the Countess got well and the Karolyis departed last spring by way of Canada, where the Count burst into print, spilling all the burning thoughts that had been pent up in his bosom by his silence pledge to Mr. Hughes. These thoughts did not seem to be inflammatory, but they called world-wide attention to the throttling of free speech in the land of the free, and made a good many Administration officials pretty angry."

Since Secretary Kellogg apparently has made no official statement regarding the latest Karolyi development, the Newark *News* assumes the Countess was barred because the Secretary of State "could not have done otherwise without reversing the policy of his predecessor, Secretary Hughes." In the New York *World's* news columns, however, we read that the State Department apparently is keeping out the Countess on the ground that anything she might say publicly would be in the nature of a revolutionary agitation against the Government of Hungary, with which the United States is on friendly terms. "But what business is it of ours what either Count or Countess Karolyi do about the Hungarian Government, the most reactionary and despotic régime in Europe?" asks the Ithaca *Journal-News*. "Last year," recalls the Providence *News*, "the Countess was admitted to the United States, and delivered a series of lectures. We've never heard that they menaced American institutions." "She is not a Bolshevist nor a radical," asserts the St. Paul *Dispatch*, "except in the sense that she is opposed to the Horthy Government of Hungary. Her husband, in fact, was instrumental in overthrowing the Bolshevist régime of Hungary, was President of the short-lived Republic, and was an exponent of the Allied and American point of view in Hungary during the World War." "The position the Count took, at great risk to himself, helped to shorten the war and thus save American lives," avers the New York *World.* "Has American freedom reached the point where it must examine the contents of a lady's mind, as the customs officers examine the contents of her trunks, before she is permitted to land on our shores?" scornfully asks the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.* Continues this paper:

> "The law forbids aliens known to hold revolutionary views to come to this country. The law was on the books when Secretary Hughes permitted Countess Karolyi to come in before and there is no indication that she is any more revolutionary now than she was then. She was not planning to make any public addresses here but merely to spend a few weeks with friends."

That the State Department "is making us ridiculous in the eyes of the world" is the charge of the Providence *News* and several other widely scattered papers of different political complexions. "We hear much about the despotism of Old World countries," notes the Boston *Globe,* "but there is no democratic country in Europe to-day that would deny Countess Karolyi the privilege of visiting it." The action of the State Department in excluding the Countess "for no other apparent reason than that she happens to be the wife of some one who has offended the Department," to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* "is nothing less than contemptible."

"On the other hand," asserts the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* "Secretary Kellogg merely exercised his rights under the immigration laws." "The law leaves no room for discretion in the matter," points out the Washington *Post,* while the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* reminds us that "the United States is no place for the perpetuation of Old World hatreds and political quarrels." "If there is any proper quarrel about the treatment of Countess Karolyi, it is with the law under which the treatment was administered, or with those who put the law on the statute books—the Senate and the House of Representatives," thinks the Minneapolis *Tribune.* The Providence *Journal* goes even further when it says the action of Secretary Kellogg "will meet with the approval of the vast majority of the American people." Finally, remarks W. W. Jermane, in a Washington dispatch to the Seattle *Times:*

> "Lack of consistency is being urged against the State Department. It has for several years been giving admission to business agents of Russia, who come here from time to time. They maintain headquarters in New York City, from which point they reach out into the South for millions of dollars' worth of cotton every year, and into the Middle West for wheat and other food products. Russia's trade with the United States for the present calendar year will be as large as it was in the years just prior to the war, and it is all on a cash basis.
>
> "But these men are under orders from their Government to talk no politics to the American people. They are business agents pure and simple. Without exception, so far as I can learn, they are men of culture and refinement, highly educated and well informed.
>
> "The Karolyis are political agitators. Once they were within the United States they would invite demonstrations, whether desiring to do so or not, on the part of the Communist and other radical elements of the population. The cases are not parallel. Many millions of Americans who approve the admission of Russian purchasing agents with millions of gold to spend for American raw materials would violently oppose the admission of the others.
>
> "An issue could not be created out of the recent action of the State Department without one of the major political parties lending its aid. The Republicans, obviously, will have no word of condemnation. If Democrats of national reputation and influence were to speak such a word, there would be an unprising in the cotton States that would make them believe they had felt a mighty earthquake. The radicals can make no capital out of the question in the Middle West, where any following they still have is to be found, because of profits the farmers of that region have been making through sales of their products for Russian consumption.
>
> "The protest, therefore, is not worth, for practical purposes, the time and labor that have been necessary for its expression, regardless of whether it has any merit."

A KLAN SENATOR FROM INDIANA

OUT IN INDIANA, where the political pot is ever aboil and "Hoosiers take their politics straight," according to the New York *Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), Governor Jackson has appointed Arthur R. Robinson, Republican, Indianapolis lawyer, and former State Senator, to succeed the late Senator Ralston, Democrat. "This appointment," says W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the independent Seattle *Times,* "is having a disquieting effect upon Republican leaders at the national capital." "It reopens the whole Republican feud that might have been settled had former Senator Albert J. Beveridge been named," notes Charles Michelson, Washington correspondent of the Democratic New York *World,* and the Buffalo *Evening Post* (Ind.), says, "it is believed in some quarters that the appointment of Robinson has laid the foundation for the disruption of the Republican party in Indiana."

There are an enormous number of negro voters in Indiana, claims Mr. Michelson, who will resent Governor Jackson's selection because of "the Ku Klux complication." In the opinion of the Buffalo paper:

> "The naming of Robinson emphasizes anew the dominance of the Ku Klux Klan in Hoosier Republican politics. Governor Jackson was nominated and elected largely by the influence of the Klan, and he has been openly accused of being in sympathy with its principles and purposes, while Robinson is charged with close affiliation with the hooded organization."

The appointment of Mr. Robinson, declares the Baltimore *Sun,* "is not to be regarded lightly as of no particular significance. He isn't just another Senator." Continues *The Sun:*

> "Indiana has thoughtfully recognized the Senate's long-felt need—an accredited, certified Nordic spokesman for the Ku Klux Klan—and Grand Kleagle A. R. Robinson is it. If he isn't a Grand Kleagle, he ought to be. He has the complete confidence of the Klan, and no doubt deserves it.
>
> "This country is cursed with un-Americanisms that stick out like sore thumbs. Certainly the gentleman from Indiana will do something about it in the name of unadulterated patriotism.
>
> "It is hardly necessary to name some of these blots upon our escutcheon, so conspicuously black are they. Yet one may endure the shame of mentioning them in the blessed promise of having them wiped off and the escutcheon restored to the pristine purity of a ten-dollar nightshirt."

In a second editorial, written in more serious vein, we read:

> "It is a very great pity the Governor of Indiana failed to appoint Mr. Beveridge to the Senate. The passing by of Beveridge is but one more evidence that, left to themselves, the politicians almost invariably shy away from the best available man. In this case it is not only that the Governor has missed the chance to send to Washington a Senator who would have served his State and country with the most credit, but he seems to have picked from the field the least admirable of the list."

The regret that Mr. Beveridge was not appointed is echoed in the Buffalo *Evening Post,* Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.), Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.), San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.), and a dozen other papers. Says *The Transcript,* for example:

> "A Governor's highest test is found in his appointments; and however Governor Jackson may have pleased some of the ward politicians of Indiana, he has disappointed the country, which had the right to look for the selection of a man whose talents it had learned to respect. In Albert J. Beveridge Indiana has a man not only fitted by experience to serve her competently, but one whose intellectual attainments are recognized in every State as of the finest."

In choosing Mr. Robinson, many Washington correspondents point out, Governor Jackson leaves the way open for his own candidacy for Senator in the Congressional elections of 1926, when candidates for the remainder of the term for which Senator Ralston was chosen will be voted on, and a Senator will be elected for the regular six-year term. In his home town, we find two newspapers rather lukewarm in their praise of the new Senator from Indiana, and one hopeful. Several Klan editors in the Middle West, to whom telegrams were sent, asking for their comment, have not replied.

Mr. Robinson is forty-four years of age, and a native of Ohio. In a statement issued immediately after his appointment, he said:

"My entire endeavor will be to conduct myself as a member of the United States Senate in such manner as to reflect credit upon the State of Indiana and merit the approval of all the people. To this end, I shall faithfully support President Coolidge and his excellent Administration."

The immediate result of the death of Senator Ralston is to put a Republican in the Senate in place of a Democrat. What of the change in Indiana politics? In the opinion of the Washington *Post* (Ind. Rep.), "the one thing Governor Jackson seems to have accomplished is to emphasize the influence of the Klan in Indiana politics, an influence more largely instrumental than anything else in securing his own election." To the Democratic *Chicago Journal:*

"Governor Jackson, by the appointment of Mr. Robinson of Indiana has justified the expectations of the 'invisible empire.' In the circumstances, Governor Jackson could not, with proper regard for his own political future, have done otherwise than he has done. To have appointed Beveridge, undoubtedly the ablest and most experienced of all the Hoosier Republican aspirants, would have sealed not only the political doom of Governor Jackson, but also that of his sponsor and mentor, Senator Watson, who comes up for reelection next year.

"The inevitable result of Mr. Robinson's appointment will be to intensify the factionalism in the Republican party in Indiana, which burst into flame when Senator New, now Postmaster-General, was defeated for renomination three years ago by Mr. Beveridge. New's defeat was blamed largely on Senator Watson and his followers, and the New-Watson alliance, as against the Beveridge faction, came to an end. Thus three factions now flourish where two existed before."

Since the Governor of North Dakota has announced that he will not appoint a successor to the late Senator Ladd, the Senate in its coming session will be composed of 95 members, of whom 55 are nominally Republicans, 39 Democrats, and one Farmer-Labor. A Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* thus enlightens us as to the political alinement of the Senate:

"As a result of the demise of Senator Ralston, Democrat, on Wednesday, and that of Senator Ladd, Progressive Republican, a few months ago, the Administration will go into the coming session decidedly stronger than any one expected it to be.

"As matters stood after last fall's elections, the Administration could count on not more than forty-seven Republican votes in the Senate. Of its paper strength of fifty-five, there were at least eight Senators who were not depended on to stay in the ranks. Added to these were four more whose future attitudes could only be guessed at. But at least eight were proved insurgents.

"These eight were the senior Senator La Follette; Norris and Howell, of Nebraska; Brookhart, of Iowa; Frazier and Ladd, of North Dakota; Borah, of Idaho, and Couzens, of Michigan. The first six were actual members of the Senate Progressive bloc, and the last two had voted with it on numerous occasions when it had joined the Democrats to transform the Administration's paper majority of the last Congress into an actual minority.

"In addition to these eight, there were the four more Republicans now in office, of whom the Administration is not any too certain. Hiram Johnson and Norbeck, the latter of South Dakota, are out of ranks from time to time, and Senator McMaster, Norbeck's colleague, and Senator Schall, who succeeded Magnus Johnson, also have reputations as insurgents to one degree or another.

"This was the line-up last spring when the present Senate was sworn in. Then came the death of Senator La Follette, followed by a rise in Republican hopes on the possibility that a regular might be elected to succeed him. The election of his son, however, destroyed this hope and left the line-up unchanged.

"Senator Ladd's death, about the same time, changed matters, however. Because of some reason not fully understood here, Governor Sorlie of North Dakota has announced that he will neither appoint a successor to Ladd nor call a special election to fill the vacancy.

P. & A. photograph

"I SHALL FAITHFULLY SUPPORT PRESIDENT COOLIDGE"

"And his excellent Administration," said Arthur R. Robinson, of Indianapolis, former State Senator, when notified of his appointment by Governor Jackson, of Indiana, to fill the unexpired term of Senator Ralston. Mr. Robinson is said by the Baltimore *Sun* to have "the complete confidence of the Ku Klux Klan." He is here shown walking with his wife, son, and daughter.

"In the case of the vacancy created by Senator Ralston's death, the matter differs. His successor is a conservative Republican. Therefore, the minority loses a vote here and the majority gains one.

"As matters now stand the Administration promises to have at the opening of Congress a paper strength of fifty-five, while on the record the Democrats will be trimmed to thirty-nine, with one Farmer-Laborite and one vacancy—Ladd's. But because of the loss of this one Democratic vote, and because of the one vacancy, even the votes of the seven remaining insurgent Republicans can not make a majority out of the minority. Such a coalition would total only forty-seven votes, leaving the Republicans with forty-eight on a full vote, or a majority of one.

"It appears that if the Administration is to be checkmated in the coming Congress on any measures, it will be only through the defection of one or more of the uncertain insurgents—Hiram Johnson, Norbeck, McMaster, or Schall. This, of course, assumes that the Democrats will hold together as an opposition—altho certain Republican leaders hope that on some matters they can win over such ones as Bruce of Maryland, Underwood, and one or two others.

"As it looks to-day, therefore, the switch of that one Indiana vote promises to change the entire Senate line-up."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Let's hope that France's new debt offer is a forward pass.—*Indianapolis News.*

Some men are successful chiefly because they didn't have the advantages others had.—*Columbia Record.*

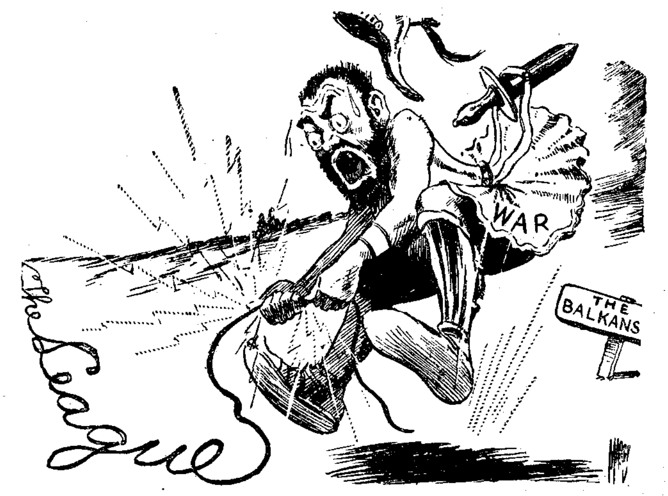
Too many people think opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.—*Milwaukee Leader.*

Alas! Only those who could keep comfortable in a cold section can afford to dodge it.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth.*

If you wish to know a man's income, ask him what incomes should be exempt from taxation.—*Associated Editors.*

Teaching evolution in the schools won't make people accept it. Spelling is taught in the schools.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

In order to reduce the high cost of living the President cuts 10 per cent. off the duty on quails.—*Philadelphia Record.*



THE "DEAD" WIRE

—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

"What shall we do with sewage?" Well, let's not dramatize it.—*Everett Herald.*

Unfortunately, posterity will also have the task of paying off the grudges.—*Lincoln Star.*

There's nothing in a name when Doolittle can do 234.772 miles an hour.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

There is safety in numbers. The two-dollar bill isn't unlucky in thousand lots.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Much of the smart of a smart hat is when one woman sees it on another woman.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We certainly don't favor the whipping-post in this enlightened commonwealth, but we come into contact with people sometimes who we wish lived in Delaware.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Nearest thing to an agreement reached in Europe is to blame everything on the United States.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Chicago is the place where they discover more crimes and fewer criminals than anywhere else in the world.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The diet sharps tell us that to live long we must subsist upon fish, carrots, and spinach. And they call that living.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

One thing we never could understand about a real-estate man was why he doesn't hold it and make the money himself.—*American Lumberman.*

Statistics show that out of 1,000 telephone calls you get the wrong number only thirty times, but you know how statistics are.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Decline of 75,000 in the number of farms may be accounted for in part by the fact that some of them were too poor to support a flivver.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Coolidge's economy program has been so successful that the Government is now able to employ 8,000 more jobholders than it had a year ago.—*Columbia Record.*

Florida water is still selling by the ounce everywhere except in Florida. It is selling by the front foot there.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Underneath the foundation-stone of a new building there were recently buried a newspaper, a gramophone record and a cinema film. These builders do the right thing sometimes, don't they?—*Punch.*

Our name for the parlor Socialists is sub-Debses.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The class yell of the School of Experience is "Ouch!"—*Kenosha (Wis.) News.*

It may be Jim's turn next to run for governor of Texas for the vindication of Ma.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Always park alongside a new and shiny car. It will back out without scraping you.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

If New York plays continue to become more daring, some stars may presently be wearing stripes.—*Columbia Record.*

The order of procedure in the Balkans is to exchange shots, then ultimatums and then apologies.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bet the League of Nations would rather handle the Greco-Bulgarian clash than our coal war.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Civilization is just a slow process of learning to be kind. —*New York Telegram.*

There's one good thing about Senator Borah's party. It's always unanimous.—*Charleston Mail.*

The skin that many a young man loves to touch these days is the pig skin.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

It hardly seems possible, but most of the friction in the Balkans seems to be caused by Greece.—*American Lumberman.*

Very few statues are erected to comedians—perhaps because they get laughed at enough while they are alive.—*New York American.*

The skeptics who have been preaching that the League of Nations wouldn't work might go over and tell it to the Greeks and the Bulgarians.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

For consistency's sake, doves hereafter should travel in pairs, one to represent Peace and the other the Deficit.—*Detroit News.*

Professor Sheldon of New York University says gold can't be made out of mercury. But look at the coal gougers.—*New York Times.*

Hercules made a pretty good job of cleansing the Augean stables, but we wonder how he would have been on washing the car.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The modern poet, one reads, does not look like a poet. And a casual scanning of his output will show that he doesn't write like one, either.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mr. Burbank is said to be experimenting with the milkweed to get a substitute for the cow. Here's hoping he doesn't cross it with the water lily.—*Boston Transcript.*

When a German editor can go right into court and boldly sue a son of Wilhelm every one can see that something has happened in Germany.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Editorial says the young Chinese in China are "tearing their shirts for self-government." Over here they tear other people's shirts for no reason at all.—*New York American.*

The doctrine that the Philippines will be given independence when the Filipinos become fitted for it has gained new elasticity since we began cultivating rubber there.—*Columbia Record.*

A British visitor says that the Statue of Liberty stands with her back to the United States. Putting the fact more agreeably, we might say that the United States stands back of the Statue of Liberty and all that it signifies.—*Providence Journal.*

CANADA'S INDECISIVE ELECTION

CONFUSION AND NO DECISION is the result of Canada's election, say various Canadian editors, who lament the fact that the costly process of a general election may have to be repeated within a few months. No party gained a working majority, but the defeat of so many members of the MacKenzie King Liberal Government, coupled with the majorities against the government candidates, is said in Ottawa press dispatches to be plain evidence that the Liberal Government has lost the support of the country and should resign. On the other hand, the Montreal *Gazette* advises us that Premier MacKenzie King and his Government do not intend to resign. Editorially *The Gazette* (Cons.) declares that the King Government depended throughout the sessions of Parliament on the votes of members over whom it had no party control, and it adds that "this, with the characteristic weakness of its leader, was the reason for the unsatisfactory character of its record." That record has been condemned, we read further, and Mr. King himself has been defeated in his own constituency while no less than seven of his Cabinet colleagues have undergone a like experience. Another Conservative newspaper, the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, remarks:

P. & A. photograph

W. L. MACKENZIE KING, CANADA'S LIBERAL LEADER

> "A government that has undergone such a 'strafing' at the hands of the people is virtually dead without hope of resuscitation or resurrection. Yet the head of that defunct government sits up and tells the mourners that he means to go on doing business as usual.
>
> "If Mr. King can not realize that he is no longer the star performer on the stage of constitutional government in Canada, the fact must be brought home to him. Apparently he must be reminded by His Excellency, the Governor-General, that his resignation is due. The people's orders are to be obeyed, not flouted.
>
> "Now, if Mr. King had not strength enough in the last House to enact the main measure of policy he had promised the people when he assumed office in 1921, how can he pretend to be in a strong enough position to do so now? At the end of the last session of Parliament he had a party majority of one.
>
> "With the assured support of about 180 members of a House of 235 members, this Prime Minister utterly failed to put into effect a single important item of his program. With his party strength now reduced to about forty per cent. of the membership of the House, with his former Progressive allies divided to a smaller proportion of their former Parliamentary strength, and faced with a Conservative party against him that bids fair to have a majority in the House, how can he expect to be left in possession of office?
>
> "Happily the matter is no longer in Mr. King's hands. The people have released him from his responsibilites to them. His Excellency, the Governor-General, will naturally expect him to take notice and govern himself accordingly."

A stalwart supporter of the Conservative leader, Arthur Meighen, is the Ottawa *Journal*, which considers the election a great victory for the Conservatives, and says:

International Newsreel photograph

ARTHUR MEIGHEN, CANADA'S CONSERVATIVE CHIEF

> "We in Canada were being made a prey of political compromises producing all kinds of messes injurious to business and industry. Mr. Meighen fought for a resolute national protective policy and he has won. Possibly there may need to be another election in the near future, but nothing now can set back the triumph."

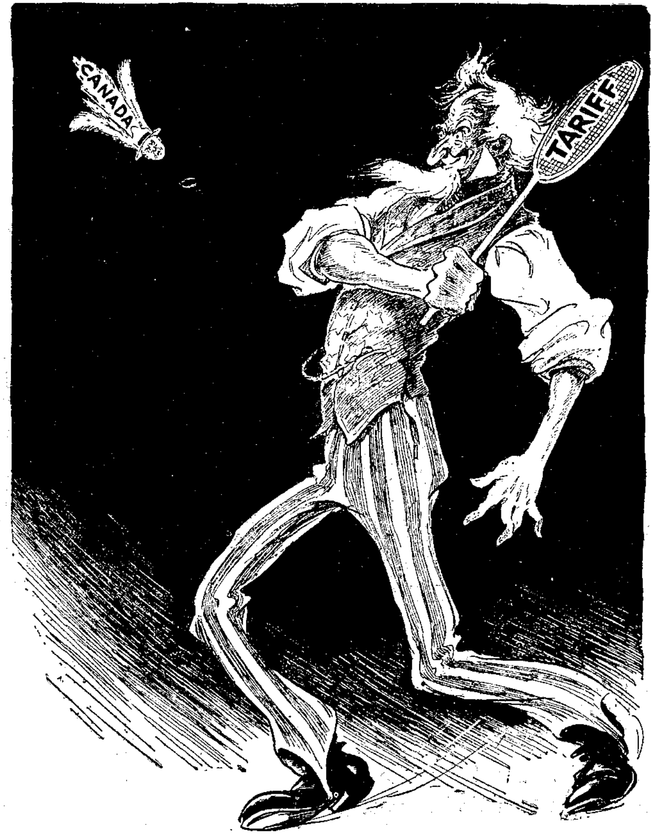
According to the Brandon *Sun*, the election shows that the day of protective tariffs for Canada is brought nearer, and altho another appeal to the people may be necessary at an early date, the Progressives of Western Canada and the free traders among the Liberals are less likely to be strengthened in the Parliament ensuing from it. This Conservative newspaper adds that protection for safeguarding home industries seems inevitable. Similarly, the St. Catherines *Standard* avers that once again Canada has voted for the "national policy," and it goes on to explain that never since the issue has been raised have Canadian citizens failed to vote to protect legitimate industries. Says the Victoria *Colonist* (Cons.):

> "The country at least gave a very substantial indication that it wants a change of government. The cause operating in the mind of the electors was undoubtedly the industrial depression of the last four years. Canada voted on the basis of economic truth. She voted, if we estimate the result aright, to conserve her resources for her own people, to think in terms of Canada for the Canadians and against a policy of giving away her heritage for the benefit of foreign industrialists."

In the view of the Calgary *Herald* (Ind. Cons.), the verdict of the election is "a round condemnation of a government that has been weak in leadership and inefficient in administration." The Hamilton *Spectator* (Ind. Cons.) laments that on account of the indecisiveness of the election, another general election is due at no distant date, but it is contented to express the opinion that "the country has lost all confidence in the Premier and his policies and a sentiment of relief is felt that his power for mischief has been curbed."

Among the Liberal press, the Montreal *Herald* declares that the Government exercised mistaken judgment in appealing to the country at this time. It could have remained in office for another year, when the full effects of returning prosperity would have been apparent, according to this daily. No matter which leader is called upon to form a government, says the Victoria *Daily Times* (Lib.), another election within a comparatively short time is inevitable. The Quebec *Soleil* thinks that the popular verdict can not fail to be a great disappointment in the eyes of every elector who fervently wished for a firmly established régime at Ottawa. The Halifax *Morning Chronicle* (Lib.) thinks the result of the election is doubly unfortunate because "it puts a check on the forward-looking program of the Government and dissipates the hope of a stable government so greatly to be desired." According to the Regina *Leader* (Lib.):

"The high tariff appeal of Hon. Arthur Meighen, Conservative leader, clearly brought the striking results achieved by his party in Ontario. Mr. Meighen played the so-called exodus to the United States to the limit in Ontario, and it is apparent that the majority of the electors there, especially those of the urban areas, are prepared to accept a higher tariff, which, Mr. Meighen has assured them, will cure all their economic ills, fancied or actual. While the Conservatives have made some gains in Manitoba, their showing in Saskatchewan and Alberta has not been so impressive. Indeed, so far as Saskatchewan is concerned, Conservative election performance promises to be as negligible as it was four years ago."



THE SHUTTLECOCK
—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

The vote can not be interpreted as a condemnation of the Government's policies, says the Liberal Saskatoon *Phœnix*, for political history shows that the Conservatives stand together, while the Liberals divide into all manner of sects and groups. This newspaper thinks that fewer than fifty per cent. of the people supported high protection and other "extremist proposals of the Conservative party." Among the Independent Liberal press, we find the Toronto *Daily Star* saying:

"Mr. King in 1925, like Mr. Meighen in 1921, suffered from the flank attacks of general hard times. There were hard times in 1921, and the Meighen Government was held responsible by many voters. These hard times continued in greater or less degree through a portion of Mr. King's term in office. Canada turned the corner and took the up-grade to prosperity some time ago—but not soon enough to save the Government of the day. But Mr. King has nothing of which to be ashamed. He fought well and he fought fairly. This campaign, like his administration, was clean and above board."

An Independent Liberal journal, the London *Advertiser*, pronounces the result "uncertain and highly complicated," and the Vancouver *Sun* (Ind. Lib.) declares that "only another immediate election, calling for definite expression of Canadian public opinion on trade policy, can end compromise governments that are ruining Canada." The Ottawa *Citizen* (Ind.) thinks the election indicates that the people of Canada are "thinking and thinking hard." The duties of whatever government, according to the Montreal *Star*, are:

"(1) It must bring in immigrants. We can tolerate no more fooling and fiddling with this vital question.

"(2) It must protect Canadian markets for Canadian producers whether of the farm, the forest, or the factory.

"(3) It must solve the railway muddle. We can not endure much longer deficits of fifty million dollars a year.

"(4) It must cut unnecessary expenditures to the bone. We can do without Hudson Bay Railways, haphazard branch lines, railway radios and the like, until we stop running into debt."

The Vancouver *Province* (Ind.) thinks whatever the moves on the political chess-board may be, the outlook is that a Conservative Government will soon be in the saddle. The Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press* (Ind.) calls attention to the fact that the Progressives have lost ground and are "probably going the way of all third parties in Canada." Yet it notes that the Progressives represent a Western outlook which has not vanished by any means, and if it does not present itself through the media of the Progressives, it will appear in some other form. The Toronto *Evening Telegram* (Ind.) says tartly that "Canada had either to finish the King leadership at the polls or the King leadership would have finished Canada in the next four years."

According to the Brantford *Expositor* (Ind.), "the verdict of the people constitutes a distinct vote of want of confidence in Premier King, his policies, and his administration." As things stack up at present, says the Windsor *Border Cities Star* (Ind.), a second appeal looks almost inevitable, and altho another election will cost Canada $2,000,000, costly as it is, another election might save many times $2,000,000 in giving authority of action to the Government. The most significant outcome of the election, says the Hamilton *Herald* (Ind.), is that a large majority in the new parliament will support a policy of tariff revision. On the other hand, the Saskatoon *Star* thinks that there is "no reason for a Conservative government, which might be a calamity for Western Canada." All the non-Conservatives must drop their differences with the Liberal party, this independent newspaper says, and join forces to form a majority in favor of low tariff.

The St. John *Telegraph-Journal* (Ind.) advises us that the heavy vote against the King Government in the maritime provinces was "mainly a vote of protest rather than proof of the hold which any party has upon the people here." The Sherbrooke *Record* (Ind.) regrets that the dominant party has not obtained a clear lead, because it believes Government by a small sectional minority, holding the balance of power, is not desirable. A new election within a short period is inevitable, according to the Montreal *Patrie*. While the Quebec *Evenement* thinks the Liberal protectionists got a well-merited lesson, and charges that in order to keep themselves in power, they failed to keep their promises, and sacrificed the economic interests of the country, the Montreal *Presse* laments the fact that the election has not provided Canada with a government having a substantial majority, and it also feels that a new election will soon have to be held.

GIVING THE RETURNED PRINCE HAIL!

ROARING ITS DELIGHT with the full volume of its mighty lungs, say the London press proudly, London welcomed Britain's Royal Ambassador to the world at large on his return from a tour of 25,000 miles through West and South Africa and South America. No more popular traveler has the world ever known, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, which tells us that he was everywhere acclaimed not merely as the heir to the British throne, but for the charm of his personality. "The Odyssey was varied enough to be deemed adventurous as well as pleasant," in the view of this daily, and he saw all types of people, and crossed wondrous lines, from the burning Equator to the ridge of the mighty Andes, where he was snowbound. We read then:

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HOME AGAIN

Britain's Heir Apparent, whose position is said to be "as delicate as it is difficult," returns from a tour of 25,000 miles through West and South Africa and South America.

"Varied races of men and women, peoples of different color, has he met, and in all climes has he been hailed with enthusiasm. On April 4 he landed at Bathurst, on the West African coast, and through the lands of Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria, down to the Cape he voyaged. South Africa opened like a wonder-world to him—a vast region still in the making, with white and colored peoples working in its development. Into Swaziland and Bechuanaland he penetrated, and away into the vast expanse of Rhodesia.

"But great as was his triumph in the British Dominions, it was greater still when, having crossed the Atlantic, he was accorded the hospitality and friendship of South America. In the Argentine the greeting was of especial warmth, and on the Pacific coast, Chile was delighted to do him honor.

"To-day he returns. In the past six years he has traversed the globe. Canada saw him in 1919, Australasia and the West Indies a year later, and in 1921 he penetrated mystic regions in India, China, and Japan. Everywhere his success has been unqualified. Everywhere has he charmed the people with his manner; in all countries has he drawn the best from the people in their eagerness to do homage to him and the land he represented."

But ere the shouting and the tumult of welcome had risen and died, the staid and conservative London *Spectator* had prepared a heartfelt scolding for the Prince, even while it admits that wherever this "most traveled man of his age" in the world has been, he has left after him most pleasant memories of his charm, modesty, and friendliness. But, this weekly goes on:

"We should not be faithful to our duty of recording and discussing the thoughts which are passing through the mind of the nation if we did not say that there is a good deal of anxiety about the future of the Prince of Wales. This anxiety is right and natural for it is only a measure of the regard which is felt for the Prince's personal welfare and of the high conception which people have formed of the work which he has done and yet may do for his country. The tour just ended was remarkable because it broke new ground in the visit to South America. We have received from a correspondent in that country a letter and an extract from a newspaper bearing on the visit, and we want to refer to these because they are pertinent to what we want to say about the Prince's future. Our correspondent was delighted with the Prince's bearing, and in fact fell under the spell as other people do. But he has also several things to say in criticism of the visit."

One of these criticisms alleges that the Prince failed to meet an engagement at an Argentine school, which had been specially decorated and in which the children had arranged to sing in English, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Through some blunder the engagement was canceled, but *The Spectator* thinks it unfortunate that "such a blunder should have been made in a country where great store is set by form and ceremony conducted with a 'stately Spanish grace.'" This London weekly's correspondent also intimates that comparisons were drawn, perhaps inevitably, "between the Prince of Wales's willingness to dance or attend supper parties in the small hours of the morning, but not to keep an engagement a few hours later." The unfairness of mere gossip must be taken into consideration, the *Spectator's* correspondent points out, and adds that, after all, much of the criticism need not be taken too seriously, as a large part of it was traceable to non-British foreigners, who were a little jealous of the great reception given to a British Prince. Still there was the fact and there was the criticism, notes *The Spectator*, which continues:

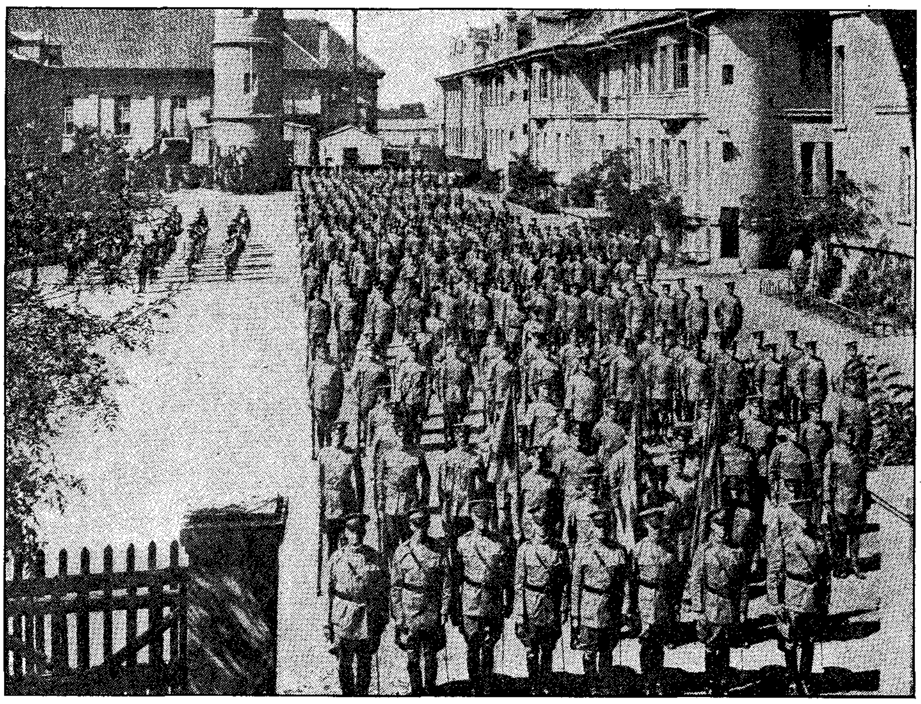
"The staff work of the Prince's tours ought, of course, to be done with extraordinary care. But when that has been admitted we still think that the Prince of Wales would rightly interpret the wishes of the nation if he made it impossible for people to have any excuse for saying that he is unduly restless or that he exhausts himself in giving to amusements too many of the hours which might be spent in preparation for work that is always, and necessarily, exacting and tiring. Nobody wants the Prince of Wales to be a prig; he would not have anything like the enormous popularity he enjoys if he were. He is young and people sincerely like him to follow the instincts of youth. He is notoriously a 'good mixer,' and we can not be too grateful for the apparently inexhaustible fund of friendliness which he has at his disposal in all circumstances and for all people.

"The position of an Heir Apparent, however, is as delicate as it is difficult. It presents a problem which is unknown to almost everybody else in the world. The easiest way no doubt for a young man of good and natural instincts who finds himself in this position is to evade all difficulties by stifling his instincts and keeping himself as far as possible in dignified isolation. Thus by a certain inaccessibility he aids the idea that a Royal person is not as other men are. If, on the other hand, he is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody he challenges familiar standards and nothing short of an unprecedented or impossible degree of perfection is enough to prevent criticism. The Prince of Wales, to his great credit, has chosen the more difficult, tho the more natural, way. We all like him for it even while we are conscious of the dangers."

The difficulty might be overcome, after the Prince of Wales has had the rest which he richly deserves, *The Spectator* suggests, if he would attach himself to some public cause which is entirely beyond and above faction. Being associated with a great purpose, he would be bound to some regular application of his energies, which, it is declared, would "once and for all put an end to any false notion that it is his desire to live a butterfly existence." In asking that he should do so, the nation would be demanding much, concedes *The Spectator*, and yet it thinks it would be right to ask it for "the services of the Royal Family have taught us to place our expectations very high." One need not go farther afield than the example set by the King and Queen, to see how marvelously an unflinching conception of public duty wins recognition, avers this weekly, and it adds:

"When King George came to the throne the most preposterous and lying rumors were afloat about his past life. We are almost ashamed to recall them—so utterly has even the memory of them passed away. The King with remarkable good sense took the course which is open to every citizen who has enough courage, and disproved one lie in a court of law. But he and the Queen have done much more than that; they have established their reputation and their hold upon the affection of the nation, not by legal process, but by a long record of benevolent hard work and unostentatious goodness. So deep is the impression they have produced that the monarchy is now safer even than it was in the days of Queen Victoria. Amid the tumbling monarchies of Europe ours has become more firmly based. Our Crowned President of the Commonwealth, by virtue of his hereditary office, is free from the inconvenient ambitions of the elected heads of other nations. The nation desires to see the Prince of Wales by a process of stabilization—if we may thus apply one of the most overworked phrases of the moment—qualifying himself for that great office with the consent and good-will of all classes."

Different is the attitude of *The Saturday Review* on the Prince's return, which may be interpreted briefly as a prompting to the British nation that they "give him a rest."



From *The China Illustrated Review* (Tientsin)

OUR FIGHTING MEN IN TIENTSIN

The 15th U. S. Infantry on the occasion of the official inspection by General Helmick.

IS AMERICA ALOOF FROM CHINA?

THE FEAR THAT AMERICA is inclined to stand aloof as far as possible in the present upset of China disturbs Americans in that country, it appears. They feel that Americans at home are not giving the attention to the Chinese problem which it deserves, and the Hankow *Central China Post* is especially worried on learning from "an American friend just returned from a visit to his homeland," that there seems small chance, if any, of the United States taking active part in a move by the Powers to get China to put her house in order. The view-point is apparent, says *The Central China Post* in the decision of the majority of the American Mission Boards, who passed a resolution that if any of the stations were so endangered that the foreign members had to decide whether to call on Consular protection or withdraw, the missionaries should choose the latter course. In short, as this daily sees it, if the Chinese do not want mission work, then the Mission Boards do not wish in any way to coerce them.

The explanation given by the returned American to *The Central China Post* is, first, that Americans have "so much to interest them in their own land that they have become a people little informed about foreign affairs." It is asserted that a reflection of this condition is found in the limited space given to foreign news in American newspapers, and the conclusion drawn is that "if the public were interested in foreign news, the papers would supply the popular demand, but it is not wanted, so only the most meager is given." To this assertion, it may be excepted, that the American returned to China seemed to be speaking as if the only foreign news existent is news from China. Newspaper experts generally agree that the American press has never devoted so much space to foreign news as from the very day of the outbreak of the World War to the present moment.

The second reason for America's seeming aloofness about China, according to the *Central China Post's* informant, is that the Government in America to-day is "more or less a business one" and the popular cry is "peace at any price to carry on business." We read then:

"No upset which will have the effect of throwing sand into the well oiled and smooth running of the commercial machine will be tolerated. Our friend went even as far as to express the view that even tho a rupture were to occur between a foreign Power and America the United States would go to the utmost length in upholding 'Peace at any price.' Further he pointed out that America's commercial interests in China do not loom large in the eyes of Americans at home and so the business men there might be prone to adopt a similar resolution anent withdrawing as that of the Mission Boards."

The Central China Post candidly avows that it does not know how far these views are generally held by Americans, but reports them as "exprest as personal views to us by a friend."

Yet it is not all a matter of darkness as far as America is concerned with the China question, we are assured, and attention is called to several bright spots, giving promise that, when it comes to the point, the United States will go beyond words and will join with her sister Powers in the active upholding of modern civilization.

SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

THE MOTOR FUEL OF THE FUTURE

COAL AND ALCOHOL will be the sources of the nation's future supplies of motor fuel, it was predicted in addresses at an interstate symposium of the American Chemical Society, held in New York recently. Dr. A. C. Fieldner, chief chemist of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, asserted that America must turn to coal when gasoline stocks begin to vanish. "For the United States, coal is the logical source of liquid fuel substitute for petroleum gasoline," Dr. Fieldner said. We read further in a press bulletin issued by the society:

"Dr. Milton C. Whitaker of New York, president of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Company, declared that 'the superiority of alcohol gasoline fuels is now safely established by actual experience.'

"In the United States, Dr. Whitaker said, a struggle is going on between industrial needs and the beverage-taxing habit. He attacked what he called an attempt by prohibitionists to shift the costs of law enforcement to the new alcohol industries, saying:

"'While our Government has been liberal, as governments go, in the extension of the tax-exemption to industrial alcohol, it must be said that the right of tax relief has been granted grudgingly, and the manufacture and use of industrial alcohol has been hampered by many expensive restrictions.

"'These restrictions have been recently increased by the advent of a great social experiment known as Prohibition. A substantial proportion of the cost of Prohibition is already being loaded on to the alcohol producing and using industries—and the proponents of this social reform are insisting that they be permitted to load it more—and this at the very time when both the industries using alcohol and the economics of the fuel problem demand that that commodity be cheaper.'

"The future of alcohol motor fuels is largely an economic problem, Dr. Whitaker said. 'It involves,' he added, 'the relations between cost of alcohol and the cost of gasoline. The cost of alcohol is necessarily linked with the question of cost and available supply of raw materials.

"'As gasoline becomes scarce, an economic balance is bound to be established between the price of gasoline, the price of alcohol and the price and the resultant supply of raw materials. As this economic balance is approached, alcohol will doubtless be used in the making of motor fuels.'

"The ratio of alcohol production to gasoline production, Dr. Whitaker said, was 1 to 125, the total production of alcohol last year being 71,000,000 gallons, and that of gasoline 8,960,000,000 gallons.

"Practically all the alcohol produced, he said, was required to meet industrial needs, about 147,000 gallons being left for motor fuels. 'The demand of the industries and for motor anti-freeze,' he continued, 'will naturally assert itself against any use of alcohol for motor fuels.

"In any consideration of alcohol for motor fuels, the industrial needs for alcohol must come first. It seems clear, therefore, that alcohol for motor fuel must be limited to the surplus over and above that required to meet the industrial demands.

"Dr. Fieldner said that there seems to be no doubt that most of the country's great mass of unmined coal, constituting over 60 per cent. of the world's reserve, will still be in the ground when all the petroleum available by drilling and pumping methods becomes exhausted.

"This mass, existing within 3,000 feet of the surface, aggregated, he said, citing figures of the U. S. Geological Survey, three and one-half trillion short tons. If this coal were all in one solid cube, it would measure eighteen miles long, eighteen miles wide and eighteen miles high.

"'It is recognized,' Dr. Fieldner went on, 'that shale oil and alcohol from vegetable matter will contribute considerable quantities of fuel, but they can not carry the bulk of the load if we are to continue using anything like the amount of gasoline consumed to-day.

"'The average oil shale yields little if any greater quantity of distillate per ton than may be obtained by the low-temperature distillation of bituminous coal, and coal has the big economic advantage of being mined near the centers of population and in furnishing a residue that can be sold as a relatively high-priced smokeless domestic fuel.

"'Most of our shale is found in the sparsely populated Western States, and the residue is worthless. The amount of alcohol that can be obtained from the fermentation industries is also limited.

"'The diversion of any considerable acreage to growing vegetables or grain for motor fuel would cut too deeply into our food supply to be tolerated.

"'The gradual failure of the yearly output of petroleum gasoline to meet the increasing needs of the automotive industries, with the consequent rise in prices of motor fuel, should stimulate the carbonization of coal by both high and low temperature processes.

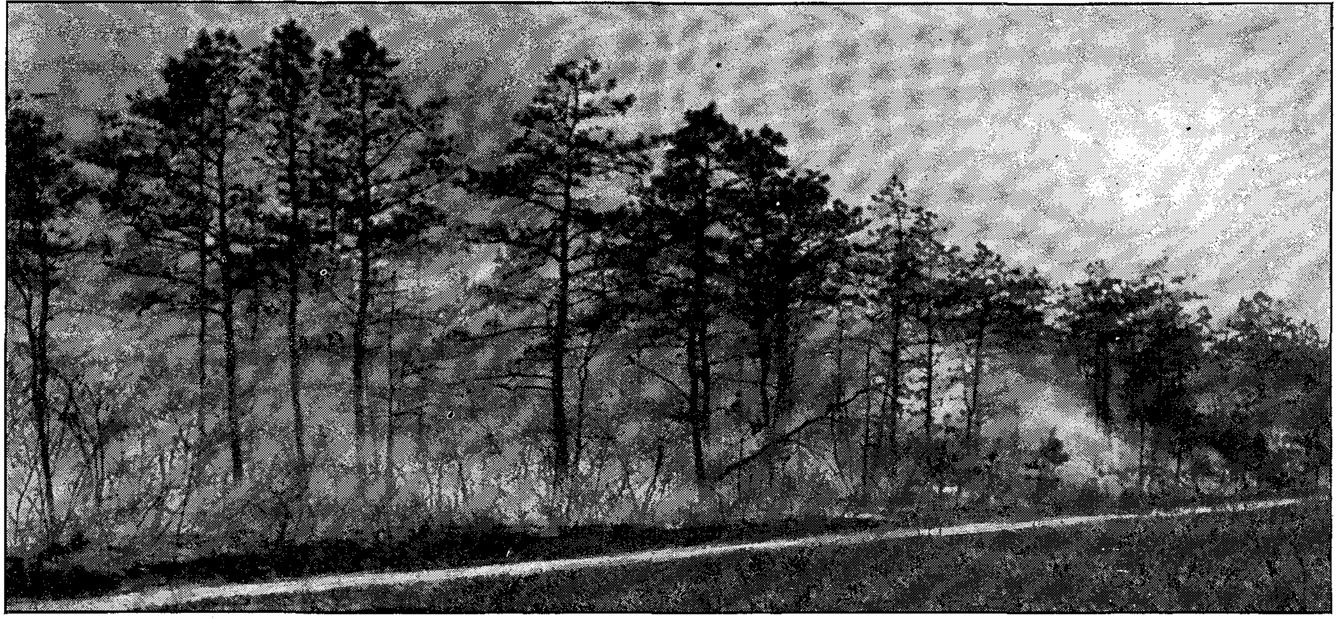
"'The automobile may yet help to bring about, to no small degree, that desired millennium when the atmosphere of Pittsburgh will be as free from smoke as when George Washington first beheld the beautiful valley of the Monongahela River.

"'This ultimate aim can be accomplished by processing all coal, except perhaps inferior grades, by carbonization processes yielding gaseous, liquid and smokeless solid fuel.'

"Dr. Fieldner said that the time for motor-fuel research is here. We may need some gasoline substitutes in five years, or it may be in twenty-five years, he said, pointing out that both France and Germany have established motor-fuel laboratories."

DO OUR INDIANS TALK OLD CHINESE?—New light has been thrown on the ancestry of the American Indian by Dr. Edward Sapir, noted Canadian anthropologist, now on the faculty of the University of Chicago, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). Dr. Sapir says that his research work on Indian linguistics has convinced him of the identity of the language of certain Indian tribes with that of the primitive Chinese. We read:

"The similarity of the two tongues and the linguistic distribution of tribes scattered at random over the Americas have convinced Dr. Sapir that these groups must have entered this continent as a wedge from Asia. By a close comparison of the primitive Chinese, Siamese, and Tibetan, all in the same language category, with the language of the 'Nadine group' of North America, Dr. Sapir has found the same peculiarities of phonetics, vocabulary, and grammatical structure on both sides of the Pacific Ocean. The American Indians speaking the language of the Nadine group are found in all parts of the North American continent, from northern Mexico to the southern boundary of Alaska, widely distributed among other Indian tribes whose language and customs are entirely different. With minor changes, he asserted, the Navajo of New Mexico speaks the language of the Sarcee in Alberta, and the linguistic stock of the Tlingit, just south of the Eskimos in Alaska, is much the same as that of the Hupa in California. It is probable, according to Dr. Sapir, that the migration of Asiatics speaking primitive Chinese or Tibetan took place some time in the past, and that these immigrants settled or moved over the mountains and plains, some remaining in northwestern Canada to become the Tlingits, and others moving out to the Queen Charlotte Islands off the west coast to form the Haida group, and still others penetrating to the deserts of the Southwest. From the modern Chinese, which in academic circles is considered relatively simple, students of linguistics can reconstruct primitive Chinese, which is vastly more complex than any of the dialects known to the Mongolian of to-day. Dr. Sapir has discovered not only that the Indians of the Nadine groups speak with a tonal accent, raising or lowering the voice to give certain meaning to words, in a manner similar to the tonal peculiarities of the Chinese, but also that the meanings of certain words are identical. Further, he has disclosed the fact that the Indians have retained certain prefixes and suffixes that long ago have disappeared from Chinese speech, but which are clearly discernible in the early forms."



Courtesy of *The Highway Magazine* (Chicago)

THE ROAD IS AT ONCE A BARRICADE TO HALT THE FIRE AND A HIGHWAY FOR THE FIRE-FIGHTERS

THE HIGHWAY AS A FIRE-FIGHTER

THE TREES BY THE ROADSIDE protect and beautify the highways, and the highways in turn, it seems, protect the trees. Little has been said or written, says U. S. Kienast in *The Highway Magazine* (Chicago), of the part played in preventing and curbing fires in the National Forests by the broad open roads, examples of engineering skill, or by the rough-and-ready trails into the heart of the forest cover, hacked and hewn by a forest ranger with an idea in his head of getting somewhere "sooner." Mr. Kienast explains:

"It is, of course, the use of the road, rather than the road itself, which makes it a valuable factor in fire-fighting. The instances of a road standing against the oncoming flames, as a happily placed barricade, are comparatively few.

"There are three types of fires. The ground fire, which burns the humus, the soil under the roots. In the Adirondacks this type of fire has been known to burn right down to bed-rock. Its usual rate of burning is from three to four feet a day.

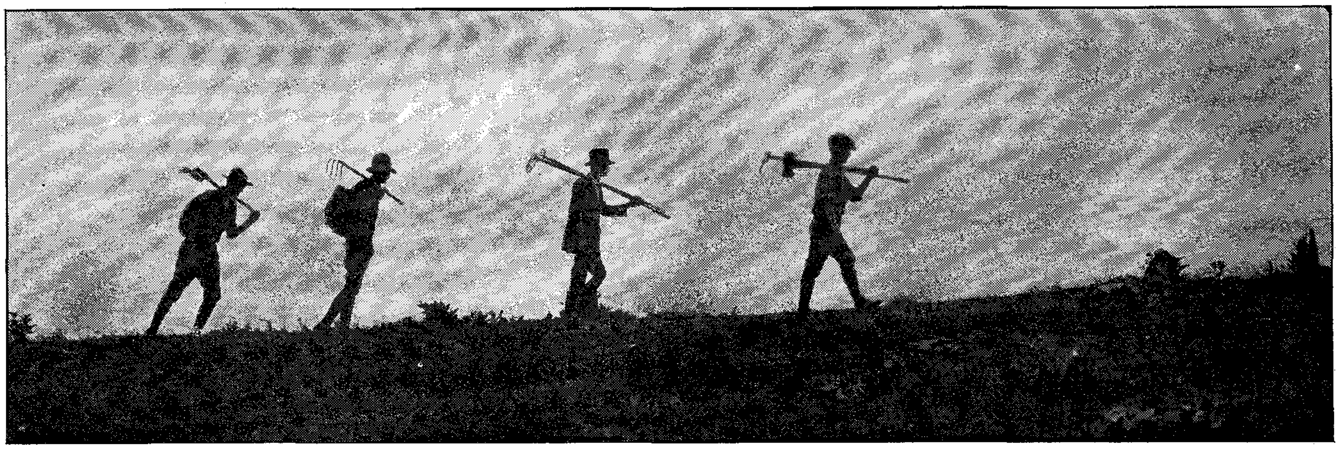
"The surface fire is a hungry, creeping thing, burning along the ground, destroying undergrowth, killing young saplings, and scarring the older timber. When this type is accosted by a solid, substantial barricade of concrete it is often sufficiently abashed to quietly subside.

"The crown fire is the sweepstake type—rushing up-hill and down, leaping chasms with a wild 'swoof,' and always well-nigh unmanageable. On the San Gabriel Forest one such fire went four miles in forty-five minutes, up-hill, despite all efforts to check it. The road remains to serve as a testimonial to man-made material, but destruction has galloped rough-shod over it.

"In making available and protecting from fire and trespass, the resources of a mountain-forest tract, including timber, forage, drinking-water, game, recreation areas and scenery, roads and trails play an indispensable part. Communication is the backbone of any business organization, and the force of a National Forest is no exception.

"Fire-prevention includes the scattering through the forest at strategic points of lookouts to search out the curling smoke that indicates the presence of fire. Tool caches are maintained on all the national forests, and their value lies wholly in their ready accessibility. They are equipped with axes, shovels, brush-hooks, water-bags, and lanterns. They must be accessible by a familiar network of roads and trails, from many directions, to justify their existence, and the precaution that placed them there.

"The value of the open passageway in actual fire-fighting is that it permits of transportation of men and tools quickly, and furnishes a cleared space where there is room to manipulate fire-fighting forces to the best advantage. From a main road, lesser roads and trails may radiate into the danger zone, with an open avenue of retreat left in case of an unexpected shift of the enemy. An army exhausted is no army at all. When fighters can be delivered on the spot, having been transported by motor-truck or by horse in condition to fight, instead of wearied and exhausted from hours of struggling with tangled undergrowth, the spirited attack on the fire is far more productive of results than a half-hearted assault. The time factor in coping with a



Courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington)

THE FIRE BRIGADE

forest fire is important. Where resistance is prompt and well-organized, it is generally effective. Where the preparations are haphazard, disorganized, and the equipment and fighters arrive in a hodgepodge of good intentions, weariness, and physical discomfort, the urge to battle is not great. Rather, the impulse is to say 'It can't be helped,' and let the flames sweep on, after the first rebuff. Conquering a huge fire is not, even under the best-laid plan, an orderly accomplishment of a big job. It is a series of unexpected crises, unforeseen conditions, and unlooked-for calls. An intimate knowledge of the terrain and forest cover must be had by those in charge, camps established at strategic points, and communication kept open with a changing tide of battle on all the fronts.

"Always, the road stands as a necessity, for the fire must be fought from a road, whether it be one mile distant or ten. It is the keystone of any fire-fighting organization looking to success in checking the red enemy."

MAKING A SHADOW HOWL

THE PHOTOELECTRIC CELL, which is used in turning light into electric current in picture telegraphing, in talking films, in new types of phonographs, in television experiments and in many other processes, has been combined by V. K. Zworykin, a physicist of the Westinghouse Electric Research Laboratories, with the radio vacuum-tube amplifier, forming a new scientific device of vast possibilities, which was exhibited publicly for the first time at the electrical show at Grand Central Palace, we are informed by the New York *Times*. Says this newspaper:

"Variations of light falling on this instrument, which looks nearly the same as an ordinary radio tube, instantly become variations of electrical current and are amplified many thousandfold.

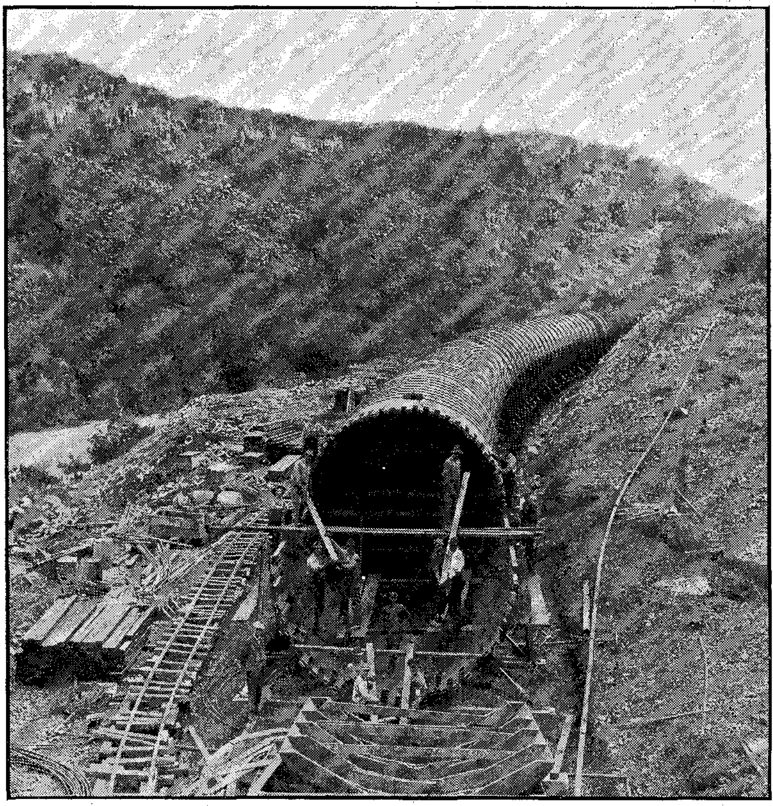
"The photoelectric cell, which makes electricity out of light, is built into the standard radio tube. One end of the radio tube is coated on the inside with potassium, or some other alkaline metal, which throws off showers of electrons when light falls on it. An electron shower is an electrical current. The shower is feeble if the light is feeble, heavy if the light is strong. Any variation in light changes the intensity of the shower. The current which the light strikes out of the alkali metals is amplified before it leaves the tube. Three years ago Zworykin got the idea of uniting the tube and the photoelectric cell. For the last year and a half he has been at work in the Westinghouse laboratories. The instrument was so complex and sensitive that it was difficult to prevent any one part from interfering with the action of the others. For instance, if any of the filaments of the tube produced a light of its own, this would upset the whole apparatus, because the photoelectric cell would respond to that light, instead of to external light.

"Overcoming these difficulties, Zworykin exhibited a tube so sensitive to light changes that the smoke of a cigaret was utilized to ring a bell. The smoke came between a lantern and the Zworykin device. It intercepted enough light to lower the electrical current which the light from the lamp had been producing. The fall in current permitted a switch to close and rang the bell. Using the device in connection with a loud-speaker, the inventor produced a howl by passing a wire one milimeter thick between the lantern and the cell.

"The photoelectric cell is at present used in combination with the amplifying tubes for a great variety of purposes, including the turning of printed words into musical sounds, so that the blind may read by ear; the steering of torpedoes, ships or automobiles by radio; the transmission of pictures by wire and radio; the attempt to transmit motion-pictures by radio; the reproduction of sound by phonographs which use films instead of wax records, and the measuring of the light of stars and planets.

"When used in combination, the current which is produced by the photoelectric cell is led off to the vacuum tube and there amplified. This method requires the use of more apparatus and tends toward cumbersomeness. Zworykin's invention makes it possible to simplify apparatus in all processes which call for the conversion of light into electricity.

"There are several methods in use now for recording sounds on films instead of engraving them on wax cylinders. The frequencies or sound-waves of the voice or music are photographed on the film. To reproduce them a powerful beam of light is projected through the moving film. The photographs of the sound-waves cause constant variations in the intensity of the beam of light. These variations are changed into modulations of electrical current in the photoelectric cell, and are then amplified in the radio tubes, until they are strong enough to operate a loudspeaker. The new Westinghouse device modulates the current and amplifies it in one operation. If necessary, it may be reamplified once or many times in order to give the current power sufficient for the purpose needed."



Courtesy of The American Wood-Preservers Association, Chicago

THE LARGEST WOODEN PIPE IN THE WORLD

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WOOD PIPE—Users of treated timber may not know, says *The Wood Preserving News* (Chicago), that for some time this material has held a position among holders of "world's largest" records, because the world's largest wood pipe-line was constructed of preserved wood. Now this record has been broken by a treated wood-stave pipe-line built in northern California for the California-Oregon Power Company. We read:

"This line connects two cement-lined tunnels which carry water from the company's diversion dam to the new plant, located one and one-half miles below Copco on the Klamath River. The plant, which generates 40,000 horse-power, serves fifty communities. This line is sixteen feet in inside diameter, or two feet larger than the line that formerly held the record. It is 1,316 feet in length, and made of Douglas fir staves four inches thick, treated with eight pounds of creosote per cubic foot. The pipe-line is supported in steel cradles and is entirely open to the air. The maximum head of the line is sixty feet. It discharges 2,000 cubic feet of water per second, or more than 100 gallons of water per day for each of 12,000,000 persons. It is interesting to note that the use of creosote for wood-pipe staves is far exceeding original expectations. It was assumed at first that only a small percentage of pipe used for irrigation purposes could be treated. But now most of the wood-stave irrigation lines are constructed of preserved wood. No objectionable taste remains after the free creosote has been flushed out. This pipe-line is considered practically a permanent installation, provided the steel cradles and bands are painted from time to time."

MORE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS

FURTHER EVIDENCE in favor of the transmutation of the elements comes from the experiments of Arthur Smits and A. Karsen of Amsterdam, we are told by Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). They followed the general method by which Professor Miethe of Berlin claims to have obtained gold by passing a strong electric current through mercury vapor. The Amsterdam chemists undertook the decomposition of lead instead of mercury. This was more difficult since lead is converted into vapor at much higher temperature, and considerable time was consumed in constructing a practicable ultra-violet ray lamp of quartz with lead in place of quicksilver. Then, we are told:

"The rays given off were examined with a quartz spectroscope. After a current of thirty to thirty-five amperes, under a pressure of eight volts, had passed through the apparatus for six hours certain lines characteristic of mercury began to appear in the spectrum. These gradually strengthened until after ten hours the entire series of mercury lines, and also those of the rare element thallium, were perceived in the visible and ultra-violet parts of the spectrum.

"The lead employed was specially prepared and purified for the purpose by Kahlbaum of Berlin. If the lead was indeed absolutely free from other metals, the experiment appears to prove that lead can be broken up into at least two other elements."

It is right at this point that Professor Miethe and his critics split, it seems, for—

"The question of possible impurity of the metal at the start is the basis of the criticism of these alleged transmutations. A new and sharp attack on Miethe's experiments comes from the laboratory of the Berlin University Chemical Institute where E. H. Riesenfeld, Wilhelm Haase, Erich Tiede, Arthur Schleede and Frieda Goldschmidt find that the process of purification employed by Miethe prior to the passage of the electric current did not altogether remove the traces of gold that occur commonly in mercury. By distilling the mercury three times in a vacuum they were able to obtain mercury that gave no indication of gold, even by the most delicate test, and when this was used in an electric lamp according to Miethe's method no gold was obtained.

"But Professor Miethe says: 'My newest method yields an amount of gold far greater than my previous method; in fact, enough to permit me to determine gold by the standard chemical tests.'

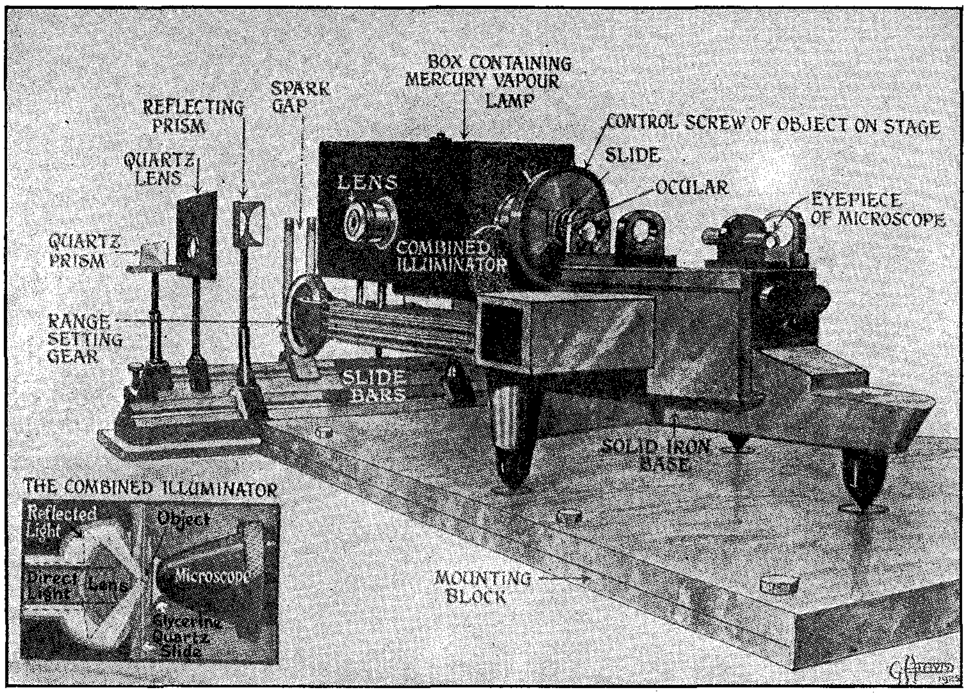
"This new and more powerful method has not yet been tried on the Riesenfeld gold-free mercury.

"Professor Miethe also found, besides the gold, traces of another metal in the mercury and this he takes to be silver. Professor Nagaoki of Tokyo, who reported getting gold from mercury by electrical action, also found a white metal, which he thinks is platinum.

"If these experiments are confirmed, chemists have acquired the power of changing lead into mercury and thallium, and then the mercury into gold and silver or platinum. This would open a new era in the sciences, the synthesis of the elements."

A WONDER-MICROSCOPE

THE INSTRUMENT WITH which two English investigators discovered what they believe to be the germ of cancer is illustrated and described in *Conquest* (London). Whether a cure for cancer will be the outcome of the researches carried out by Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard, no one can say, this magazine admits; but of the importance of the advance they have made in the technique of microscopy it has no doubt whatever. It says of the new instrument:



THE SUPER-MICROSCOPE

"Mr. Barnard's wonderful microscope makes it possible to photograph objects measuring only $\frac{1}{250,000\text{th}}$ of an inch. By its aid bodies less than one-third the size hitherto regarded as the extreme limit of the powers of the microscope can now be detected.

"The instrument differs widely in appearance from the conventional laboratory microscope. Indeed, few at first sight would recognize it as a microscope at all. The most remarkable departure from the established methods of microscopy, however, is the arrangement adopted for illuminating the object. Only light of very short wave-length can make such exceedingly small bodies as the filter-passing bacteria visible, and in order to get light of sufficiently short wave-length Mr. Barnard employed a mercury lamp, the light from which falls in the ultra-violet range, and has a wave-length of 546 millimicrons. In order to obtain any detail of the form and structure of the micro-organism, however, light of even shorter wave-length had to be employed, and the photographing of the cancer germ was done with ultra-violet light having a wave-length of 257 millimicrons.

"Another noteworthy feature of the super-microscope is the method of combining direct and reflected lighting of the object. The combined dark ground and direct illuminator is attached to a micrometer-focusing device having a divided head. An object focused in light of a known wave-length can be adjusted for photography by light of a different wave-length simply by rotating the divided head, the requisite number of divisions corresponding to the difference in wave-length. The central stop which stops transmitted light reaching the objective while the apparatus is being used with the dark ground illuminator is withdrawn, and the central quartz system comes into play."

PLANTS WITH MUSCLES—The discovery that plants possess muscular tissue has been made by Prof. Sir Jagadis Bose, founder and director of the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta, India, we are told in a dispatch from that city to the New York *Times*. We read:

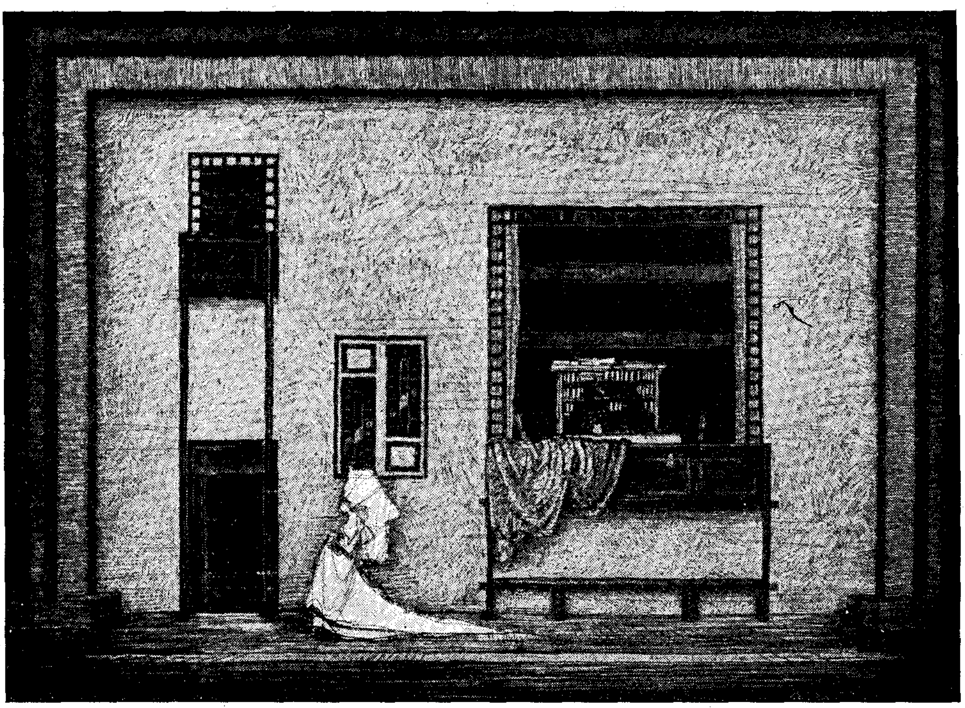
"In announcing the discovery at the Government House in Darjeeling last night, Sir Jagadis showed how, contrary to all current theories, the mimosa plant possesses a highly developed muscular system, which contracts when the plant is struck. He also demonstrated the effect of alcohol on plants, his chart showing first depression and then exaltation, as with human beings."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

BOBBY JONES, AND THE NEW STAGE PICTURE

WHAT GORDON CRAIG IS TO EUROPE, Robert Edmond Jones is surely to America—the inspiration of all the younger men who work in the field of designing for the stage. He has touched at some moment, says Kenneth Macgowan, "almost all the creative factors that have made the American stage just what it is to-day." He was in touch with the birth pangs of the organization known as the Washington Square Players, that now flourishes in the larger enterprise of the Theater Guild. He was in Provincetown when that Massachusetts seaport gave a name to a New York theater, and he is a part of the direction of the present Greenwich Village Theater. These are magic names in the "little theater world," but even they have never held him long. "Time after time, Jones has recognized fecund fields and thrown the first handful of seed. Usually absorbed in a wider range of vision, he has gone away to let others reap the grain." So writes Mr. Macgowan in *The Theatre Arts Magazine* (New York), which also publishes the fascinating book of reproductions, "Drawings for the Theatre" by Robert Edmond Jones. Here the stage pictures of a score or more of notable productions are brought back to the beholder whose past vision of them was growing dim—the "Hamlet" and "Richard III" of John Barrymore, the "Macbeth" of Lionel Barrymore, "Anna Christie," "Till Eulenspiegel" of Nijinski, "Love for Love," "Desire Under the Elms"—in fact, many of the high spots in the drama of the past ten years. In all these drawings the purpose of the designer himself is revealed as he sets it forth in words at the opening of his volume:



From "Drawings for the Theatre"

AN EARLY JONES

Setting by Robert Edmond Jones for Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," produced at Wallack's Theater, New York, by Granville Barker in 1915.

> "The scenic designer is forced to work and think in a hundred different ways—now as an architect, now as a house-painter, now as an electrician, now as a dressmaker, now as a sculptor, now as a jeweler. He must make idols and palaces and necklaces and frescos and caparisons. As he works he may be all too well aware of the outward limitations of the play he is to decorate and the actors he is to clothe. But in his mind's eye he must see the high original intention of the dramatist, and follow it; and the actors who out of the range of their own knowledge and their wisdom are to recreate that vision on the stage must seem to him what the artist seemed to the old Tibetan painter, pure Spirit ascending. The designer's sole ambition must be to affirm and ennoble the art of these mystical protagonists. And he may rest content only when we say, as the curtain rises on the work of his hands: It is evident that this play we are to see is no common play. It is evident that these men and women who will appear before us are no common mummers. These are Actors, Seers, Sayers. Let us honor them. For by their inspiration they intimate immortality."

In the same volume are words by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the manager who has made many of Mr. Jones's visions into realities. To minds to whom the old literalism of scenic representation express the only way, Mr. Hopkins's words furnish a key to unlock new doors:

> "The artist in the theater brings to it visions awake in him that are asleep in us. He arouses our sleeping visions. He opens to us our untraversed possessions, new vistas within ourselves, our points of eternal contact.
>
> "The artist can find no expression in the reproduction of external manifestations. He seeks the essence, the soul, the eternal hinge that joins all things.
>
> "The stage setting of an artist never seeks to be a complete thing. It is part of something infinite that trails on the ground, but the part that trails opens within the beholders' vistas—glorious, grotesque, breathless—vistas that eye has never beheld, and these are the vistas wherein the artist has found the essence, and if the artist and beholder be blest, the beholder finds it too."

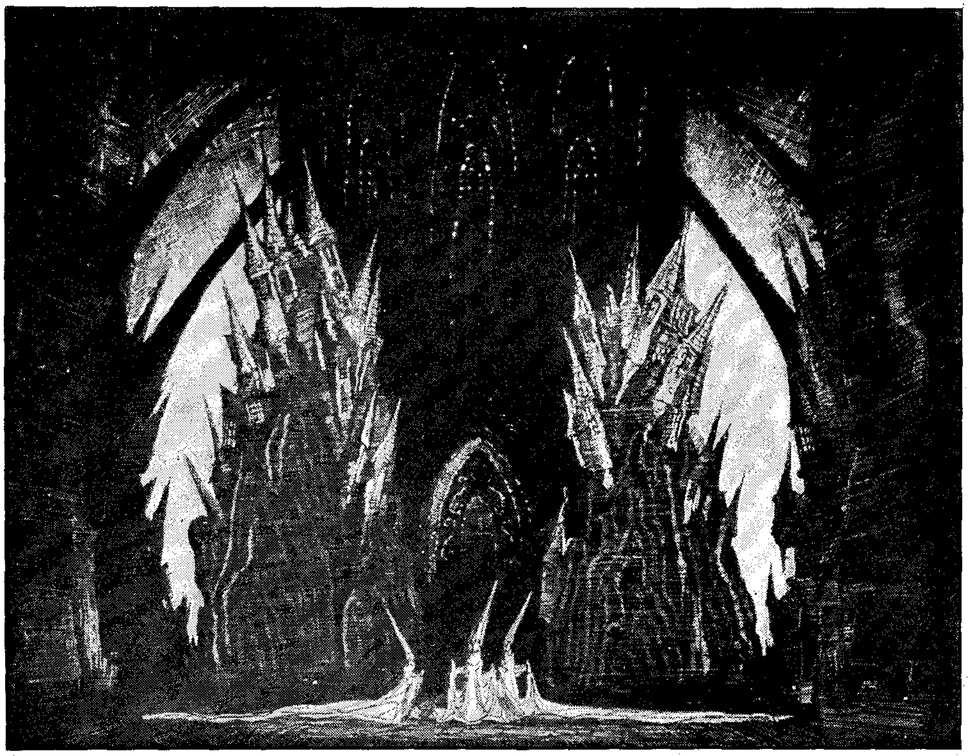
Henry McBride, writing in the New York *Sun* of these drawings now hanging on exhibition in a New York gallery, speaks of them as "intangible evocations" likely to speak with difficulty to "the horny-handed business men upon whom theatrical representations depend." Nevertheless:

> "Personality, on the other hand, is something to which they are peculiarly susceptible, and Mr. Jones's is undeniable. It is impossible to be in his presence five minutes without feeling that here is that rara avis, the disinterested lover of and seeker for

Beauty. And it is fine proof of the fact that there really is a stratum of idealism deep down in the hearts of the industrial captains that they continually yield cash to realize Mr. Jones's expensive designs.

"He has frequently been accused of building scenes against which actors can not act. . . .

"The Jones failures, however, are all honorable failures, and I only mention them now, as it is significant that each one fixes him more firmly, if that be possible, in the hearts of his friends.



JONES IN HIS MOST FANTASTIC MOOD

Setting for Nijinsky's ballet arrangement of Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" produced by the Diaghileff Ballet Russe in New York in 1916.

He has his successes, too, and of late in a better ratio to the failures than formerly, but nothing so made him as his debacle in 'Macbeth.'

"For that reason my feeling in regard to his design for the banquet scene in 'Macbeth' may be worth recording. To my mind it is unquestionably the best drawing in the present collection. It is full of the horror bred in the mind of *Macbeth* by the accusing apparitions. Also it is complete and satisfactory decoration in itself. But banquet scene? Where is the banquet? Everything has gone smash, as it went smash in the mind of *Macbeth*, but you could not possibly start the scene with a background of smash giving away the secret in advance of the moment, could you? To be true theater, Mr. Jones would be obliged to rely upon mechanical devices to blur kaleidoscopically the world that had suddenly become top-heavy for *Macbeth*."

THE COVER—Pastel art is one of the most brilliant, charming and difficult, and hence its practitioners are few. Robert Blum (1857-1903) was among the most skilful and devoted in this medium. The cover represents one of the many scenes that he did in Japan, whither he was sent to illustrate Sir Edwin Arnold's "Japonica." The dominant note of his art is its bright and delicate color and its effects of sunshine. He was born in Cincinnati, but spent most of his artistic life in Eastern cities, where he was an illustrator for *Scribner's Magazine*. He made a delicious frieze for the old Mendelssohn Hall, New York, among the first of our mural decorations, but this building disappeared in 1898. Most of his pictures are to be found in private collections. Blum was sometimes "criticized on account of the successive influence of Fortuny, Whistler and Rico upon his work," says the "New International Encyclopædia." "He was, however, adaptable rather than subservient."

THE BLUE-NOSE PURITAN'S LOVELY FURNITURE

THE PRESENT GENERATION has at last found a use for the maligned Puritan—he made such desirable "antiques." How could he be so ugly and his works so beautiful? Here is a dilemma for the esthete that the New York *Times* drives home. "From the homeland of Puritanism the present emancipated generation derives most of its horrible examples of a distorted world outlook and moral system. From this same New England it draws most of its lovely old furniture." The writer thinks we may discover some signs that the campaign against the New England conscience is ebbing, but also there appear more definite signs of a reaction from New England's old armchairs and sideboards. Here's the rub:

"The humorists, as usual, showed the way by inquiring in their untutored fashion why an ugly piece of eighteenth-century carpentry is more beautiful than a beautiful piece from the twentieth. The 'craze' for antiques is an everyday title in the magazines.

"The primary reason for the change is practical. The market is being flooded with spurious antiques. The interior decorating public has apparently consumed several times more eighteenth-century furniture than the eighteenth century produced. If the supply is genuine, then Jonathan Edwards's contemporaries must have lived and slept in the open fields, using their homes and barns as storage warehouses. When could the Puritans have found time to drive out the Indian, put up their stone fences and worship God? All their energies seemingly went into the production of andirons, kettles and spindle-legged chairs. At last the purchasing public has been growing skeptical. It now thinks twice before stepping out of its automobiles into the 'shoppes' that strew the countryside.

"It would be pleasant to think that there is another reason for the new doubts about the old furniture. Has a rebellious generation discovered the incongruity of sitting on an eighteenth-century settle before an eighteenth-century fireplace and cussing out the eighteenth-century theology? Is it quite fair to sit around Jonathan Edwards's dining-table and exalt Michael Arlen and Aldous Huxley? How was it that a race of blue-nosed bigots turned out such beautiful craftsmanship? How was it that a New England philosophy so inimical to Beauty succeeded in producing so much Beauty? Or was there in New England something besides Sabbath laws and witch-hunting?

"Obviously, there are anomalies to be explained. Here was a Puritan population utterly convinced of the transitoriness and worthlessness of the earthly life. Yet when they built themselves houses they used hewn beams and rafters which we are only too happy to incorporate into our remodeled modern homes. New England's homes are beautiful after two hundred years. The homes we build will be laughed at by our children in 1945 just as we laugh at the domestic architecture of 1905. But if the craze for old New England is not because it was beautiful but because it was antique, how is a forward-looking generation to justify this worship of old things just because they are old? If old furniture, why not old creeds and moralities?"

Where *The Times* can for the most part only pose the dilemma, the Boston *Transcript* brings up a whole battery of arguments to reestablish the Puritan in the world's good graces:

"Is there a mystery about it? Undoubtedly the Puritans were a pretty hard-hearted lot when it came to theology, since they consigned, by the mouth of their much-esteemed Edwards, 'infants not a span long' to the floor of hell for eternity. But they had to eat and drink, and sometimes to sit and read or talk, and their chairs, their bedsteads and their houses, when these were good houses, were all right. Probably Emerson explained it adequately when he said they builded better than they knew. They held a great many innocent things to be wrong, but they could not hold everything to be wrong, and they never penalized the art of making chairs, tables and bureaus. It wasn't wicked for a man to sit in a chair when his day's work was done, nor was it wrong even for a woman, altho her work was never done, to sit in a chair when she was knitting socks or sewing on a garment for her men-folks. So they had chairs; and as they didn't have any machinery with which to make them, and did have time and patience, they made good chairs out of good wood, which was abundant. And their theology did enter into the making of the chairs. It was wicked to be lazy and luxurious. So they made straight, hard, unupholstered chairs. You can not imagine a Puritan craftsman getting up a chair that was all cushions, all springs, all squashiness, all flabbiness and flaccidity, in which a person lies down rather than sits. They hadn't the word 'loll' in their vocabulary. Their chairs are sought after to-day because they are so confoundedly austere. Even their beds were stern, upstanding contrivances with ropes as tightly strung as an oak plank as a foundation, with a tick full of coarse straw or corn husks on it; and if on top of that they rigged a feather-bed, the object of that was not so much to make the bed soft as to keep the sleeper from freezing to death in a room where water would freeze every winter night. If they had a canopy over their bed, that was for warmth too."

The Puritans didn't set out to create "art nouveau," because they believed that "every good work of art in which the people ever have a part is the product of tradition." So they followed the models of England and Holland. And—

"It was the same with the Puritans' architecture. They built from habit and instinct, influenced and modified by that same necessity of getting through the New England winter alive. That made them put their chimney in the middle of the house, where the heat could be conserved. It led them to make their ceilings low, where they lived with the comfortable beams over their heads, dyed to a rich brown by the smoke that frequently filled the room. As they had fireplaces, the old fellows had to have andirons, and they seem to have been so busy in keeping up the fires of the Inferno that they never noticed that the blacksmiths were curiously and quaintly ornamenting these 'fire-dogs.' And as they were particularly economical of time, the old Puritans had to have clocks. Of course they made these clocks as plain as possible. No silly cuckoos or flippant striking devices! But as their clocks stood up honestly and were plainly and solidly simple, they turned out to be beautiful."

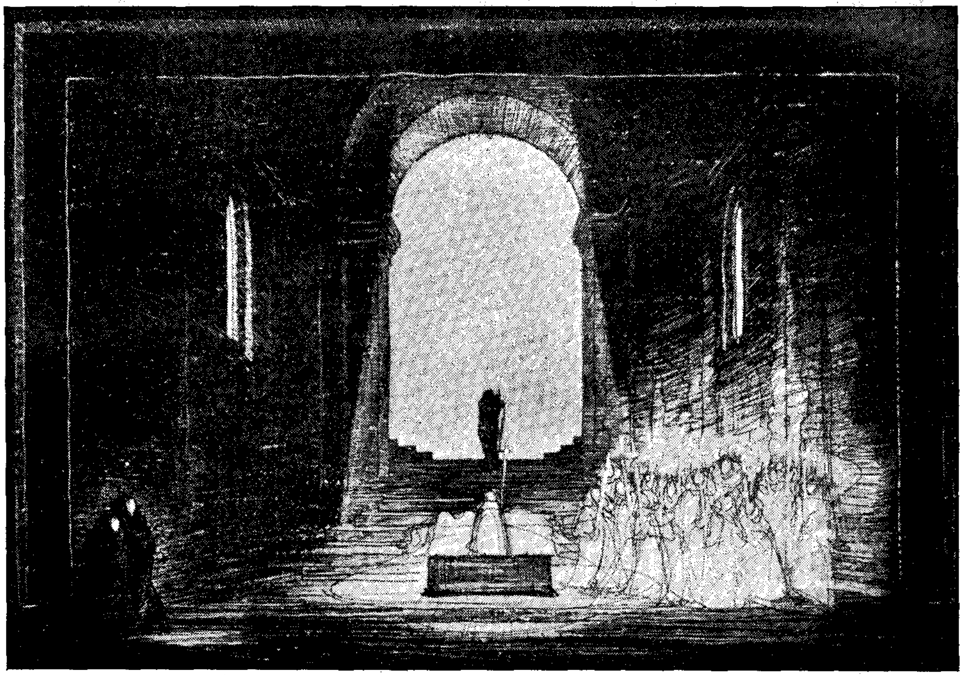
Then there is the point that the blue-nose was something of a red-nose, too:

"They had good and sometimes very stimulating things to drink. The early Puritans prohibited cakes and buns, but not gin, rum, sack and wine. To be sure, they passed ordinances against excessive drinking, but they did not regard it as excessive as long as a man was able to keep his feet. The godly minister had a pitcher of rum on his pulpit, wherewith to moisten his lips while he held forth on weighty matters of doctrine. In the humblest household, the jug of flip simmered on the hob in the evening. This led to the making of those handsome mugs, flagons and pleasant receptacles of green and yellow glass that we find so proudly set forth in all the antique stores—and for which, of course, there is now no function whatever except that of ornament.

"Taking it all in all, the old Puritans having uses for many things, and having the time in which to make them and the materials out of which to fashion them, and possessing at least the grace of honesty if not that of charity, made good and honest articles of use; and so far as these articles survive to-day, they are sought after with reason."

THE QUINQUENNIAL ROW OVER "FAME"

Edwin Booth and John Paul Jones in the Hall of Fame and Walt Whitman again left on the door-step! So the trouble begins all over again for the voters who voted these two in and left out Walt along with seven plausible others. They have to hear not only their choice applauded and questioned, but also a debate as to what may be called fame and what a hall is worth anyway to settle the question. Reflections along these lines will doubtless be furnished in plenty to sting the ears or lull the minds of the electors who will not be called upon again to exercise their franchise before 1930. Booth enters into fame as the second representative of the stage in this pantheon on University Heights, and Jones performs a similar service for the Navy. Charlotte Cushman will bow in stately welcome to her erstwhile associate in Shakespearean drama, and Admiral Farragut will sound the tocsin of the seas to his elder brother seaman whom he had outsailed in the race for laurels. Printed in the New York *Evening Post* is this announcement:



WHERE *OPHELIA* WAS BURIED

A scene of Jones's that gave ribald critics the chance to declare that the wan lady was buried "in the parlor." It was a solidly built scene for Barrymore's "Hamlet" and needed but few changes to accommodate any part of the action, whether taking place outdoors or within.

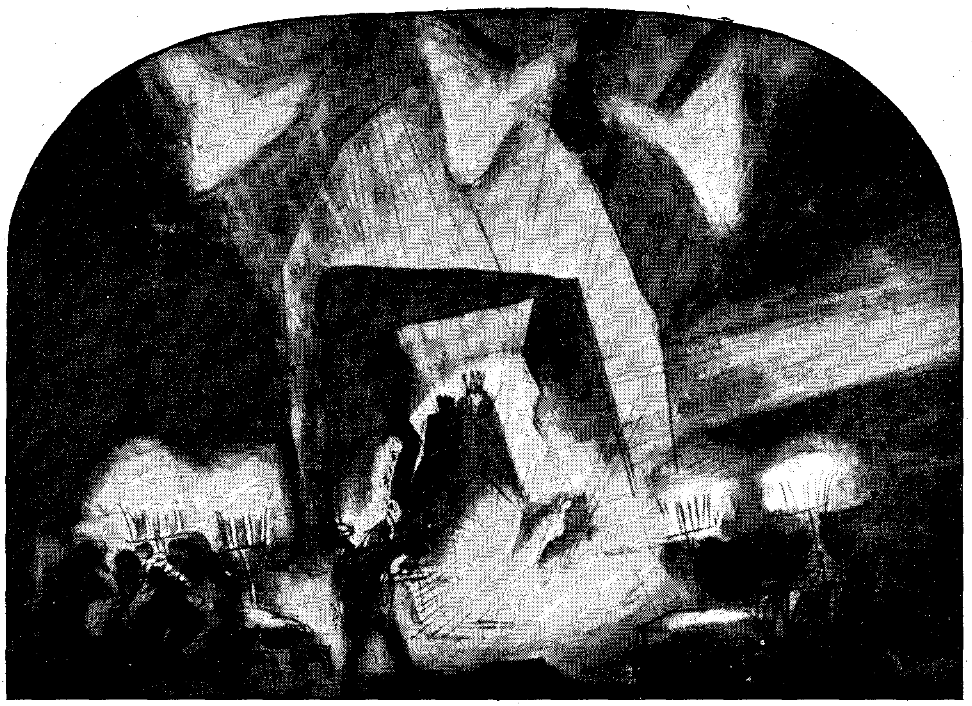
"Edwin Booth, the actor, and John Paul Jones, naval commander, were the only two Americans whose names were added to the Hall of Fame, New York University, at the sixth election, according to an announcement made to-day by Robert Underwood Johnson, director.

"There were twenty-seven names on the official ballot, 107 electors and 65 votes were required for the choice of any candidate. There will be no further election until 1930.

"Among those who failed of election were Walt Whitman, many times mentioned as worthy of a place in the Hall of

Fame; Gen. Phil Sheridan, John Jay, Samuel Adams, Gen. 'Stonewall' Jackson, Noah Webster, William Penn, William Lloyd Garrison and Paul Revere. Twelve vacancies might have been filled at this election.

"John Paul Jones was elected to the Hall of Fame for foreign-born Americans in 1905. In 1914 all discrimination between native and foreign-born Americans was removed. Booth was nominated for the Hall of Fame in 1920, but failed of election.



WHEN *MACBETH* SAT AT BANQUET

"Everything has gone smash as it went smash in *Macbeth's* mind," and it was the producer's task to translate this impression of Jones's into plausible drama.

The entire list of candidates named on the ballot and the votes received by each were as follows:

Booth	85
Jones	68
John Jay	59
Samuel Adams	58
Thomas Jonathan Jackson	53
M. F. Maury	52
Walt Whitman	44
William Penn	44
George R. Clark	39
Nathanael Greene	38
John S. Copley	36
Cyrus W. Field	34
Benjamin Rush	51
Noah Webster	50
Phil Sheridan	48
H. H. Richardson	26
W. L. Garrison	32
Horace Bushnell	27
Dorothea Dix	27
Adoniram Judson	27
Sidney Lanier	26
B. Thompson	24
H. D. Thoreau	21
Wendell Phillips	19
Charles Bulfinch	15
Paul Revere	15
James Otis	9

"There will be nothing but praise for the electors for nominating Edwin Booth, the actor, and John Paul Jones, the naval commander, for the Hall of Fame or for the Senate of New York University for confirming the nominations," says *The Evening Post* editorially, and this statement is repeated in other words by the New York *Times*. *The Evening Post* continues:

"These two Americans are sufficiently distinguished in popular opinion for such an honor. Yet there must be some surprize that other suggested names failed of nomination, since the 1925 quota permitted the selection of twelve more immortals.

"By the purposely difficult and tedious process of nomination a vote of three-fifths of the 107 electors was required. The electors consist of college and university presidents, historians and professors of history and literature, scientists, authors, editors, artists, present or former high public officials, present or former judges of high courts, national or State, and men and women distinguished in affairs."

The writer here hasn't to wait long to find himself a bad prophet. Mr. Heywood Broun, in the next morning's *World*, makes a direct attack on the choices; startling, perhaps, when one reflects that he has so long held intimate association with the theater:

"I don't know whether 'the interests' are at fault, but by some process or other the last election for the Hall of Fame achieved what seems to me a ridiculous result. Edwin Booth, who received the highest vote of all, was elected, and just behind him came John Paul Jones. Walt Whitman was ninth in the list and will not, at the present time, be admitted.

"Matthew Fontaine Maury and Benjamin Rush (to my shame I must confess I never heard of either) were both preferred before the good gray poet. To me this is inexplicable.

"Without doubt Booth was a great actor. I mean I am prepared to accept the testimony of those who saw him. But an actor has nothing to offer to posterity. When the last curtain falls his show is over. Somebody has said, 'There is nothing so dead as a dead actor.'

"With that I agree. Acting is one of the least of the arts, or at any rate it is wholly dependent upon the fleshly presence of the performer. Nothing in marble can convey to us the faintest conception of what Booth must have been. Not even the most eloquent witness of the deeds of this man as he lived can revive him in majesty.

"But the poems of Whitman stand undiminished even tho Walt is absent. If the contest were between a pretty good poet and a great dead actor, I would ballot for the poet, but this is not the issue. No person whose judgment is in any way valuable doubts the genius of Walt Whitman. 'Who was this Booth?' will inquire the passer-by one hundred years from now. Walt will live even tho his spirit is offered no terminals in statuary.

"And John Paul Jones! Here, to be sure, was an effective working admiral, a stanch and ingenious fighter, but how can he be compared in any way to the man who wrote 'Leaves of Grass'? He was, I grant you, a good fellow when he had it, but Jones has given nothing to animate the thought of the community which he left behind. He made no contribution to the business of living, which is all that matters after a man has died.

"As for Matthew Fontaine Maury (briefly described in the news reports as 'meteorologist') and Benjamin Rush, 'Physician General of Washington's Army,' it is fantastic that these should be put forward ahead of Whitman."

On the editorial page *The World* approves the new elections, and again shows itself out of harmony with its distinguished contributor; but in the larger question of awarding glory it outdoes Heywood in finding difficulties in the making of a hall of fame:

"For one thing, we still suffer from the New England complex. Horace Mann, Asa Gray, Mary Lyon, Rufus Choate are already in the hall. Not all of these can hope for survival in the general memory. Why Whittier is in and Whitman out may puzzle many. Matthew Fontaine Maury, still outside, was a bigger man in science than some of the New England worthies already enshrined. Of leading candidates not yet elected, why Wendell Phillips? Why Horace Bushnell? Why Dorothea Dix? Why Richardson, the architect, whose experiments in Romanesque led nowhere, and not the Chicago genius who first reared a skyscraper? Too much New England! Bulfinch is voted for because he built the Boston State House, not for his services at the National Capitol.

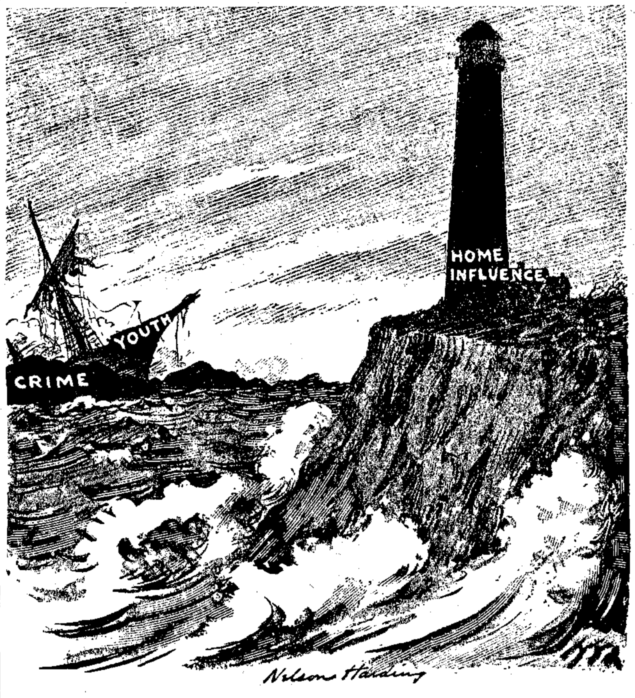
"John Jay and Samuel Adams are next in line for the hall, as far as votes may indicate—and their fame is secure. Upon what principle did Beecher, Channing, Gilbert Stuart, Phillips Brooks, Mark Hopkins and Alice Freeman Palmer precede them? Has the word 'Fame' lost its meaning?"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

PARENTS BEWARE—A WARNING FROM CHURCH AND STATE

STATESMEN OF THE CHURCH AND NATION emphasize again that the "perils ahead" are moral, and speaking at different times and places, urge that reform begin with the parents if the younger generation is to be kept safely on its feet in the swirling currents of changing conditions. The House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, the President of the United States, a Cabinet officer and the Chief Magistrate of New York City all draw the same conclusions and hammer the same lesson home—that parents may not wash their hands of the responsibilities of parenthood. "It is well," observes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "when the President of the United States and the prelates of a great religious body agree upon the nature of the disease and the remedy." While the President deprecates a tendency to shift moral obligations on government and institutionalism, it is insisted elsewhere that government, too, has its part in effecting reform by improving unhealthy economic and industrial conditions.

A feeling of disquiet pervades the separate messages when they take account of conditions in the home. In their message of "love and counsel," the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, in convention at New Orleans, say they "see a weakening of the ties and a loosening of the standards of home life, due to lack of proper parental control and to the absence from homes of definite religious influence." They say further:



THE LIGHT THAT FAILS

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

> "We see in our land tens of millions of men and women who acknowledge no connection with religion, and, as a result a large proportion of our children growing up without religious influence or religious teaching of any sort. Can we fail to see the connection between this situation and the spirit of lawlessness, the startling increase in crime, and especially the increase in the number of youthful criminals now challenging our attention?"

And to President Coolidge, too, it is apparent that "there are too many indications that the functions of parenthood are breaking down." In his address to the international convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada, in Washington, quoted in full in the metropolitan papers, President Coolidge warns us further that "too many people are neglecting the real well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility for their actions, and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts." He continues:

> "It is stated on high authority that a very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantages of normal parental control in their youth. They are the refugees from broken homes who were denied the necessary benefits of parental love and direction. The home is the corner-stone of the nation, and any effective better-homes movement must begin with the training of the youth for those responsibilities, or we shall see the disposition to attempt in some way to turn over to the Government the responsibilities for the rearing of children constantly increased. What the youth of the country need is not more control through government action but more home control through parental action."

A similar warning comes from Secretary of Commerce Hoover, who, also speaking before the international Y. M. C. A. convention, says that "the flooding in of modern knowledge has cost religion heavily where it has not kept pace in intellectual respect and confidence," and that "out of our materialism has grown a series of philosophies which insist that materialism alone is the sole basis of human action and inspiration." Mr. Hoover explains that evidences of the trend of the times "lie in the weakening moral fiber, in loosening family and home-ties, in youthful criminality, in the easy breaking of law by adults, in growing intolerance, in a leaning upon the State without corresponding willingness to bear its burden, in disposition to disregard or suppress discontent instead of discovering the causes and removing them, in the intriguing or open purposes of groups to profit themselves regardless of the consequences to others and to the whole of society, in the complacency of millions over the wrongs and sufferings within and beyond our borders, in waste and extravagance." The indispensable requirement, believes the Secretary of Commerce, "is a measure of spiritual reenforcement that in adequacy is supplied only from the fountainhead of character—true religion widely embraced with its ethical values supported." And he asserts that "if we let the churches, their auxiliaries, and the schools fail, in this generation in vision, guidance and motive, the heritage left will afford little enough of what has made America a land of promise to humanity."

"We have got to get hold of the children between the ages of five and fourteen, especially, and try to reach them spiritually and morally," says William McAdoo, Chief Magistrate of New York City, in an article in the New York *World* on the cause of crime. Judge McAdoo speaks from long experience, and he writes:

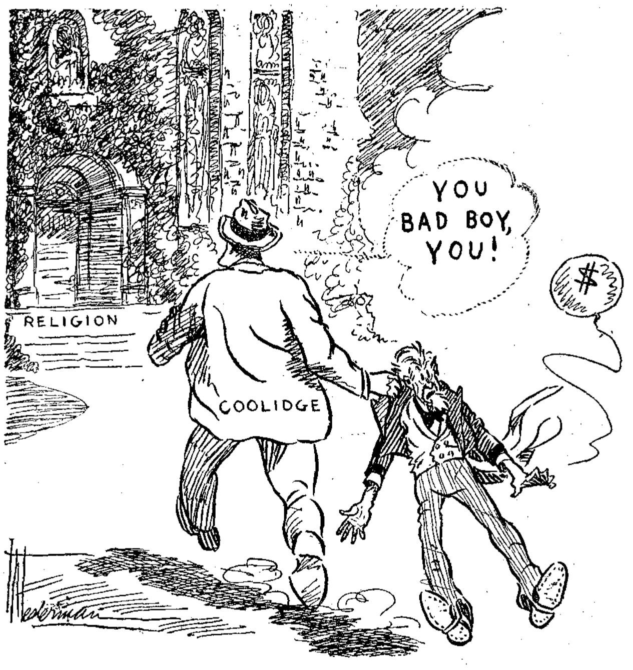
> "Great masses of young fellows in the twenties are practically all of our criminals in the outlaw class. They have no emotions of pity, love, friendship, gratitude or sense of responsibility. They despise their parents, hate the law and are in open war with its officers. . . . Young men and women in this country, going to work young, are too early economically independent of parents and therefore insubordinate."

Doubtless there is great force in this, comments the New York *World*, but it does not believe that it gets us far to say with Mr. Coolidge that "what the youth of the country need is not more control through government action but more home control." For, observes *The World*,

"If he means that the Government has no responsibility, he is quite mistaken. Why does home lose its influence? Partly through industrial accidents and other causes which orphan the young. Partly through bad housing, which makes home repellant. Partly through divorce, which tears families asunder. Partly through economic conditions which force both parents to seek employment. Partly because immigrants do not easily retain authority over their children. Government does something for the home every time it strengthens a housing law, passes a widows' pension act or attacks child labor; and it might do more."

However, touching upon family life, we may as well admit that a chapter has been closed and strive to write a better one, thinks the Boston *Globe*. The old type of family which had a common purse, ate three times a day at the same table, spent its evenings at its own fireside or went out in a squad to the same place of amusement has disappeared, says this paper, and it would serve us best to look forward instead of backward. As things are now:

"Where family ties are strong in really modern life they have been made so by personality. Old folks can keep their capacity for wide interests far better than under the old plan of long hours of work. They can, by being keen, maintain some sort of equal footing with their children. On such relationships they can build a family life not founded on the compulsion of circumstances but based on a far firmer thing—true friendship between old and young. Where this is found there will always be a family—a steadying and a helpful force in a world of change."



OUR OLD-FASHIONED PRESIDENT

—Westerman in the Columbus *Ohio State Journal.*

A ZOROASTRIAN'S LESSON FOR US—Parental control and family love are more real among Zoroastrians than among us, who make much talk about it, in the opinion of a visiting Parsee merchant. The Parsees, who are followers of Zoroaster, are said to be noted for their honesty, industry, peacefulness, benevolence and intelligence. Byram Chicajee, a rich Bombay merchant and a Parsee of high caste, recently spent eight weeks in the United States—time enough for a few observations whose truth some of our own critics both admit and lament. This Parsee, writes W. G. Sibley in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, was greatly interested by much that he saw, but not greatly pleased by much else that he observed. Mr. Sibley quotes him as saying: "There is no respect for parents here. In India I bow to my parents every morning, just as my own children bow to me. It is on respect and love within the family that civilization rests, and this respect is sadly lacking in the Western world." Mr. Sibley comments:

"In the Orient there is much ceremony to indicate the feelings of the heart. This Mr. Chicajee did not observe here. We have not time for it in our busy lives. And it must be admitted that impudence is found in many of our children, and usually not properly punished. The visitor would not permit his daughters, who were with him, to mingle with our young people because of the lack of reverence for parents he saw on every side.

"Spirituality is the basis of every true civilization, Mr. Chicajee holds, together with the belief that we need to be recivilized by the east. He did not find 'an ounce of spirituality in this country.' Perhaps he did not go where it is found here. But in any event we may see something worth thinking about in the view of us, taken after a brief visit, by a man whose ancient religion makes men honest, industrious, thrifty, peaceful, intelligent, benevolent and chaste. We have need of all those qualities in large sections of our population."

REUNION IN ENGLAND DEADLOCKED

PROPOSED REUNION OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH and the Nonconformist Churches in England has reached an impasse, and, while the Anglican Church still retains the hope that something may come of the Lambeth proposals of five years ago, Nonconformist circles believe that they have been wrecked on the reef of episcopal ordination. The Nonconformists will not accept reordination; the Anglican Church will not consider reunion without it. The Joint Committee, therefore, has called a halt on the negotiations, in order that, as the Federal Council of Free Churches puts it mildly, the various documents issued in behalf of the negotiations and the positions agreed upon or proposed may be more deliberately considered by the Churches concerned. That anything further will come of later negotiations is seriously doubted by *The British Weekly*, the great organ of Nonconformist opinion in England. It is unable to believe that the obstacle of episcopal ordination can be surmounted. "Here," it says, "lies the crux of the whole controversy." On the one hand, we are told, are those who hold that an unbroken chain of bishops, ordained by their predecessors, is vital to the Church "because through such officials alone Christ's covenanted grace is granted and Christ's delegated authority is exercised." On the other side stand those who "believe that the chosen officers of the Church have their status, not as legatees of any line of dead forerunners, but as representing that living fellowship of the faithful wherein Christ himself dwells in His living presence and power." Various proposals to evade the difficulty were offered, but "in the end," says *The British Weekly*, "our Free Church representatives have found that as to reordination there is no discoverable compromise. Similar conferences between Episcopalians and Free Churchmen in Canada, in Australia, in the United States, and in the South Indian mission field appear to have reached the same impasse." The deadlock in England, we are told, has come about through powerful partizan forces, working to some extent out of sight. According to the Nonconformist journal,

"As soon as they saw the possibility of home reunion the Anglo-Catholics took alarm. During these last five years they have done their utmost to prevent its accomplishment. They have asserted and advertised themselves with extraordinary vigor and daring. They have magnified their masses and their tabernacles. They have proclaimed aloud that they hate and despise the Reformation. They made haste to repudiate the admission—signed tho it was by men like the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Truro—that non-episcopal ministries can be real ministries of Christ's Word and Sacraments in the Universal Church. They muttered threats of instant secession if any minister untouched by episcopal hands were suffered to take part in conducting an Anglican Communion service. Their claims and their practises within the Church of England have risen rapidly to a pitch which, we venture to say, the bishops assembled at Lambeth hardly dreamed of. This Anglo-Catholic party—aggressive, arrogant, intolerant, contemptuous of every bishop who tries to curb its extravagances—can now take to its credit, or discredit, that it has postponed home reunion indefinitely, and at any rate for a generation."

Over against those who fasten their eyes on the Church of Rome is the Modernist party in the Church of England, and between the two, according to *The British Weekly*, the Anglican Church is reduced to a state of anarchy like none it has suffered before—"anarchy which its bishops are helpless to cure." We are told:

"Numbers of clergy to-day notoriously repudiate their own official standards; their subscriptions give no trustworthy indication of their beliefs and provide no security for their practise. Bishop Gore has to remind his Anglo-Catholic friends that 'in respect to the use of the Prayer Book, their obligation, formally and solemnly contracted and frequently renewed, is unmistakable: "in public prayer and ministration of the sacraments I will use the form in the Prayer Book prescribed and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority."' Yet many hundreds of clergymen habitually treat that obligation as a scrap of paper. What pains their fellow Christians most deeply is the dreadful impression of insincerity thereby created among common people. We hold with *The Church Times* that nothing can justify a Modernist priest who privately believes (for example) that our Lord was no more than 'an enthusiastic young Jew of genius martyred for His apocalyptic dreams,' but who nevertheless goes on publicly reciting the Nicene Creed. In the same way, nothing can justify an Anglo-Catholic priest who defies his bishop and breaks the vows under which he holds his living when (for example) he recites the Latin Mass in place of the English Communion service, or when he reserves a consecrated wafer for a public service of adoration. Probably such clerics persuade themselves that they are honest; but they can persuade nobody else, and straightforward laymen use ugly Saxon words about perverted consciences. We may be very certain that a religious movement is doomed when its champions lose sight of personal veracity. And we are not less certain, in conclusion, that Bishop Gore understands his countrymen when he declares that, 'while the British public are tolerant of the Roman Catholic Church in England, because they have no fear of it, they are still—not only those outside the Church of England, but the vast majority of those within it—resolved that the Reformation shall not be undone, nor the Church of England subjected anew to Rome.'"

As an example of the Anglo-Catholic position, *The Church Times*, an Anglo-Catholic organ, rejects entirely the Nonconformist claim that their ministries are valid and sufficient, tho it admits that the claim "gains a certain support from an unfortunate phrase in an Anglican document, of which the explanation seems to have been tendered too late. But it is a claim which English Catholics must in conscience and loyalty altogether refuse." The same journal says that Anglo-Catholics deny to the Nonconformist bodies the right to be called "churches" at all, and that they refuse to have any part in those acts of unity of which intercommunion would be the highest. "Insistence on the last point," we are told, "would meet the resistance, active and passive, of every Catholic in communion with Canterbury. . . . Communion will follow reunion; it can not precede it."

In the resolutions adopted by the Federal Council of the Free Churches calling a halt to the once hopeful negotiations with the Anglican Church it is recorded that "there is little, or no, prospect of reordination being accepted by any non-Episcopal Church," and—

"With this view the Council agrees; and it takes leave to say that it would deeply regret if the fortunes of the Lambeth Appeal, so far as non-Episcopal Christendom is concerned, were finally bound up with a proposal so unconvincing and so unpromising as that of requiring the ordination to the ministry of Christ's Word and Sacraments in the Church of men explicitly acknowledged to be in that very ministry. The question of authorization must be answered by some other means than ordination. It is therefore to be noted with satisfaction that the Anglican memorandum does not exclude the alternative method of a 'commission' which shall be (a) mutual, and (b) unambiguously not an ordination. This is the line which is being followed wherever to-day union between churches is being achieved. It should, however, be recognized, that on this question the Anglican Church has peculiar difficulties to consider; and the issue is one which, therefore, is not to be prest to an immediate decision."

However, it is by no means unsatisfactory that progress is slow, says *The Guardian*, a Church of England organ, which is not disheartened at the present outlook. Slowness, it believes, is a correlative of sureness, whereas undue haste would only result in disaster. The comment recognizes the validity of the Free Churches as churches, and says "both sides have recognized that what was going forward was negotiation between real self-governing churches, not between the separate members of one church." There is no discussion of the all-important point of reordination, and the comment from which we quote concludes with this general statement:

"Men are hungry for peace to-day. They look eagerly for the signs of a power that can bring the contending forces within a nation, and the bitter suspicions and jealousies that separate people from people and race from race, into a cooperative whole. The church is charged with the mission of peace. Its voice is silenced while Christians are seen to be incapable of realizing that brotherhood which the precepts of their religion so plainly demand.

"It would no doubt be a gain if it could be shown that different Christian bodies had at least learned to be friendly. It would be an even greater thing if a federation of these bodies could be achieved. But not until the underlying unity of all Christian people can be made patent to every age will the angelic message with which the church is charged ring through the earth as a trumpet call for peace."

RELIGIOUS ACCORD IN IRELAND

IRISH CATHOLICS AND IRISH PROTESTANTS live together in happy accord and exhibit a fine spirit of cooperation, according to two recently reported instances in which Irishmen of different faiths have lent each other a helping hand. They are culled by *The Catholic News* (New York), which reports first the story told by the Protestant Bishop Henry E. Patton, of the Church of Ireland, at the Synod of Clonfert. According to Bishop Patton, the Protestant Church of Aghnameadle, in the village of Toomevarra, was set on fire by some miscreant. He goes on:

"There was not a single member of our creed resident in the village. But the Catholics, its sole inhabitants, have always lived in harmony with the rector of that church and with those who come to the village to worship in it. When the fire was first discovered, our Catholic fellow countrymen came to the rescue and forced their way into the blazing building where the flames at the east end were so fierce that they blistered the western door. In that burning building these neighbors of a different faith did their utmost to save all that was possible. And when the rector afterward applied to a mainly Catholic tribunal for compensation, it was not only granted, but in such a manner as to mark the sympathy of the whole Catholic community. The achievement betokens a brotherhood of mutual confidence and willing service in the district wherein it was wrought."

The other story tells of the assistance rendered to a Catholic congregation by the Rev. Dr. Simms, of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, who is also a Member of Parliament. He attended a Catholic bazaar in Newtownards, in County Down, which was organized to raise funds for the purchase of a new parochial house. "You have a claim on my services," he said to the assembled Catholics, "because I am your Parliamentary representative, and my duty to you is not confined merely to sitting in the House of Commons. Besides, being a clergyman myself, I have a fellow feeling for the parish priest. We both know how helpful it is to a minister of religion to have a good roof over his head." Leading Protestant laymen, we are told, participated in the opening ceremony. "Here," comments *The Catholic News*, "we have instances of good-will of both Catholics and Protestants in Ireland toward those of different faiths. The country where such fellowship prevails can not fail to be happy and prosperous."

A SOCIETY TO WRECK RELIGION

ABOLITION OF ALL RELIGIOUS BELIEF and the destruction of the Church is the imposing task which the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, a New York organization, sets itself. Unfortunately for the immediate success of its aim, Justice Richard H. Mitchell of the New York Supreme Court refused the association's application for a charter. The application was made just after President Coolidge had delivered his widely quoted address to the National Council of Congregational Churches in which he appealed to the nation to turn to religion rather than to law if it would find a cure for society's ills. But the New York atheists would wreck the old order to found a new one. Justice Mitchell is quoted in press reports as saying that he could not approve of the organization of a corporation having such objects in view as those offered by the group of atheists, and, contrary to usual practise in such cases, he directed that the rejected certificate of incorporation be filed in the county clerk's office instead of being returned to the person who presented it. The petition sets forth the main purpose of the organization as follows:

> "In prosecuting its work, which shall be purely destructive, the society shall hold public meetings and erect radio stations for the delivery and broadcasting of lectures, debates and discussions of the subjects of science and religion; publish and distribute scientific and anti-religious literature and conduct a general propaganda against the Church and the clergy.
>
> "Specializing as it does in mental reconstruction, the society shall contribute to the building of a better civilization by operating as a wrecking company, leaving to others the designing and establishing of the new order. Especially shall it endeavor to free American scientists and statesmen from the necessity of patronizing religion."

The atheists will not rest with Judge Mitchell's refusal to consider their application for a charter, says Charles Smith, president of the association. In a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* he writes that the association "is destructive only in the sense that Abraham Lincoln and the abolitionists were destructive," and that it was organized "for the purpose of destroying a belief which it considers detrimental to the interests of mankind and civilization. It most surely does not attempt to destroy the existing society." Mr. Smith argues that "if the Church, under our secular Constitution, has the right to promulgate belief in God," the atheistic society considers that it also has "the privilege to combat this belief." Holding a similar opinion, the Louisville *Times* asserts that "the right to believe in God in America carries with it the right to disbelieve or to have no belief." As this paper sees it,

> "America is nominally a Christian nation. It is what may be called a religious nation. But it is fundamentally and essentially a free country. It was founded on the belief that men have the inherent right to accept or reject any and all religious creeds. Under a religious tyranny, the right to speak or to write against the established order is denied. In a free country such right is and must be sustained and protected.
>
> "Attempts at coercion of thought have never been successful, even tho they appeared triumphant for a time. Persecution is the delight of martyrs to the cause of freedom of the mind. Persecuting atheists is one of the surest means of increasing the number of atheists; one of the most effective ways of creating fanatical zeal for atheism.
>
> "'Wreckers' have been assailing religion for a long time; yet religion has not been destroyed. Zealots have been persecuting disbelievers for a long time; yet disbelief has not been destroyed. There is no fear that the atheists' society will wreck religion; but there is a great fear that intolerance and narrow-mindedness may wreck civil and religious liberty in America if eternal vigilance is not exercised in behalf of the right to think and to express thought."

At least one minister comes to the defense of the atheists. The Rev. Dr. A. Wakefield Slaten, preaching from the pulpit of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York, said that Judge Mitchell's refusal to grant articles of incorporation to the atheistic organization "is an example of the misuse of the power of government to maintain religious beliefs." As he is further quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, he holds that it may be to the interest of law and order that the conduct of certain groups be restrained by a belief in God or by other religious beliefs, "even those of a superstitious character, but government can not properly seek such assistance nor use its power to present popular enlightenment or disillusionment." Religious liberty, says Dr. Slaten, means liberty to hold any religious belief or none. He advocates an open field, and urges: "Let that religious opinion survive and prosper which can best commend itself by the intelligence, upright character and moral enthusiasm of its adherents."

Some others do not take the atheists very seriously. The Philadelphia *Record* commends Judge Mitchell's action for several reasons, "but particularly so because of the brazen silliness of the wording of the atheists' document. Such nonsense," continues *The Record*, "makes it difficult to treat the matter seriously. Possibly the applicants are so deadly in earnest as to have no sense of humor." Even if the declared purpose were not contrary to public policy, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "it is eminently silly for a group of pretended 'intelligentsia' to proclaim its competence to abolish the belief in God, together with all forms of religion based on that belief." And, adds *The Bulletin:*

> "Ridicule is the proper weapon with which to counter such absurd spouters against the cherished beliefs of all but an infinitesimal fraction of the American people.
>
> "Altho the laws against blasphemy are no longer invoked to silence the blatant atheist, who is ordinarily too obtuse to be aware of his ill-breeding, they are still binding on the courts. Alone they justify the judiciary in refusing the State's authority to indulge in impious practises which are punishable by the law of the land. Proponents of such an association are not likely to be persons of profound learning, either in material science or metaphysics. Some judicious friends should take them into quiet corners and explain a few elementary principles of good manners."

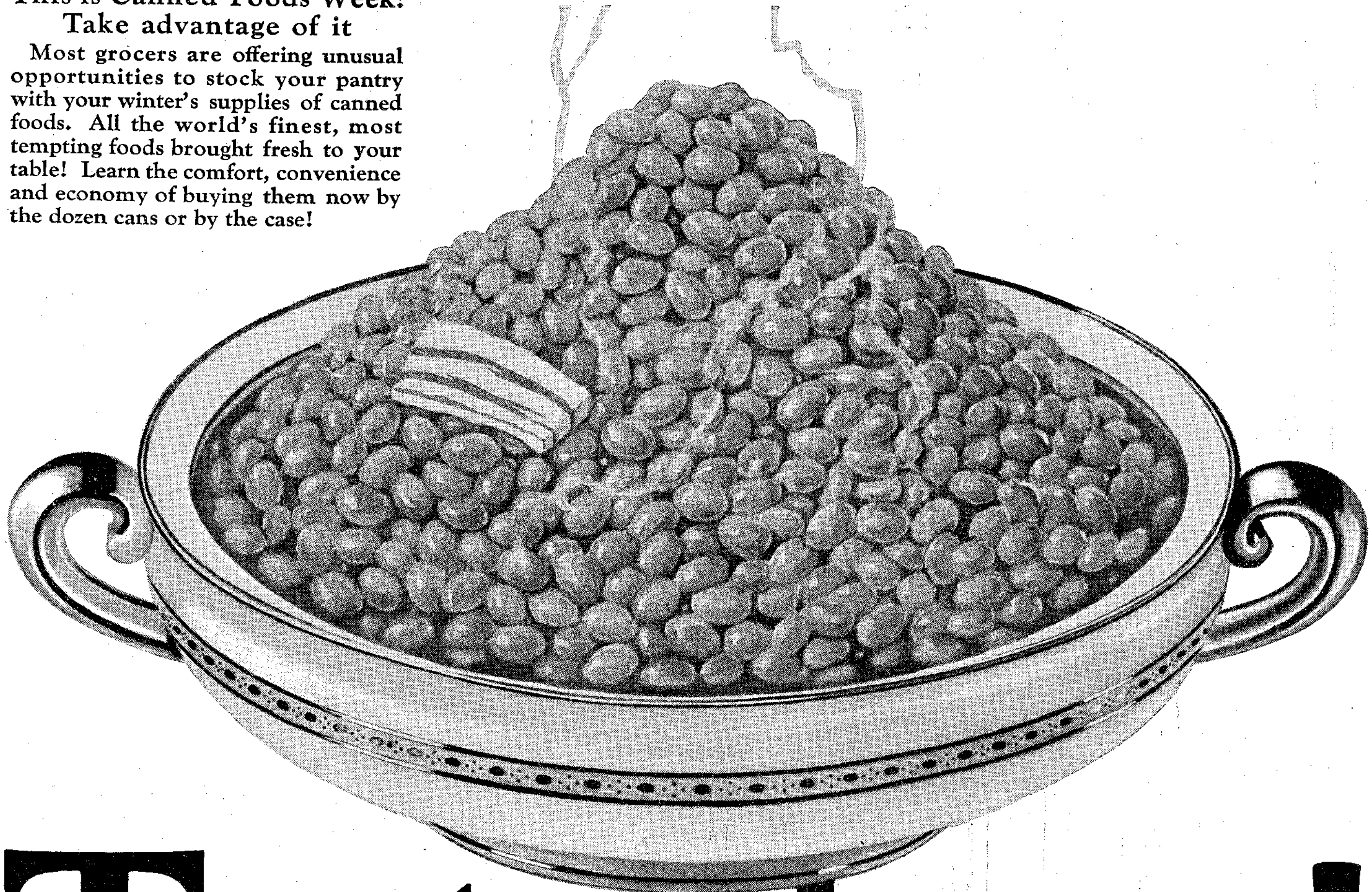
A better knowledge of the law would have served the atheists, thinks the New York *Sun*, observing that nothing is clearer in law than that there is a difference between the rights of persons and the rights of corporations. An individual may hold and express views and may seek to persuade others to adopt them, but a corporation has no natural rights, and has only the rights specifically given it by law. It is presumed that when a corporation is created, it is created for the benefit of the public. *The Sun* sets forth:

> "In the case under consideration it was not necessary for the court to inquire whether the proposed incorporation was objectionable as opposed to public policy, altho it might have done so, and a decision on that ground would have been lawful. All it had to do was to determine that there is no statutory permission for incorporation for the purpose set forth in the application.
>
> "If the applicants were disappointed, they had no right to find fault with the judge. Their remedy is to obtain the necessary legislative sanction, altho probably they would have first to obtain an amendment to the State Constitution. It is absurd, of course, to suppose they would be able to do this, just as absurd as it would be to suppose that the laws would be changed to license incorporation for the purpose of promoting commercialized vice or fomenting rebellion against the State, or seeking to do any other thing repugnant to the moral sense of the community."

But why not take these atheists as an opportunity? As the South Bend *Tribune* suggests, "they invite the efforts of the greatest missionary minds and spirits of the churches of God. If the professors of Christianity can convince this man Smith and his brother officers and some followers, they may have hopes of convincing the many men and women who compose the inactive, silent, non-Christian forces waiting to be awakened by the truth."

This is Canned Foods Week!
Take advantage of it

Most grocers are offering unusual opportunities to stock your pantry with your winter's supplies of canned foods. All the world's finest, most tempting foods brought fresh to your table! Learn the comfort, convenience and economy of buying them now by the dozen cans or by the case!



Taste them!

Get your appetite all set for a real treat! Here is a picture that says something to everybody who likes beans. Can you look at it without wanting to pick up a fork? Place a real dish heaped high with Campbell's delicious beans in front of you and see how long you can resist their challenge to your hunger!

For Campbell's are selected beans of finest quality with a tomato sauce that makes them the best-flavored beans you ever tasted! And it's Campbell's own flavor produced by our exclusive recipes. Enjoy it every time you eat beans. Insist on getting Campbell's always!

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

Slow-cooked **Digestible**

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IN *The Atlantic Monthly* occurs a once-familiar voice and an idiom that changing tides haven't overwhelmed.

IMMORTELLE

By Bliss Carman

My glorious enchantress,
She went in silken hose,
With swaying hip and curving lip
And little tilted nose,
As full of fragrant fire
As any English rose.

Her voice across the morning,
Like olden balladry
Or magic notes from woodland throats,
It laid a spell on me
As wondrous as the west wind
And haunting as the sea.

She might have walked with Chaucer
A-jesting all the way,
Her figure trim a joy to him,
Her beauty like the day,
With that unfailing spirit
Which nothing can dismay.

Her heart was full of caring,
Her eyes were touched with dream.
In happy birth, in noble worth,
I thought that she did seem
As fair as Kentish roses
And rich as Devon cream.

I loved her airy carriage,
Her bearing clean and proud,
When glad and fond she looked beyond
The plaudits of the crowd,
Or when in prayer or sorrow
Her comely head was bowed.

I loved her eerie piping
Of measures without name.
Wild as a faun at rosy dawn,
Out of the crowd she came
To breathe upon old altars
A fresh untroubled flame.

I loved her lyric ardor,
Her chosen words and dress,
Her dryad's face, her yielding grace,
Her glowing waywardness,
Her deep adoring passion
No careless eye would guess.

And all the while as lovely
As early daffodils,
When woodland Spring comes blossoming
Among the western hills,
And from her trailing garments
A mystic glory spills.

O sorceress of raptures
Beyond the dream of art,
Be still our guide to walk beside
And choose the better part—
Thou lyric of enchantment!
Thou flower of Nature's heart!

IN *The Westminster Gazette* (London) is the fragment of a schoolboy sonnet that has a Stevensonian ring:

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

By A. C. Frost

I have not heard thee, singer in the night
Of starry skies and full midsummer noon.

. . . . . .

But I have heard the curlew call and cry,
Drifting far-blown about the windy sky
Of autumn, when the barren woodlands roar,
And dimly through the unforgotten years
Seen moons of mist and rain, the lonely meres,
And seas that wash the mountains evermore.

THE Springfield *Republican* brings forward rather belatedly this poem which ought to serve for the present moment as well.

WOODROW WILSON

By S. Omar Barker

Memorial Day, 1925

There will be those today who weep their own
Who fell in battle or upon the sea;
And those who, when they mourn, will think of all
America's brave dead. Well, as for me,
I too have tears and sad remembering
For every man of them, named or unknown.
Yet from the throng one gray, gaunt face appears
Of him who battled, at the last, alone.

Condemn him if you will; his is the place
Of honor in our land due every man
Whose soul has glimpsed ideals and whose heart
Has fought to prove them true. Lone veteran
Of visions was his rôle unto the last.
Repudiated, still he dared to face
The world, head up, and loyal unto death
To his great plan of peace for all the race.

He was lone outpost for that world-old hope
Humanity can never quite release:
He gave his heart, his life, his soul, to hold
Our eyes upon the gleam of lasting peace.
If he was right (God knows he may have been!)
Come, bring heart-laurel for his sleeping head!
If he was wrong, still true his heart and brave
His fight: His place is with our soldier dead.

TEN years is too short, at least, for one name to be forgotten and the London *Sunday Times* brought foward this for an anniversary tribute.

EDITH CAVELL

Brussels, Dawn, October 12, 1915

By Hugh Macnaghten
Vice-Provost of Eton

"*Patriotism is not enough: I must have no hatred or bitterness for any one.*"

Edith Cavell.

"*In five or ten years or sooner alas! the dead will be forgotten.*"

Walter Page.

SORORI

There's always Love, the giver,
If only we receive:
We felt it by the river
That unforgotten eve.

Softly the sun was sinking,
Soft clouds were in the sky:
Together we were drinking
Of beauty, you and I.

Beside the river seated
And like to those that dream
We saw the skies repeated
And sunset in the stream.

We watched the pageant under
The wave, and in the West,
And each renewed our wonder,
And "each" we said "is best."

O! love and love's reflection,
May "each is best" be true
Of that far-off perfection
And, human hearts, of you?

The love that willed creation,
The love a woman bore
Her own and every nation,
Is either less or more?

What need to doubt and ponder?
'Twas written long ago
That "all things which are yonder
Are also here below."

THE antique and the modern modes are not so far apart in underlying feeling. *Harper's* brings us an exercise in antiquing the modern or modernizing the antique.

MARSYAS

By Morris Bishop

An Old Tale with a Modern Moral

In the days of gods, the God Apollo
Happily heard the syrinx blown,
Heard the horn and the huntsman's hollo,
And shepherds piping to flocks far-strown;
But his brow was black and his laugh was mute
When Marsyas played upon his flute.
(Just like me when I hear the toot
And belch and bray of the saxophone.)

Marsyas found—if the tale be true—
The reed Athena had cast away;
He set the reed to his lips and blew
Continuously for many a day;
The Naiads sat on a foam-wet bowlder,
Little they recked when eve grew colder,
But cried, as they shook a shimmering shoulder:
"Atta goat! The faun can play!"

Ah, happy hours that the fates permitted,
The youth of the world, forever flown!
When through the groves the Dryads flitted
And Satyrs crouched by brake and stone;
Ere the golden gods were vanquished,
Ere Zeus grew old, ere Pan was dead,
Ere the sound of lute and lyre had fled,
And Sax invented the saxophone.

But how does arrogance destroy us!
Marsyas swaggered and puffed with pride;
Syncopating his hoof-beats joyous,
The god of music he thus defied:
"The faun," he boasted, "out-flutes Apollo!
Marsyas leads! Let Apollo follow!
These my words let Apollo swallow,
Or call on the Muses to decide!"

Straightway the Muses nine assembled—
What mortal may know what the fates contrive?—
Marsyas blew till Olympus trembled,
While Apollo scarcely deigned to strive.
"Apollo wins and Marsyas loses!"
Decreed with one accord the Muses,
"And the penalty for beginning the Blues is
That the fluting faun be flayed alive!"

Marsyas paid for his peccadillo,
And found the end that the prideful find;
His hide was hung to a weeping willow,
To swing and dance in the Phrygian wind;
And that is the thing I intend to do
To a certain saxophonist who
Squawks and squonks till half-past two
Under the room of the undersigned.

THIS apparently celebrates a Western outdoor sport, with everything mentioned but Henry Ford. From *The Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia):

ALONG THE OZARK TRAIL

By H. J. Krier

Argonaut of old am I,
Though I sail no ship, no flag I fly;
I skim along on a concrete sea,
Enchanneled by strips of glistening lea
Then ho for the flap of the curtain torn,
The rattle of bolts in their sockets worn,
The crashing of tin, the odor of gas,
The horn in the fog, the lugger we pass!

Sail on, sail on, o'er the concrete sea,
With my good mate on the bridge with me
And our young crew in the wide back seat
With shining faces and clothes all neat!
Avast there, and belay!
And yo, ho, and away!
Argonauts of old are we
Who sail on a concrete sea.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Quality—

determines the pride you take in your car

Touring	$525
Roadster	525
Coupe	675
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Commercial Chassis	425
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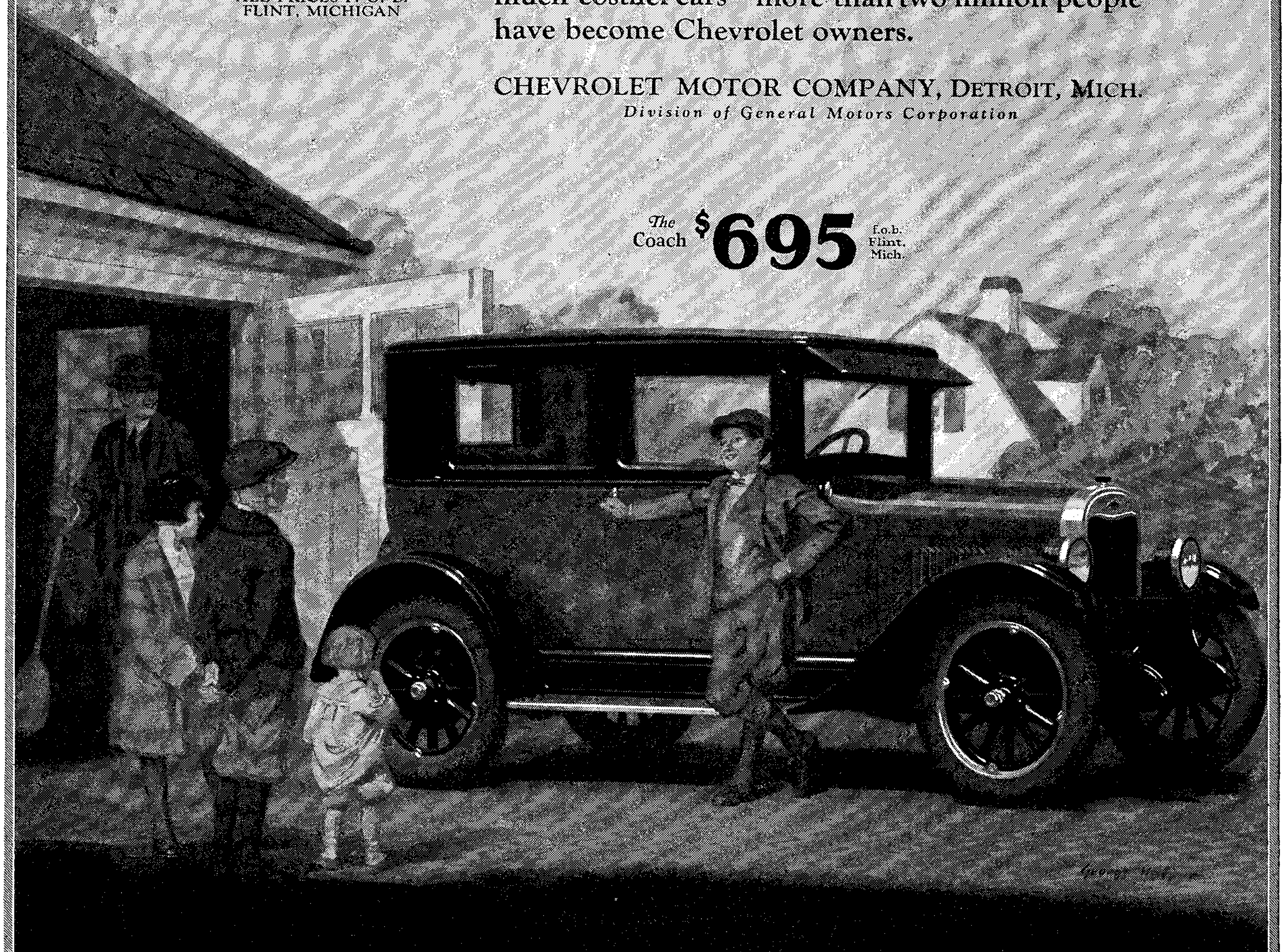
ALL PRICES F. O. B.
FLINT, MICHIGAN

Quality in its design and finish makes you proud of its fine appearance.

Quality in its chassis construction gives you a brilliant performance of which you may well be proud.

And because of the lasting pride to be found in its appearance and performance—worthy of much costlier cars—more than two million people have become Chevrolet owners.

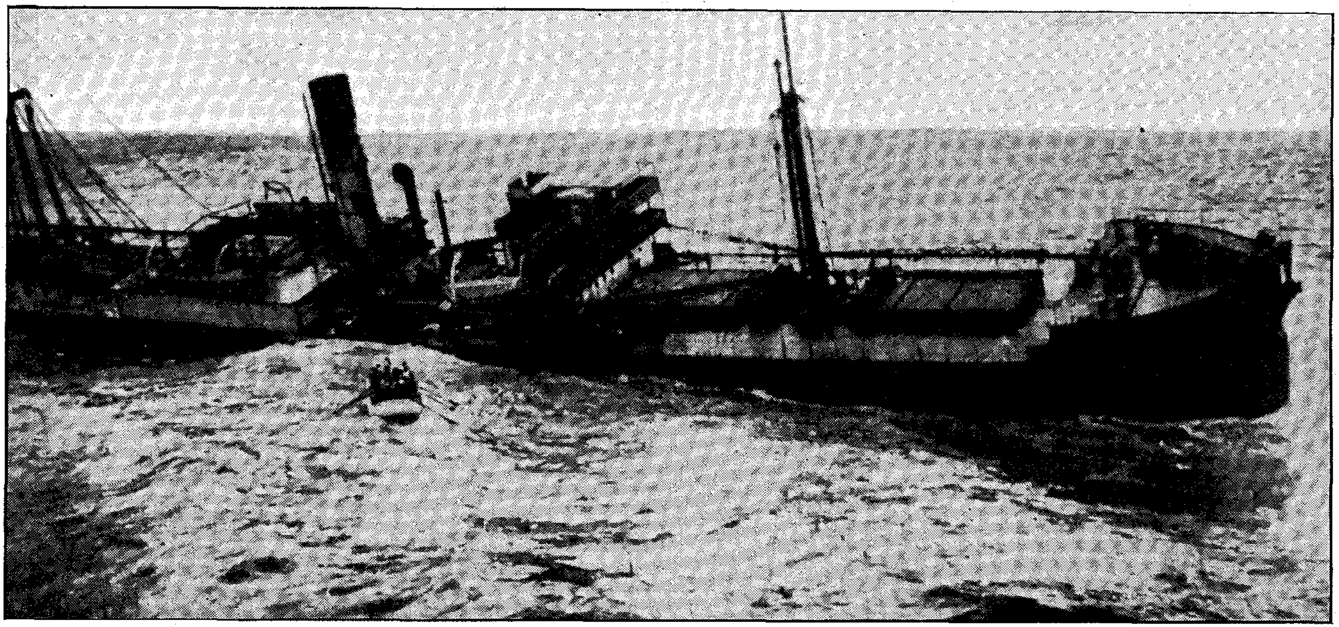
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation



The Coach **$695** f.o.b. Flint. Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES



International Newsreel photograph

BY "A MIRACLE OF PROVIDENCE," SAYS CAPTAIN GRENING, THIS RESCUE WAS MADE POSSIBLE

A mysterious lull in the hurricane permitted the *President Harding's* life-boat, as seen in the picture, to reach the sinking Italian freighter *Ignazio Florio* and remove her entire ship's company of twenty-eight men, not counting the cat.

THE LINER SHE'S A LADY—AND A LIFE-SAVER, TOO

"THIS IS A MAIL STEAMER," crackled the wireless, "unable to"——

A second or two of suspense in the radio coop of the storm-crippled Italian freighter *Ignazio Florio*, as those seemingly ominous words pulsed through the ether from the United States liner *President Harding.*

"Unable—to—assist—you—to—port——"

But the freighter was too far gone for dreams of reaching port—for any hope of living through that hurricane. If only those twenty-eight harassed men, plus one retriever dog and one black-and-white cat, could be taken from that doomed hulk before it was too late! But the message wasn't finished. More crackling:

"Standing by to save life. Advise if no longer required. Grening."

The signature was that of Capt. Paul C. Grening, the American skipper of the *President Harding*, operated by the United States Lines. And the Italian wirelessed back:

"I require your service yet for to save life. Please come, Master, come." And later—"We trust only in you as can not remain long time on ship and all lifeboats are broken. S.O.S. Master."

To which the big American responded, as it wallowed through the storm-riven night in the direction indicated by the wirelessed appeals:

"Hold on till daylight. Doing all possible to reach you."

And that nautical dialog continued from climax to climax in a drama as moving, despite its predestined "happy ending," as any ever enacted between tall ships on the tumbling stage of the sea. The dramatic effect was heightened, as we read, by the devout declaration of Captain Grening, when he brought his great liner into New York Bay to a shrieking, hooting welcome greater than any such outcry heard "since the boys came home from France," that Divine Providence had played a mysterious but palpable rôle in the rescue of those twenty-eight souls, inasmuch as a weird and most timely lull in the hurricane for two precious hours had permitted the seemingly impossible to be accomplished. But the grateful men whose lives he saved insist on giving all the credit to Captain Grening himself, and that modest sailorman now finds himself a national hero, overwhelmed, to his great embarrassment, with public honors. In an account of his exploit by Dudley Nichols in the New York *World*, we read:

"That Captain, he is very great humanity," said Capt. Aniello Lauro, master of the *Ignazio Florio*, Italian freighter that was.

"He did it for humanity only. We come aboard almost naked. He give us some of his clothes and crew's clothes, feed us well and treat us beautiful. He is a real America hero. I like him."

The young Italian master gathered his gang of twenty-seven, rescued 1,650 miles off Ambrose Light vessel, and gazed with passion at the reality of terra firma.

That very river, bright and placid, was running down to the hungry ocean that was even then licking the iron bones of the Italian freighter. Thanks to Grening, those bones were dry of their marrow of men. The sea got only one man—the *Florio's* second mate—washed off the bridge by night, and a seagoing dog, a black retriever, named Rex. The cheated ocean tried another mouthful and swallowed the Norwegian freighter *Elven*, which had stood by the derelict *Florio* after the crew was gone.

As Grening came up the river he read a radiogram from the *American Trader:*

"At noon, 1,476 miles east of Ambrose. Have crew of thirty-two of *Elven* aboard. Expect arrive Friday afternoon."

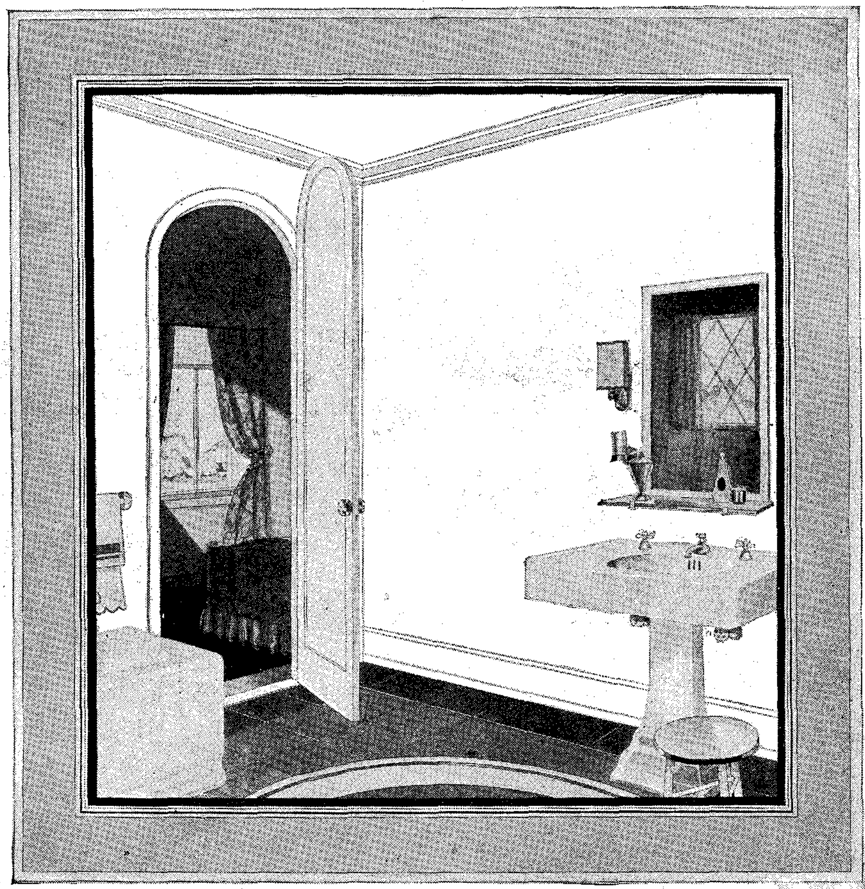
The *Florio* and *Elven* had a twin fate, five days apart, both foundering through disabled rudders.

In the dusk of another Tuesday, one week earlier, Grening had been in a different fix from yesterday. There were no hero-worshipers in mid-ocean. The *Harding* reeled round and round the foundering freighter, connected by a chafing line to which hung and heaved a life-boat. Wet men lay inert as logs on the *Florio's* canted deck. The sea coiled and struck, coiled and struck.

Two men, gray with fatigue, stuck at their jobs. In the engine-room, Angelo Trombino sloshed about in a deathtrap, nursing dynamos and pumps. In the wireless shack Luigi D'Ambrogi listened and tapped.

The gale sang an evil song of eighty-five miles to the hour and

This lustrous white paint finish - -



Walls and woodwork painted with Barreled Sunlight have a handsome, soft white lustre good for years of service. A finish so smooth and durable that it washes clean without wearing away.

"WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT"

washes easily like tile . . .

A SATIN-SMOOTH, lustrous white paint finish that *lasts for years* without repainting—

A finish you can wash almost as easily as tile, because it *can't hold dirt*—and so durable that repeated washings will not wear it away—

A finish *guaranteed to remain white longer* than any gloss paint or enamel, foreign or domestic, applied under the same conditions—due to the exclusive Rice Process of manufacture.

Plus a beauty comparable only to the finest enamel—at a lower cost.

Thousands of the finest homes now prefer Barreled Sunlight for painting walls and woodwork. It means bathrooms white, clean and washable from floor to ceiling—kitchen walls spotless and inviting—woodwork from which smudges and finger-marks can be wiped with a damp cloth!

Anyone can easily apply Barreled Sunlight. It flows on freely and smoothly, leaving no brush-marks. If a finish in color is desired, Barreled Sunlight can be tinted any shade by the simple addition of oil colors.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to five gallons. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

Send the coupon for special information on the use of Barreled Sunlight for your type of interior. If sample is desired, enclose 10c for a can containing enough Barreled Sunlight to paint a small cabinet, shelf, mirror-frame, etc.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., Factory and Main Offices, 45-B Dudley St., Providence, R. I.—New York, Borden Bldg.—Chicago, 655 Washington Blvd.—San Francisco, 156 Eddy St. Distributors in all principal cities. Dealers everywhere.

Handsome as the finest enamel —yet economical for the largest surfaces

Scores of leading hotels, clubs, hospitals, industrial plants, etc., now use Barreled Sunlight for interior painting. Here are just a few prominent users:

- **New Arlington Hotel, of Hot Springs, Ark.**
- **Edgewater Beach Hotel, of Chicago**
- **St. Mary's Infirmary, of Galveston**
- **Philadelphia National Bank Building**
- **Packard Motor Car Company**
- **McCallum Hosiery Company**
- **The C. F. Mueller Co.**

For large jobs Barreled Sunlight comes in 55- and 30-gallon churn-equipped steel drums, at a very moderate initial cost. The labor cost of application is low because Barreled Sunlight (containing no varnish) flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably. Once on the walls, it can be washed clean at any time, and repeated washings will not wear it away. This saves the annoyance and cost of frequent repainting.

When a finish in tint is desired, Barreled Sunlight in quantities of 5 gallons or over is tinted on order, without extra charge.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

The Microscope shows why!

ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

These photographs of cross-sections of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

Barreled Sunlight

The Rice Process White
Barreled Sunlight
Gloss

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
45-B Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings
☐ Institutions ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

rescue seemed poles away as dark came down. Then D'Ambrogi sent out the words of men at the end of the tether:

"Please give us instructions. We are doing all we can, but not sure what to do."

From the *Harding:*

"Wait till it gets close and then jump into life-boat."

International Newsreel photograph

THE BUNCH OF HUSKIES THAT DID THE GALLANT JOB

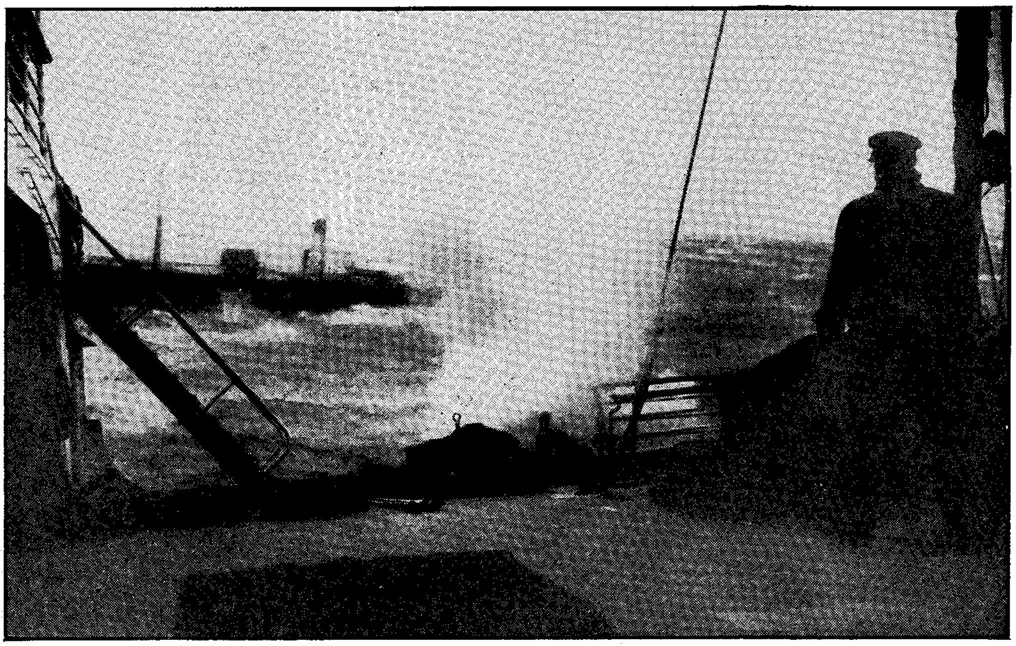
You could hardly pick a likelier-looking crew than this of the *President Harding's* life-boat, selected from a crowd of eager volunteers.

Florio: "Boat is always too far away."

Harding: "Do not worry. We will not leave you. Commander will stay by you until the finish. Will you please put lights on your mast that we may be able to see you during the night. Do not worry if we lose you. Will find you with our radio compass. We are not going very far. We stay with you until weather gets more moderate."

Florio: "Our barometer rising. Tell Commander we are thanking him. Our hopes are on you."

The details of that gallant fight for twenty-four hours leaked out when the *Harding* docked, but not from the Captain's cabin. "Come, come," was his attitude, "this is a fine thing and all that, but a mere matter of routine duty, and we're doggoned well out of it." He told his story in 200 words, and it was as unexciting as a bill-of-lading.



International Newsreel photograph

FIRING THE LYLE LIFE-LINE GUN FROM THE LINER'S DECK

The crippled Italian steamer is seen in the offing, as the American steamship (in the foreground) makes one of several attempts to establish a life-saving connection.

Grening is described as a well-built man with a ruddy face and sea-tempered blue eyes, more like a banker or business executive than a sailor.

It was learned that, with 314 passengers on board, he resolved on a desperate last stand that Tuesday night. As we read:

> He played the searchlight on the black, wallowing box of iron, and the moment it started down he was determined to drive for it, run his ship bow to bow, and drop everything floatable, rafts and life-preservers and planks, into the surging crevice, lying angular between the two vessels. The lull saved him that brave move.

The story of the rescue begins with the sober narrative of Capt. Aniello Lauro:

"We left Philadelphia last September 22 for Montreal, where we stowed 5,710 tons of grain for Avonmouth, England. We had on board thirteen workaways, men ordered deported, but who chose to go as seamen. We put out from Montreal, October 11.

"It was Saturday night, the 17th, that we ran into heavy weather. The glass fell rapidly. The wind rose and the sea roughened. Next day it was worse.

"That night, Sunday, a big wave vaulted over the bows and smashed in the forward hatch. I turned over the ship to the second mate, Luigi Leboffe, and went below to see what could be done. I guess I was down there forty-five minutes. Grain, ah, grain, is a terrible cargo, my friends. When you ship water you had better have wild horses aboard than grain. Because it drinks the water and then—"

The captain indicated a sudden morbid bloating by a deft gesture.

"When I climbed back to the bridge the ship was rolling very badly. I did not like it, no. And we seemed on a strange, a peculiar course. I laid it to the weather. Then I looked for Leboffe. The bridge was vacant. He was gone. A wave? Only the dark gods of the sea may know. He was gone—pouf!

"I called a muster. Yes, poor Leboffe was gone. A fine officer, Leboffe. Could I leave a man that way, even so hopeless? Well, we put around." . . .

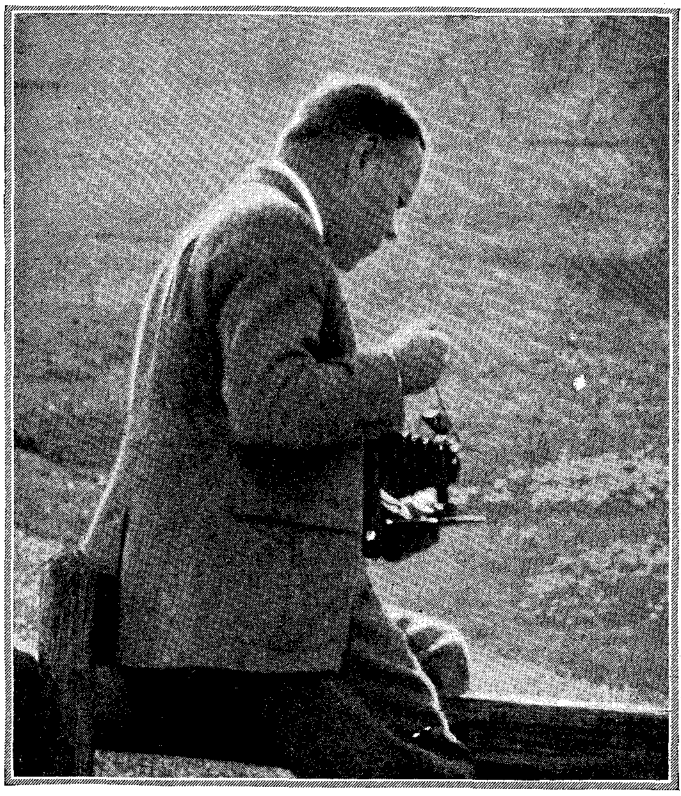
Lauro's voice sank there. Maybe the steering-gear had been weakened in that vain hunt for a man in mid-ocean by night. The ship was brave, she labored hard, but even ships tire, like men.

"We had a hard time of it," went on Lauro. They had made no headway next morning. Barely hove to.

"It was about 10:30 o'clock Monday morning that the steering-gear went. The chain cracked. And the first mate, unlucky stars! Had his foot broken. A man with a broken foot is not much good even ashore, comrades. And at sea? In a gale?"

He shrugged sadly.

"For a spell we used the handgear. Then that went. One of the black gang reported water coming into the engine-room. It



"AN OBSTINATE INDIGESTION had opened the scene; nervous depression followed; a skin eruption appeared on top of all. General troubles require general remedies: good yeast has a bracing and purifying effect on the whole body; therefore I began taking, scrupulously before each meal, one of the dainty cubes put up by the Fleischmann Company. The symptoms of disease disappeared, one by one, inversely as they had come: first the eruption, then the depression, lastly the digestive troubles. In a fortnight, I was enjoying life again; still to enjoy it better, even now I stick to my three cubes a day." CHRISTIAN MAURONER, New York City.

"SCRATCHES FESTERED, pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Job's 'laurels'. I developed a morbid, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynical about it, I took four cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had surplus energy *and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records.*"
MRS. R. G. BOOTH, Port Washington, N. Y.

Now enjoy everything more

6 0 0 0 0
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With constipation banished, skin and stomach disorders conquered, vitality regained, thousands have found a new zest in living through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system.

They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation.

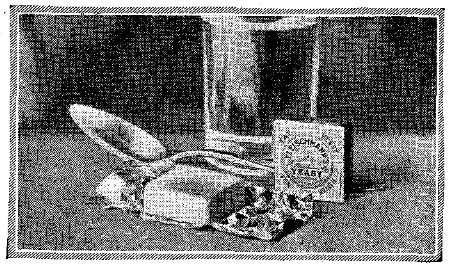
Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-71. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I SOLD MY GROCERY STORE and entered the insurance business with the hope that the change would cure my stomach cramps and constipation. But it did not help me. I grasped someone's suggestion to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After taking three cakes daily for about two months I began to feel better. That was three years ago. I have taken no medicine for three years—just yeast. My insurance business is prosperous, so I am not sorry that I sold my grocery store; but I am sorry that I suffered for thirty-five years before I discovered that the cure, Fleischmann's Yeast, was back there on the shelves."
PHILIP HOLM, Clinton, Iowa.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—with a little salt or just plain. Eat 2 or 3 cakes every day regularly before meals.

P. & A. photograph

IT'S PLEASANT TO SEE THE FACES OF THE GRATEFUL RESCUED CREW

But it seems too bad that the lively black-and-white seagoing cat isn't included in this view of the Italian ship's company.

mixed with coal and cinders. Our cargo, ah, that cargo, started to shift. Now the water was coming in hard. That terrible cargo! . . . Toward midnight I ordered d'Ambrogi to send the S O S . . .

"One of the booms broke off. A piece splashed over the side. Another struck the deck and caved it in. More water entered there. The storeroom was flooded. The waves leaped higher and harder. They bit off the ladder to the bridge. There were three answers to the S O S, and one was the *President Harding*. I knew the Americans were brave, my friends, but it is one thing to know with the head and another to know with the heart, and now I know with the heart."

The story shifts.

To the south 161 miles, the *President Harding* wallows. She is hove to, barely holding her nose to the vaulting seas that snarl and hiss. She is like a wrestler in a lock, straining and swaying and giving no hint of the hammer of blood in her heart. George Kolhe, radioman, is wedged in his chair, phones on his head, cigaret alight. All at once he snaps into action. Phones are prest close. A switch clicks home and generators whine. He has the *Florio's* S O S.

Kolhe grabs the speaking-tube. Up on the bridge, Captain Grening staggers to the tube, listens, shouts a word against the howling gale.

The radio man's wrist moves swiftly. He broadcasts the S O S and details. Five ships answer out of infinity—*Lorain, Elven, Portland Maru, Invergoil* and *Cadore*. The *Portland Maru* O. K.'s in that crotchety, stuttering manner of Japanese wireless operators who never completely master the Continental code.

At intervals Grening shouts these snatches down the tube and from the wireless shack fly their symbols of longs and shorts:

"Proceeding to your assistance."

Florio: "Very bad sea and wind. No possible reparation steering. Please you going quickly."

Harding: "Making all possible speed. Eight knots at present. Grening."

Harding again: "Are you still in need of assistance?"

Florio: "Yes, necessary assistance. Steering all broken. Master."

Florio later: "Now broken, also safety steering."

It was at this juncture that the United States liner announced her status as a mail carrier, launching the scrap of conversation reported at the opening of this article. And that brings us to the small, dark hours of the fateful morning, concerning which we are told:

The night sky was overcast and a whole gale piled up mountainous seas. The *Harding*, 14,000 tons of her, was mountain-climbing, and the peaks and passes blotted out and rebuilt with every tick of the chronometer. At two minutes past one of the morning, the *Florio* spoke out of distance:

"Booms on rear mast have given way. If mast should break will be unable to answer you. You come just the same. Please."

The *Harding* was using her radio compass and the ethereal Hertzian fingers felt out the direction of the foundering craft.

At 7.50 A. M., as day broke dull and overcast the *Harding* wirelessed:

"Have you any rockets?"

Florio, 7.55 A. M.: "We are firing rockets. Now do you see us?"

Again at 7.57: "A ship is passing us now. Is that you? . . . He does not stop."

Harding, one minute later: "We do not see you. Hang on. We are coming."

More radio bearings. At 10.45 the *Harding* asked: "Can you see us yet?"

"No. Waiting for observations."

Harding, 11.35 A. M.: "Do you wish to abandon your ship? Have you sick people aboard? Courage, we are near."

Florio, five minutes later: "We will abandon ship because it is impossible to proceed. It is impossible to repair the rudder. The first officer has foot broken. The second officer was washed overboard on the eighteenth and disappeared. Especially since life-boats are all broken."

Harding: "How many persons on board?"

Florio: "Twenty-seven." (Twenty-eight with the Captain.)

And at 1.55 P. M. the *Harding* burst out with a singing spark: "You are now in sight dead ahead."

Evidently the *Florio's* radio had broken down temporarily, or else her operator, overjoyed at the message, was hanging white-faced at the door of his shack and yelling the cheering news like a maniac. But that contact was the beginning of a disheartening business. The sea was too rough. No boat could live. At 4.55 the *Florio* spoke:

"Are you abandoning us? We are ready to come to you."

"We are standing by you," shot back Grening, "do not worry. Courage."

There was no answer. Courage is easier said than had, sometimes. The *Harding* was going round and round. Trombino, the engineer, was keeping the engine turning. The *Florio* made about one knot, in an unguided and wallowing wide circle. Round this, outside, the *Harding* swayed in her drunken orbit.

Grening had out the Lyle gun, which shoots from a mortar, a projectile to which is attached a line. The *Harding* was to windward and pouring out barrels of oil to lay the wind-lop. Boom went the gun in a guttural voice and the line broke short. The bo's'n faked down the thin line again and the gun was primed. Boom—and it fell short, tho the line held.

The whistling gale hurried the explosion over the *Florio* mockingly. The *Harding* went round to leeward and fired again. The line crossed and connected.

They floated a life-boat over half full of water, but getting off into the shell would have been like saddling a meteor.

There was no sleep on the *Florio* that night and precious little on the *Harding*. The big ship pitched and bucked so in her off-course movements that three women were thrown down and injured.

Hemp lines to the *Florio* broke. Only the frail radio line was flexible enough to hold. "Keep in constant communication," warned the *Harding* near midnight. Back came the cry: "But if my antenna should break?"

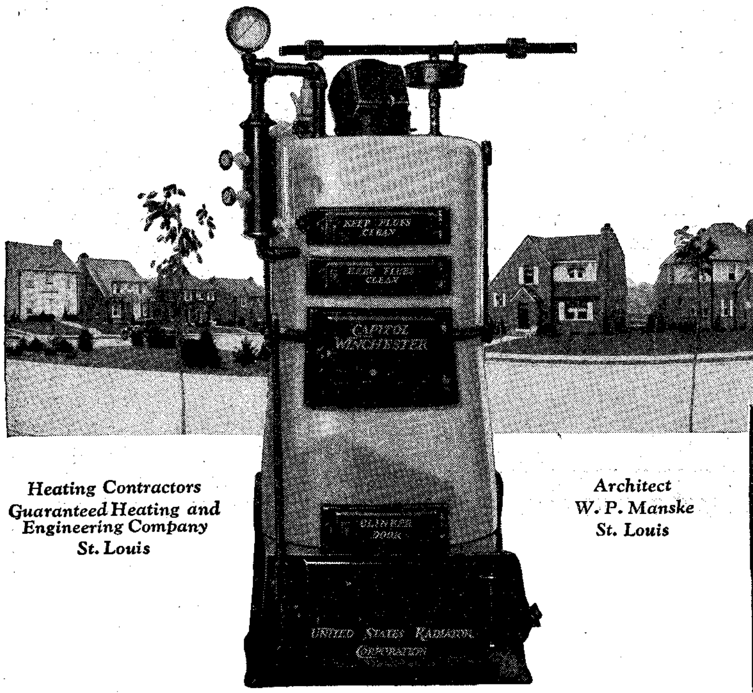
Harding: "At daybreak we will be ready to save you."

Florio: "We are always ready for you."

Again at 3 A. M. Wednesday, with the whole gale still unchecked: "Ship seems to be listing more to starboard."

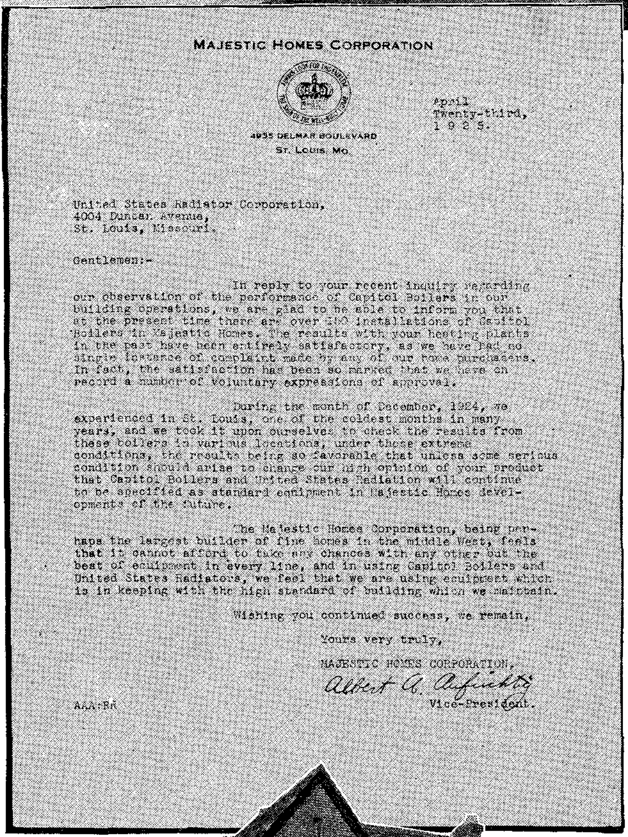
More faint words and heartening answers were interchanged, and as day made a wan light, at 7.10 o'clock, the *Florio* asked:

"How are you going to get us aboard? Will you make provisions to take aboard first officer? He has broken foot."



Heating Contractors
Guaranteed Heating and Engineering Company
St. Louis

Architect
W. P. Manske
St. Louis



MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION
4935 DELMAR BOULEVARD
ST. LOUIS, MO.

April
Twenty-third,
1 9 2 5.

United States Radiator Corporation,
4004 Duncan Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Gentlemen:-

In reply to your recent inquiry regarding our observation of the performance of Capitol Boilers in our building operations, we are glad to be able to inform you that at the present time there are over 150 installations of Capitol Boilers in Majestic Homes. The results with your heating plants in the past have been entirely satisfactory, as we have had no single instance of complaint made by any of our home purchasers. In fact, the satisfaction has been so marked that we have on record a number of voluntary expressions of approval.

During the month of December, 1924, we experienced in St. Louis, one of the coldest months in many years, and we took it upon ourselves to check the results from these boilers in various locations, under those extreme conditions, the results being so favorable that unless some serious condition should arise to change our high opinion of your product that Capitol Boilers and United States Radiation will continue to be specified as standard equipment in Majestic Homes developments of the future.

The Majestic Homes Corporation, being perhaps the largest builder of fine homes in the middle West, feels that it cannot afford to take any chances with any other but the best of equipment in every line, and in using Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators, we feel that we are using equipment which is in keeping with the high standard of building which we maintain.

Wishing you continued success, we remain,

Yours very truly,

MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION,
Albert A. Aufichtig
Vice-President.

AAA:RR

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

This letter from the Majestic Homes Corporation is well worth reading. It explains just why an entire colony of 150 homes adopted Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators as standard equipment.

We feel that no finer tribute has ever been paid to a manufacturer of heating plants. And, best of all, we know that every individual Capitol installation will continue to deserve the confidence that has been reposed in it.

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Capitol Boilers

BRANCH AND SALES OFFICES
Boston • Springfield, Mass. • Portland, Me. • Providence, R.I. • New Haven • Troy, N.Y. • *New York
Brooklyn • Harrison, N.J. • Philadelphia • Baltimore • *Buffalo • *Pittsburgh • Cleveland • Columbus
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St. Paul • St. Louis • Kansas City • Des Moines • Omaha • Denver • Seattle • Portland, Ore.
*Warehouse stocks carried at all points except those indicated by star.

"We will take care of that," said Grening, "We will hoist you aboard."

The *Florio* kept sending up rockets to mark her place, for the day was almost as thick as night had been. As nine o'clock neared, the *Harding* picked up the derelict and sent radio directions:

"We will use one big life-boat and will take you all at one time. Be prepared to leave. We will make one trip. Where is the best place to come alongside? Have small lines ready. Wear your life-belt."

And then, Luigi D'Ambrogi, a man of the sea and of the race of Marconi, left his shack for the first time in fifty hours. He said:

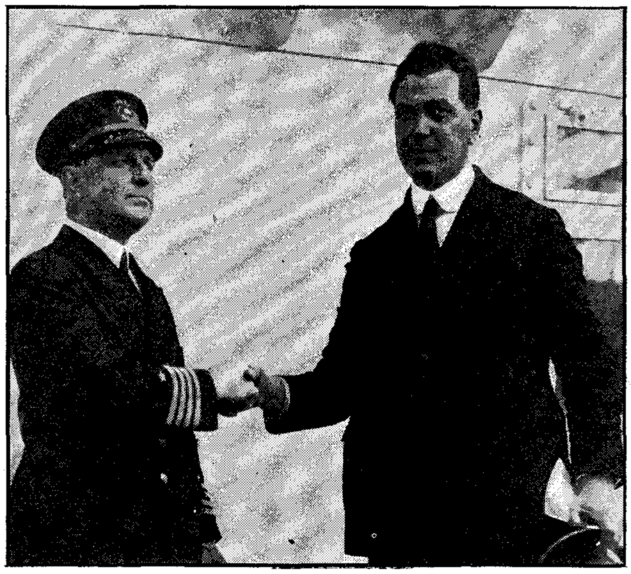
"I am leaving post for a few minutes to get my lifebelt. . . . Back on the job again."

Florio, 9:27 A. M.: "Will it be all right to finish now?"

"O. K., old man. Good luck."

"Many thanks—good-by."

On the *Harding* they called for volunteers to man the big Lundy life-boat. Every man-jack jumped up. Chief Mate Giles Stedman picked these seven—Fred Strelow, Richard Carlson, Thomas Seaton, Charles Kane, John Wiggle, Carl Meyers, and Salvatore Brocco.



International Newsreel photograph

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

Rescuer and Rescued—Grening, of the *President Harding*, on the left; Lauro, of the *Ignazio Florio*, on the right, performing the inevitable handshake so dear to the photographer.

Here we take up the narrative from the New York *Herald Tribune*, which tells us:

It was at this time that what Captain Grening describes as "a miracle if there ever was a miracle" occurred. The swells were still as high as before, but the wind disappeared and the dangerous tops to the waves were gone. For the first and only time in the storm the seas became safe for the small boat. It was made ready, with more seamen begging for the chance to go than were needed. Chief officer Giles C. Stedman, in charge, had to order Boatswains Wilson and McAlpheny out because he felt they were needed to get the life-boat back on the *Harding* when the trip was over.

"Commander says will be best midships where we were yesterday pulling on life-boat," the *Florio* said.

And the faithful wireless operator who had been at his post for seventy hours without relief, and for fifty hours without food, left his post and made his way over the perilous path, strewn with broken spars and tangled rigging. Every one was in the boat but the captain when he got there. He could not swim and told his commander so. The captain, who had been on duty even longer than his radio man, put his arm about the tired body and jumped into the sea, where American hands pulled him in.

When the life-boat went to the *Florio* the freighter was listing almost 30 degrees, and every wave was breaking over her. Knowing the danger of going too close and being carried aboard, the *Florio* was asked to throw out a rope. This was made fast to the freighter and held in the life-boat. With four men pulling on the oars against the sea, Mr. Stedman had the *Florio's* sailors jump from their rolling deck at favorable moments, pull themselves along on the rope and then be lifted in by the Americans. The rescued men were so weary that they were dead weight as they were dragged in.

Hampering the rescue work was the *Florio's* cat. Tossed into the water by one of the crew, it clawed at every seaman who hit the water. The cat was swimming for safety and saw it only on the shoulders of the crew she knew. Eventually pussy, too, was dragged in.

The fate of Rex, the retriever, is thus recounted in *The World:*

Captain Lauro threw him off the derelict to swim to the boat. A wave sent him back. Lauro threw again. Again he came back. Once more, Rex. But the third wave knocked him against the settling strakes with a thump, and Rex closed his eyes quietly, quietly, and swirled off in green water.

Captain Grening, as he put the *Harding* back on her New York course, entered in the log:

"Detention 21 hr. 15 min., rescuing crew of S. S. *Ignazio Florio*. Overcast, whole gale, very high sea." The lull was over.

What is described as "one of the mysteries of the whole incident" happened at the time when the rescuing liner was groping for visual contact with the freighter, which was firing rockets. The *Florio* wirelessed: "A ship is passing us now. Is that you? He does not stop." And we read:

Captain Lauro is certain that in the storm he saw a dark shape pass by—a vessel that might have been a rescuer had it halted. None knows if the rockets that were being sent up were seen by this ship, but it was close enough to have detected the wallowing freighter that was begging for help.

Captain Grening, who is a modest and matter-of-fact Brooklyn man, was quite overwhelmed at finding himself famous. The New York *Sun* describes him as "a very much embarrassed man," and goes on to explain:

He has been deluged with telegrams and letters, and with telephone calls seeking his presence at public functions as a guest of honor. At least 500 invitations have been received and from all parts of the country.

And then the climax! They told him that arrangements had been made for a big public demonstration at City Hall.

"You will go to Pier A, at the Battery," they told him, "and you will find an escort there."

The Captain frowned. He raised a protesting hand, but they ruthlessly ignored him.

"The escort," they said, "will consist of cadets of the schoolship *Newport* and the Navy Yard Band."

"A band!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"A band," they firmly replied. "At City Hall, there will be Mayor Hylan, and he desires to welcome you on behalf of the city."

The Captain hemmed and hawed. It was too much, he insisted. He considered it a great honor to be received by the Mayor of the city, he said, but this business of marching up Broadway with a band and escort was really too much. But he finally consented reluctantly to go through with it.

They really tricked the Captain. They did not tell him that there would be another band at City Hall, the Municipal Band!

However, we learn that the plucky skipper managed to survive the ordeal. *The Herald Tribune* tells us:

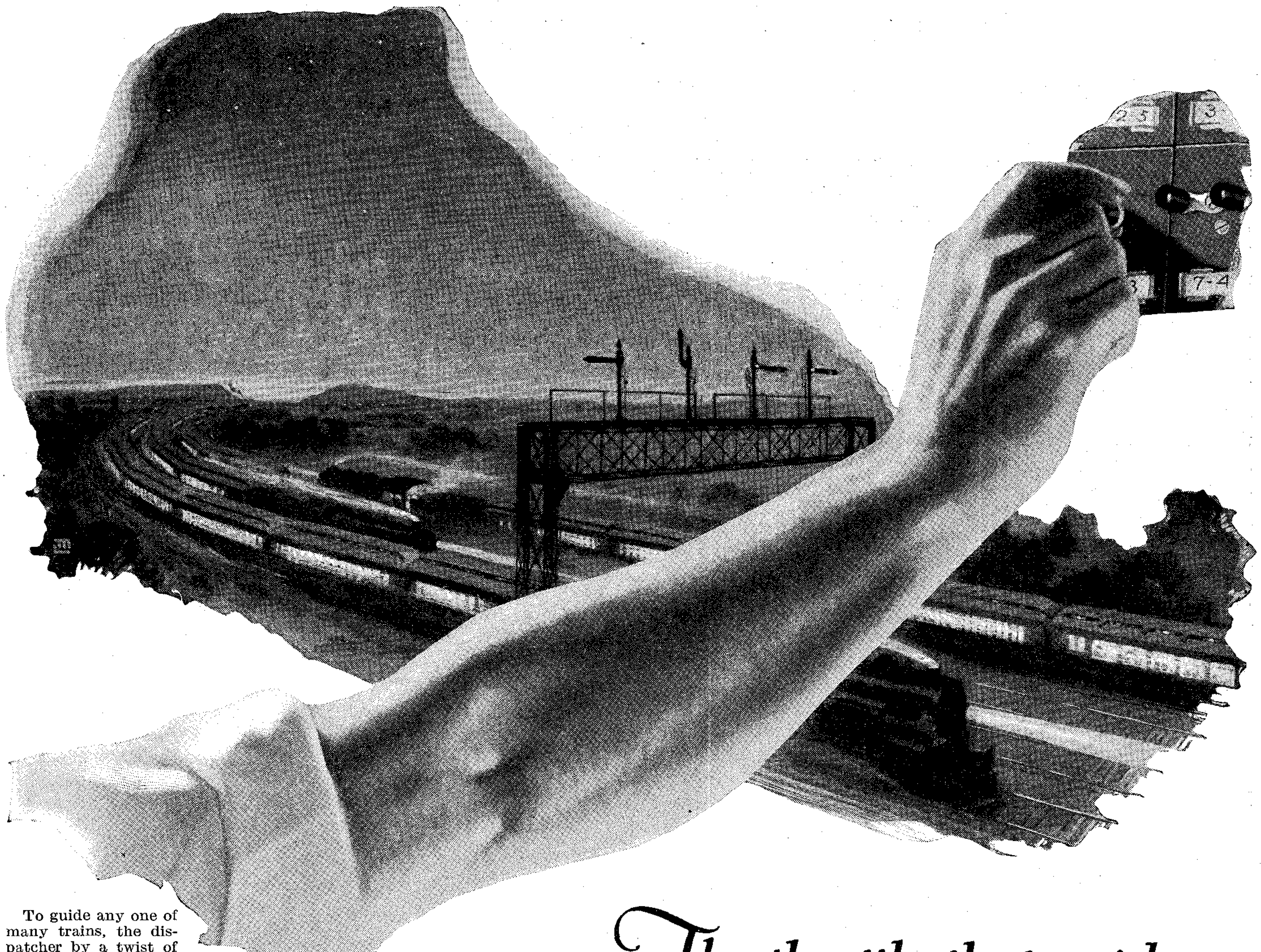
Thousands who lined Broadway from the Battery to City Hall added a spontaneous and informal greeting with their cheers as the seafarers were driven to receive Mayor Hylan's welcome.

Captain and crew were embarrassed by the honors. Unused to public display, they tried to escape the formalities, and when that was impossible stood blushing at the praise like schoolboys. The Mayor's speech dealt with the bravery of the men on the *President Harding*—the captain's reply, with the courage of the men he saved.

"The City of New York is very proud of Capt. Paul Grening, a splendid type of American sailor," said the Mayor. "I am happy to greet you as a product of our city. You went forth upon the seas. You worked your way up from the bottom. You learned the furies of the ocean from first hand. You learned so well that when the trying moment of your career came you were not found wanting. You knew how to face it, and you did. You faced it splendidly and every American, sailor and landsman feels proud of you.

"In the name of the City of New York I congratulate Captain Grening and the crew of the *President Harding*, and I also congratulate the crew of the Italian freighter who were snatched from a watery grave."

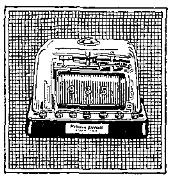
The captain found words difficult when it was time for him to reply to the praise of the Mayor. Some of his men stood with tears in their eyes—American seamen who had heroically manned the life-boat that worked its way across fifty-foot seas to the side of the derelict. The ceremonies were too much for them.



To guide any one of many trains, the dispatcher by a twist of his wrist is in instant touch with any signal tower in his territory.

The throttle that guides a hundred trains

The dispatcher at his telephone, controlling the movement of trains over long distances, Western Electric railroad telephones and train dispatching equipment are made by the makers of your telephone.



THE SELECTOR
Heart of the train control

MIGHTY power is given to the locomotive engineer, whose hand keeps his thundering steed in leash. But a hundred times that power rests in the hand of the dispatcher guiding the movements of a hundred trains.

The dispatcher is the center of it all, with a Western Electric telephone before him and Western Electric telephones in every way-station, in sidings along the right-of-way and within reach of train crews and track inspectors.

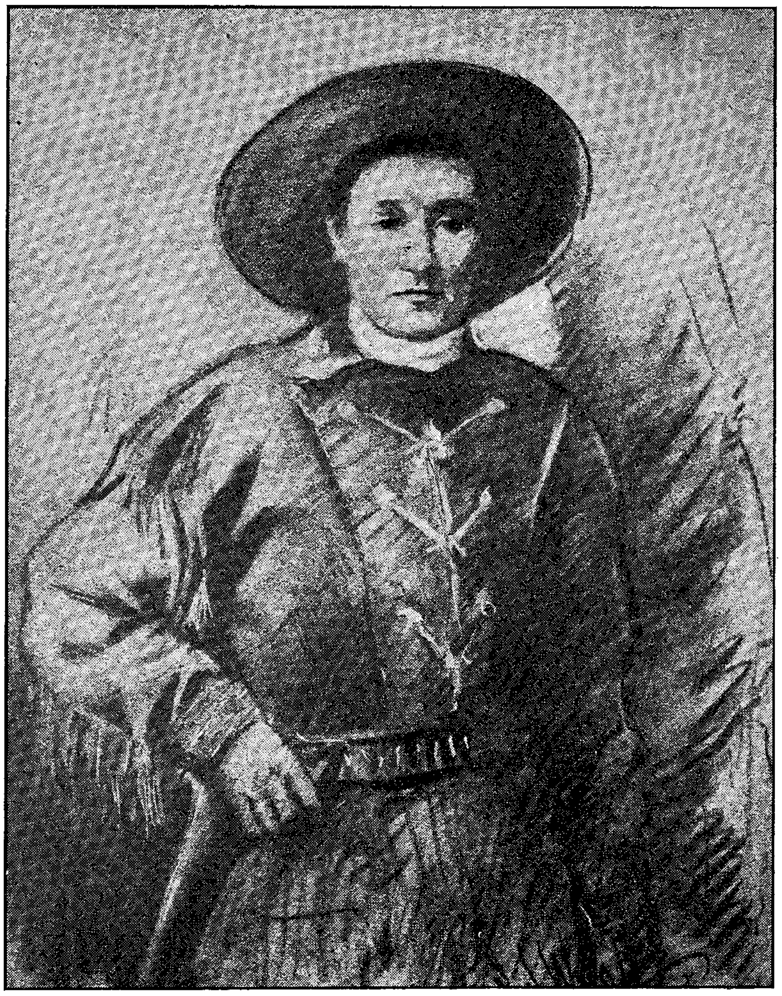
Safe railroad travel is due to the alertness of many men, aided by dependable equipment. Western Electric railroad telephones make possible quick and accurate train dispatching and the safeguarding of lives.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

CALAMITY JANE AS A LADY ROBIN HOOD

ONE DAY Calamity Jane entered a Deadwood grocery store and ordered many cans of "white cherries, fancy delicacies and high-priced foodstuffs for the sick." A smallpox epidemic was raging in the gulch, and the formidable Jane was showing the softer side of her nature by "going into the homes of the sick, administering to their needs and getting food for them when required." And we read the significant statement that "if money was lacking on her part, the revolver was substituted." On the occasion here recorded, she commanded the proprietor to place the goods in a sack, and "to tie the sack in such a way that she could throw it over her shoulders, thus keeping her gun-hand free." And then, according to Seymour G. Pond, who has been digging into the history and legendry of the frontier's most famous gunwoman, she stooped to pick up the sack. Writing in the New York *Times*, Mr. Pond relates:



Drawing by courtesy of the New York *Times*

SHE WAS GOOD TO THE POOR AND QUICK ON THE TRIGGER

History calls Calamity Jane one of the most romantic characters of frontier days.

The proprietor halted her, saying:

"You will pay me two ounces of dust before taking those goods!" In a jiffy Calamity had the groceryman covered with her gun. The man dodged behind his counter, as his hands, and the hands of those about him, went up.

Jane glanced quickly about, threw the sack over her shoulders and backed out of the store. Once outside, she dashed toward her smallpox cabin in the distant hills. The groceryman was about to give chase, but was prevailed upon by his neighbors to refrain.

"Calamity Jane," they said, "was in action and dangerous."

Jane's reputation as a dead shot brought her many unusual commissions. In 1876 she met "Wild Bill" Hickock at Fort Laramie and carried one of the most dangerous Pony Express routes, a route over which many daring men had been robbed and shot.

Gangs of bandits infested that region, a wild road between Custer and Deadwood. In this case, as well as in others, Calamity's reputation as a dead shot saved her from attacks by robbers, and the mails went through safely and promptly.

Indians fell before Jane's unerring fire as serpents crossing her path. Once, in the spring of '77, she saved the lives of six passengers on a stage-coach after it had been attacked by redskins. The wagon was rumbling along from Deadwood to Wild Birch, after the driver had been killed by Indians, when Calamity sighted it. Her own account of the adventure follows:

"One morning I saddled my horse and rode toward Crook City. I had gone about twelve miles from Deadwood, at the mouth of Whitewood Creek, when I met the Overland mail running from Cheyenne to Deadwood. The horses were on the run and were about two hundred yards from the station.

"Upon looking closely I saw that they were pursued by Indians. The horses ran to the barn, as was their custom, and as they stopt I rode alongside the coach and found the driver, Johnny Slaughter, lying face down on the boot of the stage.

"He had been shot by Indians. When the stage got to the station, the Indians hid in the bushes. I removed all the baggage from the coach except the mail. Then I took the driver's seat and with all speed drove to Deadwood, carrying six passengers and the dead driver."

At another time, we read, she was out riding with "Buckskin" Frank, a famous Western character, when the two suddenly found themselves surrounded by Indians. Whereupon—

The pair "rode for it," but Buckskin Frank let his horse fall into a ditch, where the animal broke its foreleg.

"Ride for your life," said Buckskin, "I can take care of myself."

"Damned if I will, Buck," replied Calamity; "I stay right here with you and we'll see how many of these redskins we can drop."

They opened fire on the band and were able to battle them to a retreat with a loss of five of their number, Jane having done a goodly share of the killing.

While brave and kind, her moral side left much that was to be desired. If Calamity Jane was to a certain extent a social outcast, it was not entirely her fault. As one of the old Western ballads so admirably states the philosophy of the day:

I hear there's to be a grand round-up
Where cowboys with others must stand,
To be cut by the riders of Judgment
Who are posted and know every brand.

The trail to the great mystic region
Is narrow and dim, so they say,
While the one that leads to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

Whose fault is it then that so many
Go astray on this wild range they fail,
Who might have been rich and had plenty
Had they known of that dim, narrow trail?

So it was with Calamity. She was a product of her time. In her intimate life it is known that she was legally married at least three times and that some children were sent to an orphanage. Whenever she married it was said of her husband that he had wedded "calamity" for sure, and such seems to have been the case, for any peacefulness in her marital life is not discoverable.

In her last years Calamity Jane was compelled to request admission to the poorhouse in Gallatin County. For a considerable time she supported herself by selling a handbook of her eventful life; and on these trips she was exhibited here and there. She was variously referred to as a "highway woman," a "three-card-monte sharp" and a "minister's daughter." Jane said that these statements were all false, altho the last is authentic.

With the passing of our great border characters, Calamity Jane deserves a place among the best. At her death, August 2, 1903, she bore the scars of a dozen bullets from Indians and highwaymen, but she kept her stout courage and her warm heart to the end. She died exactly twenty-seven years to the day after "Wild Bill" Hickock, and there at Deadwood her body lies next to his, for by her own request Calamity Jane was buried beside the man who fought on the right side and had forty notches on his gun.

Mr. Pond pronounces her "one of the most romantic characters of frontier days, and continues:

BOONE PACKING COMPANY
Forrest Bucannon Company
Mail Order Dept.
480 Broadway
New York
MATERIAL REQUISITION
B.D Williams & Co.
TELEGRAM CONFIRMAT

Printed forms multiply man-power

WHEN you write your instructions on a printed form you become a dozen men doing a dozen different things in a dozen different places.

The work you have planned is carried out as promptly and accurately as though you yourself were on hand at each operation.

Merchandise is made, moved, bought and sold smoothly and effectively—because printed forms issue your orders in unmistakable terms.

And this is quite as true in the modest office as it is in the vast organization. Modern business could not exist without printed forms—nor without the paper on which forms are printed.

The paper you use is important. It must have strength because of the wear and tear it must undergo, for printed forms are not handled with gloves. Hammermill Bond has the strength you require in your printed forms and letterheads.

And, speaking of colors, paper must be obtainable in a variety of shades in order to make identification quick and certain. Hammermill Bond comes in white and twelve colors.

The surface of paper is of the greatest importance because it is used for so many purposes. Printers' ink, pen, pencil, carbon sheet and typewriter ribbon show perfect results on Hammermill Bond.

You should be able to get paper where and when you need it. You can get Hammermill Bond promptly. Your printer knows and uses it. Possibly he carries it in stock. At any rate, he can get it without delay.

In brief, Hammermill Bond is the utility business paper for business houses, whatever the size, wherever the locality.

Write us on your business letterhead, and we will send you the Hammermill Working Kit—a portfolio of samples especially selected to meet your particular needs.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL
BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

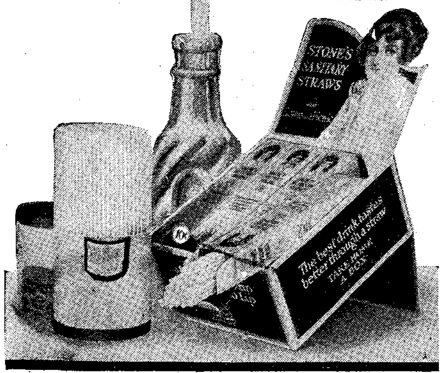
Milk makes ruddy cheeks

Drink lots of milk. It is nature's ideal nerve and tissue builder. Children and grown-ups, too, thrive on milk.

Always use Stone's Straws in serving milk to children. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. And remember, the best drink tastes better through a straw. Stone's Straws are used in the best homes everywhere. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package—several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
FACTORIES:
WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.



Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

She was a tough, hard-swearing, hard-riding, hard-drinking and hard-headed gunwoman. Schooled by that great teacher, experience, she was not without her good points, chief of which was charity. In time of need, Calamity was never known to fail. Courage was hers to a point of daring, and her physical battles would put many a man to shame.

How Calamity received her sobriquet seems to be a disputed fact. One old-timer says that Bill Nye gave her the name in his paper, *The Laramie Boomerang*, in the early '70s. Another version relates that Jane got her popular name while traveling with a scouting band of soldiers through a deep and wooded canyon in the Lower Dakotas. Suddenly the soldiers were surrounded by Indians. One of the officers was shot and fell from his horse. As he slid to the ground a redskin dashed up to scalp him. At this juncture young Jane galloped up, clinging to her horse's side Indian fashion. She shot the redskin before he could accomplish his grim mission and, with a struggle, hauled the limp body of the soldier across her horse.

When he regained consciousness the young officer stated that "a man was unusually lucky to have such a heroine as Jane around in times of 'calamity.'" His apt combination of words, together with Jane's popularity with the regiment, it is said, gained her the sobriquet, "Calamity," a title which clung to the end of her days.

The most accepted version, however, is that in almost every calamitous affair which took place in the Black Hills frontier days—and there were many—you were sure to find Calamity at the bottom of the heap.

As to the actual birthright of Jane, it is best stated in her own words:

"My maiden name was Martha Cannary, and I was born in Princeton, Missouri, May 1, 1852. My father and mother were natives of Ohio. I had two brothers and three sisters, I being the eldest of the children."

At this time Calamity was known as Mrs. Mary Burk, and we are told that she was accounted an uncommonly good-looking young woman, "with a lithe form, a smooth complexion, auburn hair and sparkling dark-brown eyes full of the fun of life." But here the writer warns us:

It should be said that there was a second "Calamity Jane" who masqueraded as the original, but this character was a dance-hall renegade of inferior fame. She has been described as doing many ludicrous acts along the Union Pacific and adjacent terrain, following the trails of the one real "Calamity Jane." The masquerader died in a hospital in Denver, August 27, 1878.

It seemed that fate had destined Calamity Jane to lead a life of adventure where oftentimes her gun was her best friend. The early death of her parents, her rugged life in Indian wars, her experiences amid traveling bands of scouts, and the dangers of the open prairie, all combined to make Calamity a woman who feared neither man, beast nor spirit.

Her dexterity with firearms soon gave her a reputation that commanded respect, and what was more important, many times warded off trouble before affairs reached "the shooting stage." She despised criminals and brutal, bad men. It was this aversion that made her responsible for the capture of Jack McCall, wanted for numerous barbaric crimes. Calamity cornered Jack in a meat shop and, wielding a cleaver over his head—his own method—brought him to surrender.

At the age of eighteen her rough life had left its stamp upon her. She could fill a can tossed into the air with lead bullets from her revolver, and flick a fly from the back of a mule with a sixteen-foot whiplash.

In 1870 Calamity Jane joined Gen. George A. Custer as a teamster, and threw away woman's clothes for man's. She admitted that "at first the new duds were awkward," but from that time on Calamity passed as a man among men with no difficulty. She smoked, drank, gambled, swore like a trooper and fought her own fights. While with General Custer she gained the distinction of being the first white woman to enter the Black Hills, a dangerous and unknown territory through which pioneering parties took great precautions.

Calamity had a warm heart. This is revealed in an incident that took place at Camp Custer. A mule-skinner was maltreating his animal. Jane cautioned the man to quit his cruelties and go easy on the beast, whereupon he flicked off her hat with his whiplash.

In a flash the fellow was looking down the muzzle of Calamity's revolver, as she drawled:

"Put that hat back where you got it!"

The skinner paused but a moment when he looked into the eyes confronting him, then picked up the hat and replaced it on Jane's head.

WHY YOU SHOULD STICK TO YOUR OWN MAIN STREET

THE ideal place to live happily and comfortably in America is a town of not more than ten or twenty thousand people. The United States of America "somehow seems remote as I walk the streets of New York," and lately in Chicago, "I experienced the same feeling of being an alien." George Meredith spoke of London as "the burial-place of the individual man," and that dictum is quoted with approval by one of Indiana's favorite literary sons, who mentions that he has "touched various social circles in New York, but never one that included a person of the slightest political importance." And he adds:

This strikes me as odd; it isn't healthy. Once I got off the train at Emporia, Kansas, and Bill White sent for Henry Allen to come over from Wichita and got in some other good fellows, and they talked straight United States for four hours and buried most of the nation's good and great before the session ended. Great stuff—the sort of thing that renews your confidence in the good old U. S. A. as a vigorous, going concern.

The complaining witness is Meredith Nicholson. Writing in *Collier's*, he pronounces himself "an irredeemable hick," and justifies his hickship, so to speak, in these vigorous terms:

I like my own State and my own town. I can prove almost anything in the whole range of human experience by the history

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.
Vice-President and General Manager of the Brewster Publications. "Motion Picture Magazine," first of all motion picture periodicals, was launched in 1910 on a capital of $800. Today Brewster Publications have a yearly turnover of $4,000,000.

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."
"She can't help me with other things."
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."
"I had all this clear in my mind last night."
"She can't get out all she's taken."
"I'm forced to cut dictation short."

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

Elizabeth Bentley
Mr. Dobie's secretary, has found that The Dictaphone means release from shorthand interruptions and a larger share of executive responsibility.

Shorthand tied this man down with detail—

How much faster can a man clear his desk with The Dictaphone than with old-fashioned, roundabout shorthand?

Answer:* *See this story of Mr. Dobie and our coupon below

FIVE departments under him—editorial, advertising, finance, business, circulation! His desk the "neck of the bottle" for a mass of detail!

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., has to keep his hands on countless activities as vice-president and general manager of the Brewster Publications. Not two periodicals, either, but three—*Motion Picture Magazine*, *Motion Picture Classic* and *Movie Thrillers*—with a public of two million ardent screen-lovers!

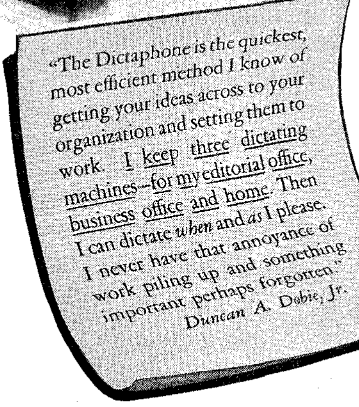
Does he let details swamp him—so that he loses sight of the big administrative possibilities of his job? Not for one moment! As fast as work accumulates, it is disposed of—through The Dictaphone.

Mr. Dobie and his circulation manager reach an agreement in conference, and while the conference is still on Mr. Dobie turns to The Dictaphone to confirm the understanding. The Dictaphone takes also his criticisms of the current magazines for the editorial department; his directions to the advertising and other departments; his instructions to the sales force; his correspondence.

And when a caller gives Mr. Dobie an important bit of information, or an appointment is made over the telephone, into The Dictaphone mouth-piece it goes before it is lost!

"Never a moment's waste of time, no friction—that's what The Dictaphone means to me," says Mr. Dobie. "In ten years of use I've proved that it doubles my output."

And that's virtually the testimony of Miss Bentley, Mr. Dobie's secretary. One hundred letters a day is Miss Bentley's average—*letters written once, not twice as with shorthand*. And since The Dictaphone saves her also the long "waits" for dictation, she has time to relieve Mr. Dobie of many executive details.



"The Dictaphone is the quickest, most efficient method I know of getting your ideas across to your organization and setting them to work. I keep three dictating machines—for my editorial office, business office and home. Then I can dictate *when* and *as* I please. I never have that annoyance of work piling up and something important perhaps forgotten."
Duncan A. Dobie, Jr.

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."
"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work."
"No one else can read my notes."
"Hours wasted while he's in conference."
"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
"Yes, I do mind staying late."
"Cold notes are maddening."
"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corp.
154 Nassau Street, N.Y.C.

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's wrong with shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐

☐ Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try. I understand that this loan involves no expense or obligation.

"More precious than rubies"—seems this smoking tobacco

Old smokers of Edgeworth delight in their friendly rivalries for length of attachment to their favorite brand, and for total poundage incinerated in their trusty pipes.

Mr. Dugan inaugurates another sort of competition—a sort of Long-Distance-Wait Contest. For this loyal Edgeworthian orders his favorite tobacco in May, and then goes on forage rations until August, rather than twist his tobacco taste to accommodate native varieties.

Read Mr. Dugan's letter and be thankful you're where you are!

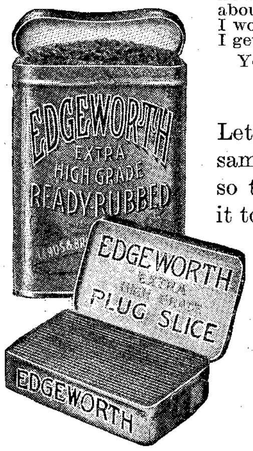
Philippine Islands.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find money-order for $4.65, for which please send me the following: 1—16 oz. glass jar Ready-Rubbed; 1—$1.50 can Qboid; 1—$1.50 can Plug Slice.

Until recently I have been able to get Edgeworth from a dealer near here, but for the last month he has been "out," and I have been smoking native cigarettes and other so-called tobacco. I realize that it will be three months or so before I hear from this, but I know I'll get it sure by sending direct to you, you won't be "just out." In the meantime I may be able to scare up a little here and there. It's mighty hard to "bum" any Edgeworth from friends in this part of the world. They'd just about as soon give you the key to their safety deposit boxes as they would to the "Old tobacco box" where they keep their Edgeworth. I don't blame them; it's mighty hard to get, and it's terribly hard to go without. I know how the baby felt about the soap now: I won't be happy till I get my Edgeworth.

Yours, almost
tearfully,
C. P. Dugan.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2-K South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

of Center Township, Marion County, Indiana. If I don't find what I want in Indianapolis, it's only a step over to Crawfordsville, where I was born, and I'm sure to meet some man on Main Street who will give me the right answer to whatever it is I want to know.

If I were stranded almost anywhere in Indiana and waited on the station platform, somebody would come along who would stake me for the price of a ticket home. All these things add to the comfort and satisfaction of life. There's a vast luxury in living where the folks know you.

I have not clung to my own State from necessity or compulsion. Once I did go away and try to adjust myself to a new environment, but the virulence of my nostalgia nearly killed me, and I only saved myself by putting in my leisure writing a book about Indiana. I have refused a good many jobs, including a place of some dignity in the diplomatic service and some very pretty editorial portfolios, simply because, as I say, I like my State and my town and my home folks, and I never leave for protracted periods without being haunted by a fear that the Jones' cow might die and I not be there to offer the conventional condolences. Home remains a word of power, even in these restless times. "There are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps," wrote Stevenson in exile.

If I had gone to New York when I was twenty-one, I should probably now be a sour rewrite man or the compiler of obituaries and statistical tables on some newspaper, or the old fellow around the shop to whom questions are referred as to when Hancock ran for President or who was Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's second administration. I should have been a forlorn croaking frog in a big puddle, and if I had tried to write a book it would have been a fizzle. The consciousness of the size of the human herd in a metropolis, the numbing sense of the sharpness of competition, would have killed my ambition.

If I had deserted the familiar "back drop" of my early environment for new scenes, I should have been a pilgrim and a stranger wherever I landed to the end of my days.

There is probably a real value, he admits, in living where, if you are seized with a passion to write, you may gaze upon other writers, and there was no lack of such literary inspiration in Indiana in his youth. For, we read:

Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" under the beech-trees in his yard at Crawfordsville; in the same town Maurice Thompson was one of the best-known contributors to periodical literature; James Whitcomb Riley of Greenfield, Hancock County, was becoming known in the streets of Indianapolis and was taking friendly note of Booth Tarkington and other youngsters who felt a yearning toward the inky trade. Charles Major was practising law at Shelbyville and girding his loins to write "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

It is foolish to generalize, but in the long run I think a writer serves himself best by sticking to his own soil.

It was well proved by Mark Twain and Bret Harte that early impressions can be kept alive a long way from their originating point, but these are exceptional cases. Moreover, Harte's best work was done before he left California, and Mark Twain was by nature a citizen of the world. Tarkington wanders a good deal, but Thanksgiving always finds him carving turkey in his home town where the "Penrods" live. Albert Beveridge's monumental "Life of John Marshall" is the sound American document it is because it was produced in his Indianapolis home, within an easy walk of fields tamed by pioneers who knew what the Constitution was all about.

Literature does not, however, offer the most fortunate department of human activity in which to speculate as to the desirability of staying at home among your own folks, where you don't have to explain yourself; or, if you had an aunt who poisoned her husband, or an uncle who bore an evil reputation for robbing the widow and orphan, it isn't held against you if you behave yourself.

The young lawyer is certainly at an advantage when he opens an office in his own town. The advantage is increased if he has gone to college in his own State, even tho he has gone elsewhere for his professional training. His classmates who have entered the same profession are able to help him in practical ways. He is among people who know his language and are anxious to be proud of him.

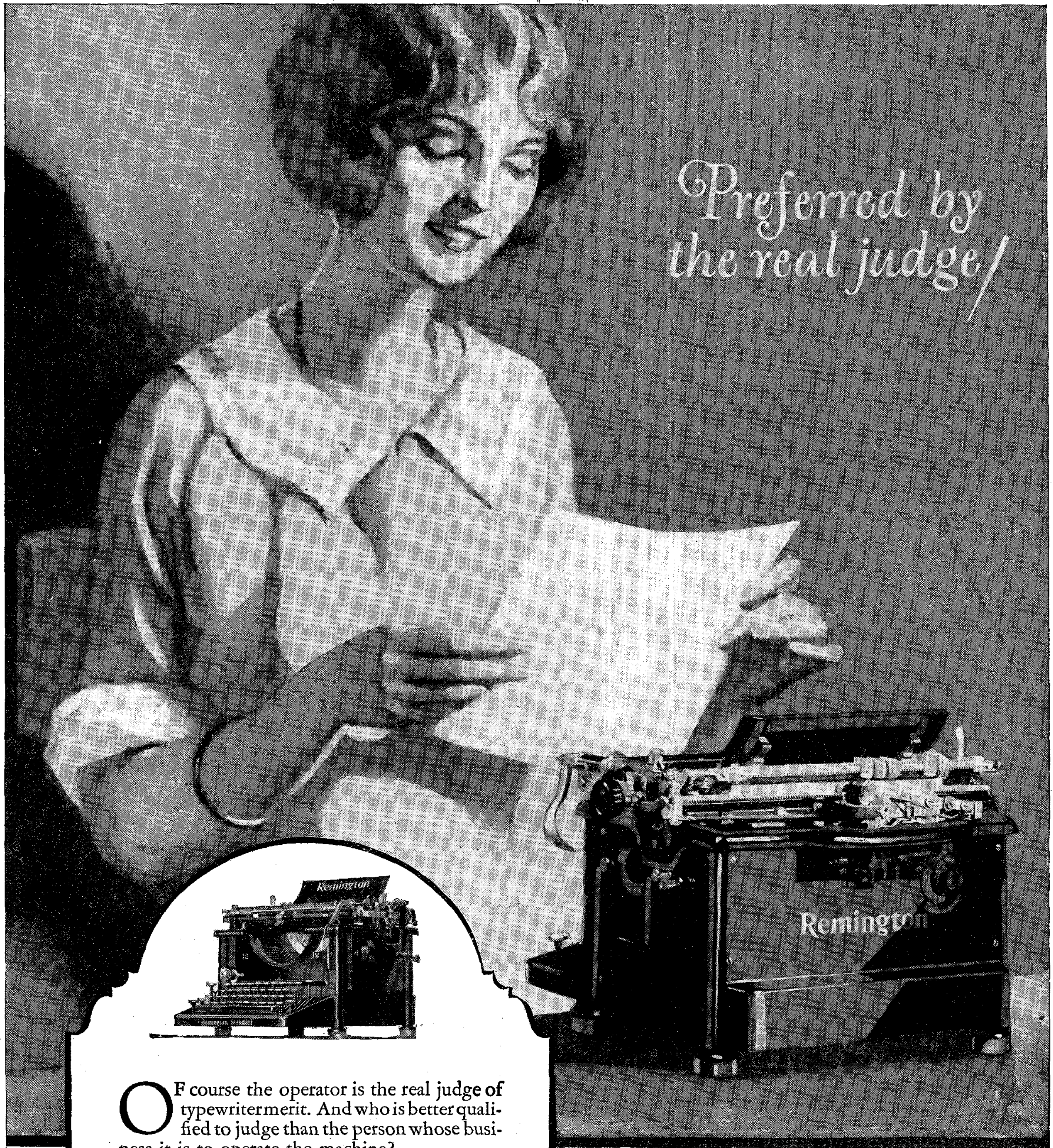
The boy who walks out of a small-town high school confronted by the necessity of finding a job can usually get an audience with the important men of his community. It isn't necessary for him to fill in a blank and give references to an unfeeling employment desk. The head of the bank, the factory or the store probably knows his folks, and may even have been observing him with a kindly eye with a view to trying him out.

Mr. Nicholson confesses that there are qualities and abilities that require room for their perfect demonstration, but declares that, in so far as he may lay claim to any knowledge of human nature, "it's safer to pull the rabbit out of the hat on a small stage first." And he argues:

Most of the "inspirational" literature with which we are deluged is dangerous stuff. I mean the kind of thing that undertakes to prove that if psychoanalyzed the twelve-dollar-a-week grocery clerk at Griggsby's Station may dash to the great city, astound some great financier by pointing out the virgin market for collar buttons in Timbuktu, and at once take rank with the great industrial kings. The small-town boys don't need psychoanalyzing; their surest bet is to avoid the Elite Poolroom and buckle in to the first job they can get.

Many are called and few chosen, and the high gods have always been capricious in handing down their special favors. Every one knows—my own list is a long one—men who have left small towns for successful careers in large cities. These instances always kindle the imagination. I have one friend, born in Boone County, Indiana, who draws a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year in New York. He began life as a telegraph messenger in Indianapolis.

Another, who began as a newsboy on the streets of the Hoosier capital, has, at forty-two, by his pluck and business genius rolled up a fortune of ten million dollars. But these cases prove nothing but the


Preferred by the real judge!
Remington
Remington

OF course the operator is the real judge of typewriter merit. And who is better qualified to judge than the person whose business it is to operate the machine?

The operator's acceptance and endorsement of the New Remington Standard 12 is the outstanding present-day typewriter fact. We knew that we were producing a writing machine that would do a better and bigger day's work with a minimum of effort. Now operators have proved it.

You are invited to examine our New Standard 12, and convince yourself of its superior worth. We will place one in your office for you to test in your own way, on your own work, without any obligation on your part. See for yourself if it isn't the greatest value in the standard typewriter field. Just call the nearest Remington office.

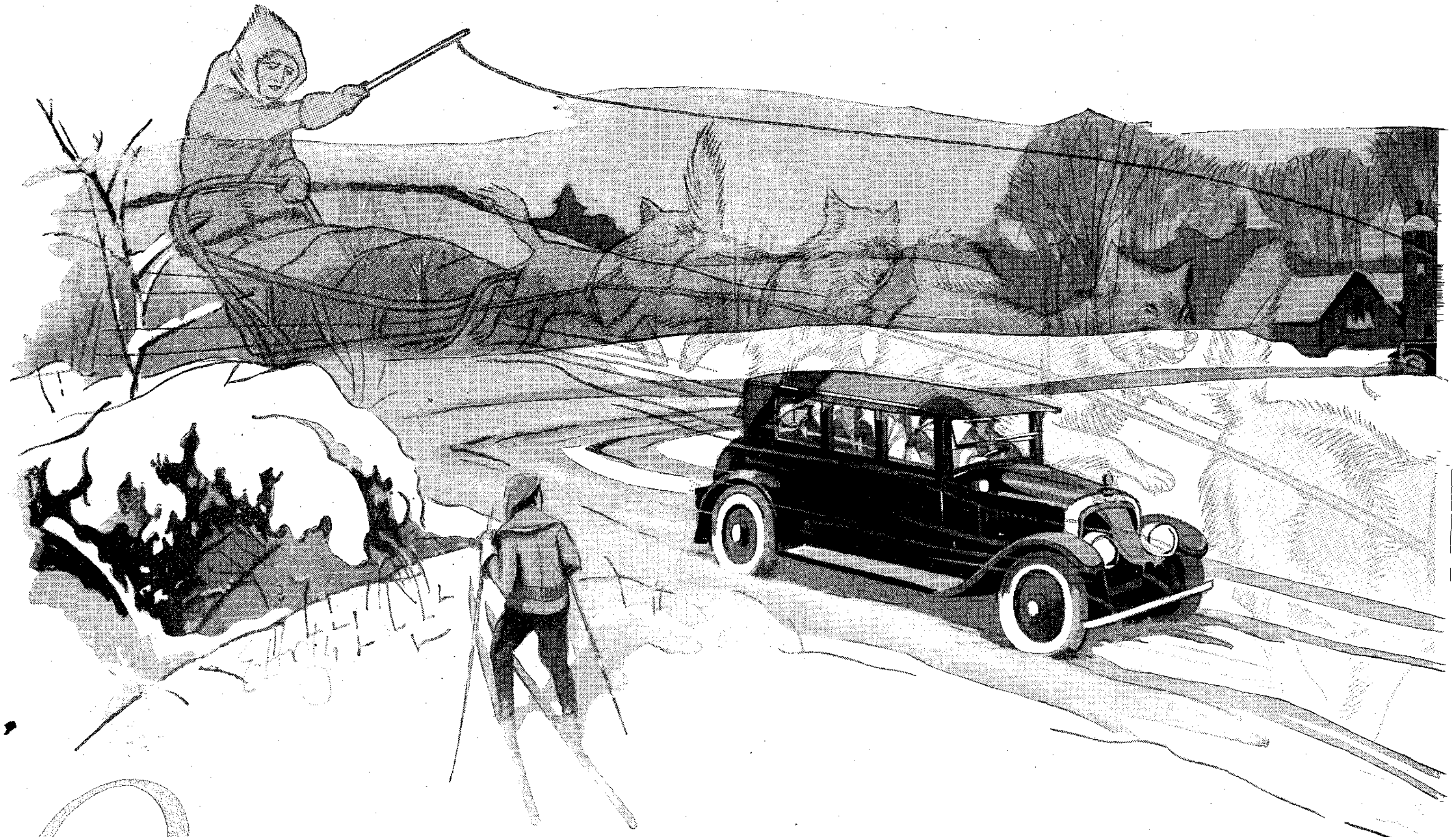
Easy payment terms if desired

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York — *Branches Everywhere*
Remington Typewriter Company of Canada, Limited
68 King Street, West, Toronto

Remington

STANDARD 12

We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world—and its name is PARAGON



Quicker starts and smoother going

. . . even on the coldest days

WHEN winter's chilly fingers try to tamper with the efficiency of your automobile engine, *are you prepared?*

Do you realize that the avoidance of winter motoring troubles is largely a matter of correct winter lubrication?

Of course some automobile engines in winter operate most efficiently with the same oil which is correct for summer use. In such cases a lighter oil, even though freer-flowing in cold weather, would fail to meet the other needs of the motor.

But many cars have engines which employ oil pumps, oil screens, oil piping or oil rectifiers of such design, size or location that lubricating oil of special fluidity is absolutely essential.

Many still store their cars in winter

because lazy oil makes winter driving a nuisance. There is no need to do this! You can't change your engine and you can't change the weather, but you can and should be sure that you are using the correct winter oil as soon as ice covers the puddles in the roadway.

Unsuitable oil brings three major drawbacks in winter motoring. They are:

① *Hard starting*—with its attendant strain on starter and battery—which can be minimized by using the grade of Mobiloil recommended for winter use in your car.

② *Oil pump troubles*—due to sluggish circulation—which also can be practically eliminated by using the proper winter grade of Mobiloil.

③ *Unusual wear*—due to incomplete distribution of the oil, particularly when starting the engine. And that too can be done away with by using the winter grade of Mobiloil.

The dealer can tell you whether your motor needs a change

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil for your car is a dealer in quality merchandise. You may safely re motoring needs.

He will show yo ommendations on oils are specified fo and motor trucks.

Place absolute
of Mobiloil th
your car. Bac
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Vacuum Oil Co cipal cities. Addr or Kansas City.

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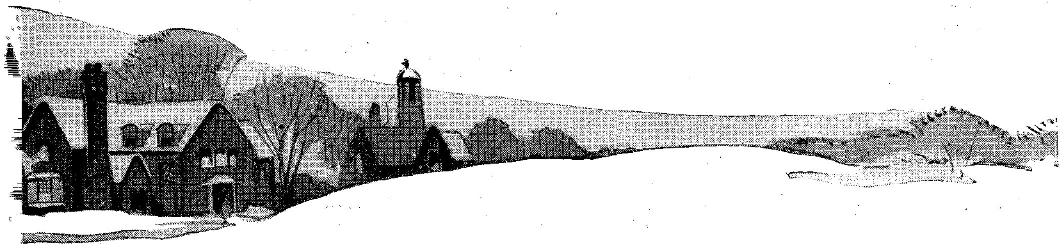

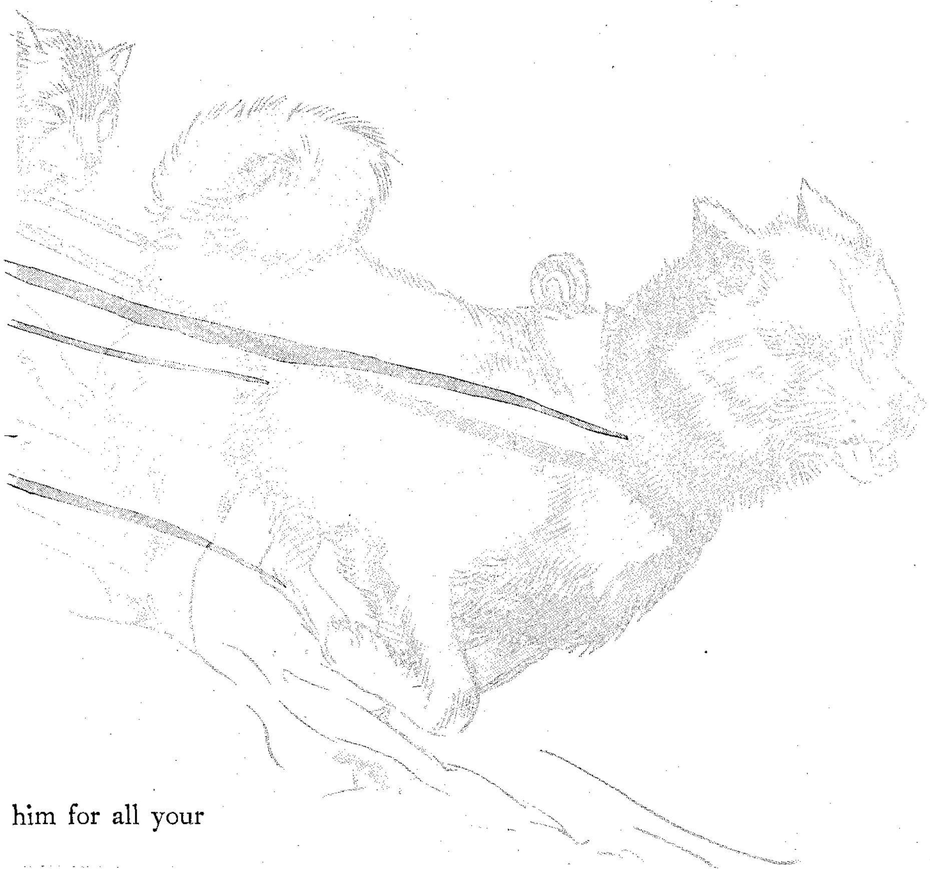

COLD WEATHER

Driving tips

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2. When starting in cold weather hold choke closed only while cranking. Open it part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4. Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freezing mixture in the radiator and keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5. Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during cold weather.

6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil in crankcase.

To assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

3. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.

4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil. Change oil every 500 miles thereafter.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" *(other mod's.)*	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *(other mod's.)*	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

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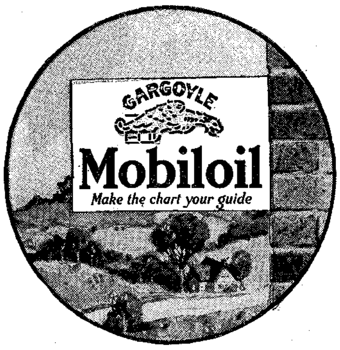
Check what you wish to have the garage man do. Give it to him with your car.

Inspect and adjust contact and breaker points.
Clean and adjust spark plugs.
Test and fill battery, or if below 1200 G. recharge.
Adjust carburetor.
Lubricate chassis and spring leaves.
Drain oil from crankcase and refill with correct grade of Mobiloil for winter.
Fill radiator with alcohol or anti-freeze mixture.
Supply radiator cover.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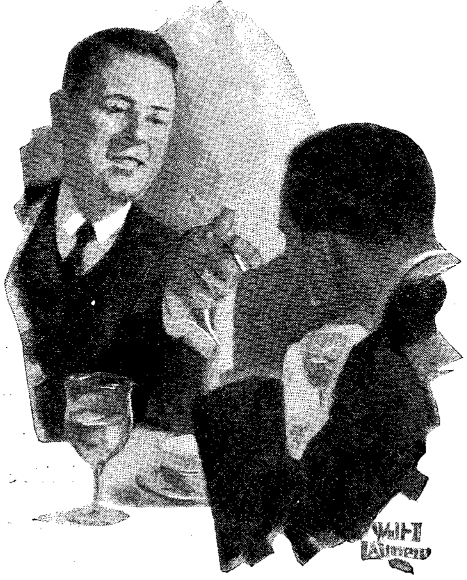


"That's where you are wrong, old man," said Porter.

"Razor blades are as good as they ever were."

"Then why can't I get a decent shave?" asked Stewart.

"Your own fault, my dear fellow. If you would strop your blades on a Twinplex they would shave like a dream."

"You wouldn't strop a new blade, would you?"

"Sure thing! That's where you fellows slip up. You think a new blade is ready to shave with. As a matter of fact, it needs the finishing touch of a good strop immediately before shaving."

"Why don't they strop them at the factory?"

"They do, but the edges of a good blade are as sensitive to temperature changes as is the mercury in a thermometer."

"I get you," said Stewart. "The stropping must be done just before shaving."

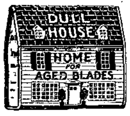
"Right-O. That's the only way you can get a keen edge for a comfortable shave."

"Think I'll try it," said Stewart. "Where can I get a Twinplex?"

"At any good store. You can't lose—Twinplex is guaranteed for ten years. If it doesn't make your blades shave better you can get your money back."

"That's fair enough."

"And what's more—Twinplex will make a blade last so long you'll soon save enough to pay for it."



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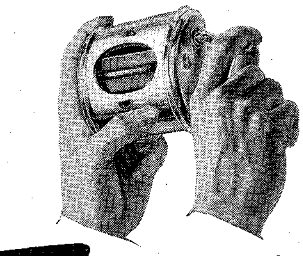

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

exceptional ability of those men, who missed no round of the ladder on their upward climb.

My list of the unlucky ones who bucked the metropolis and failed is much longer. Every Western town has a few representatives in New York who lie in wait for old friends from home on whom to effect a light and graceful touch.

These failures invariably remark with a sigh, "New York—it's the only place!" And it is—the best possible place in which to fail because no one knows it or cares particularly.

None of my forebears ever lived in a town as large as Indianapolis, which isn't half as agreeable and comfortable a town to live in nowadays as in the olden golden days when a stuffed bear on the sidewalk advertised Bamberger's hat and fur store in Washington Street, and a citizen who set up a two-horse carriage was sure to be warned against extravagance by his banker.

"Love danger," advised Zarathustra, but Bill Hohenzollern tried it on rather a magnificent scale and is now biting his nails in Holland.

There is still great merit in the simple life, proclaims this novelist, and the whiskered philosophers of the cracker barrel are not all fools. And he points the moral with this example:

Motoring across Minnesota, it was with a thrill that I found the guide-posts pointing to Rochester. I changed my course to inspect what is probably the most famous town of its size in all America. The Mayo brothers stayed right there in their home town and rubricated it on the map. There's plenty of work to be done in any small town.

Young men and women might do a fine job in almost any town of five thousand by making it so well-governed, clean and well-mannered that passing pilgrims would go forth to boost for it. It's a pet notion of mine that the elevation of the tone of our politics must begin in the smaller political units, and that it's up to the young sons and daughters of democracy to do the job.

I like, and believe it has been for the good of my soul, the intimate contact we have in the provinces with things political. Living in a State where the political pot is always at the boiling point, I have long been puzzled by the apathy of New Yorkers about the business of government. When an election is impending, one may hear the contest referred to, but always with a curious bewildered helplessness. I have asked gentlemen in highly respectable clubs about the municipal situation in New York only to be met with a reproachful stare, as if I had carried a deceased kitten into the room.

A banker who had lived in New York for forty years once asked me diffidently if I knew a certain Western Senator who, he thought, could assist in advancing a piece of legislation in which he was interested. He had never known a Senator—not even the representatives of his own State. The fact that I wired the Senator and got a prompt reply gave this gentleman a highly exaggerated idea of my importance.

There was, of course, nothing significant in the fact that a Senator answered a mere citizen's telegram, for in the provinces we all know whether our Senators wear galluses and sugar their lettuce, and we act accordingly.

In a big city I feel as I used to when my grandmother took me to hear the Boy Preacher, who declaimed nightly a terrifying peroration all about the coming of the Pale Rider who was going to make it hot for wicked boys like me.

The male clerks in New York shops always seem to me perfunctory, supprest, afraid of something or somebody. I prefer to buy my neckties of clerks at home who call me Nick and tell me about their babies and how Uncle Jim came in from Scott County last week and brought a bushel of sheep-nose apples.

Summing up his ideal small town, Mr. Nicholson tells us that there are trees in the yards, an Elks' Club and a Masonic Temple for social entertaining, and there's bound to be a country club with a weedy golf course and Saturday-night jazz. Furthermore—

Industry is represented by a flour-mill, a strawboard factory, a cannery, a creamery and a flourishing brickyard, and there are sure to be a few restless young persons who yearn to make a bigger town of it and, unless the horned money devils of Main Street succeed in their earnest attempts to discourage them, are very likely to do it.

About ninety-five per cent. of the native sons the country over are a lot better off to remain right where they start, intent upon such labors as God gives them to do, assured that if they are honest and industrious it won't be necessary at their passing for the mortician's assistants to do the pall-bearing.

HOOT MON! DINNA YE HEAR-R-R THE BAGPIPES?

ALTHO a Chicago jury once decided that the bagpipe is not "a musical instrument," a visitor to this year's Highland gatherings, the great autumnal festival of the land of clans, assures us that "when you have heard it miles and miles away on a quiet night in a Highland glen," you will be willing to scoff at Chicago juries. At the same time it is admitted that the bagpipe is a primitive instrument. "It is not a drawing-room instrument," we read. "You can not compare its music and symphony music any more than you can compare 'haggis' and champagne. They simply do not compare." Descending to details we learn that the "bagpipe has nine notes and they have nothing to do with the chromatic scale." The bagpipe scale does not exist in any other instrument. Its music can not be transposed from one key into another. More alarming still, "its notes are not necessarily in tune with one another and they are always more or less out of tune with the drones." That much is freely admitted by Clair Price, describing the gathering of the clans in the New York *Times*. But there seem to be extenuating circumstances. For instance:

The constant discords are a little relieved by the rapid grace notes that pipers call "cuts" or "warblers," which they interpolate between beats in repeating the same note, a practise due to the

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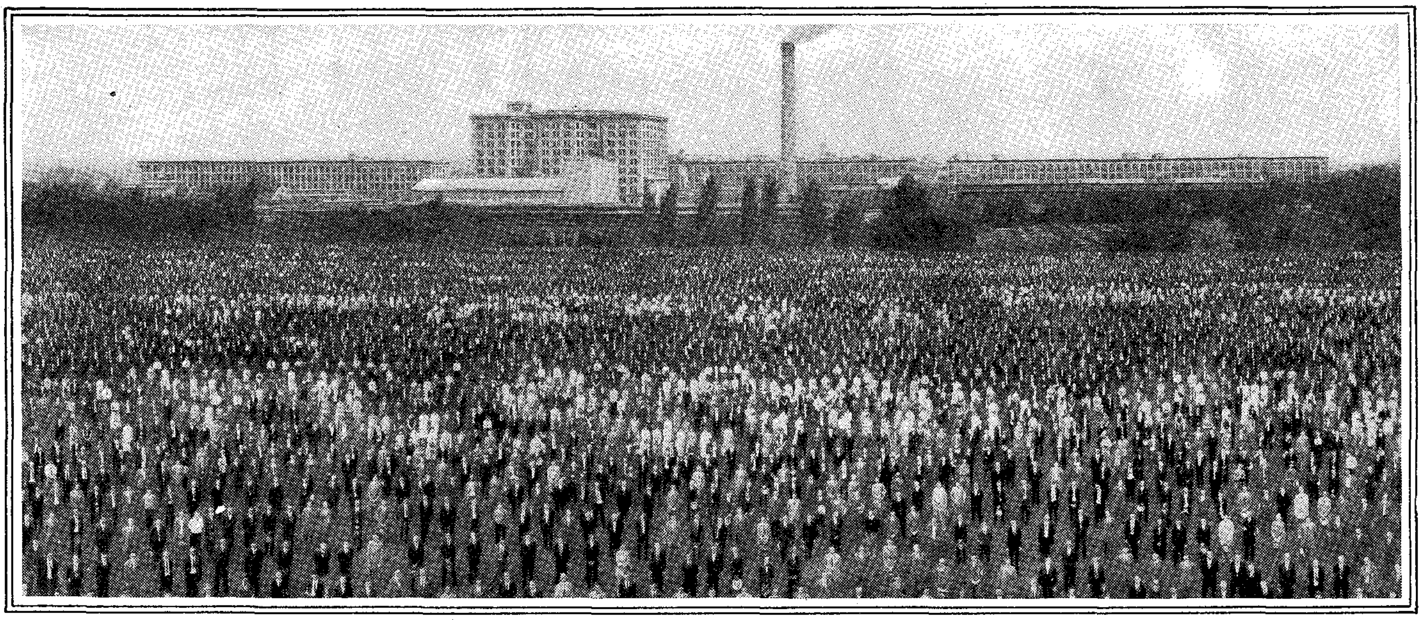
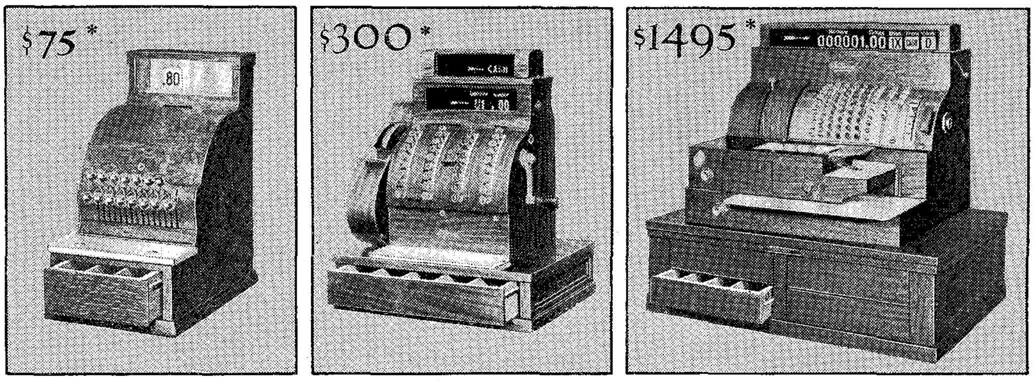


Photo of National Cash Register Plant and Employees, Taken June 2, 1925, Showing Four of the Twenty-six Factory Buildings



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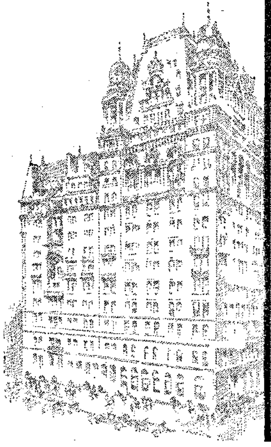

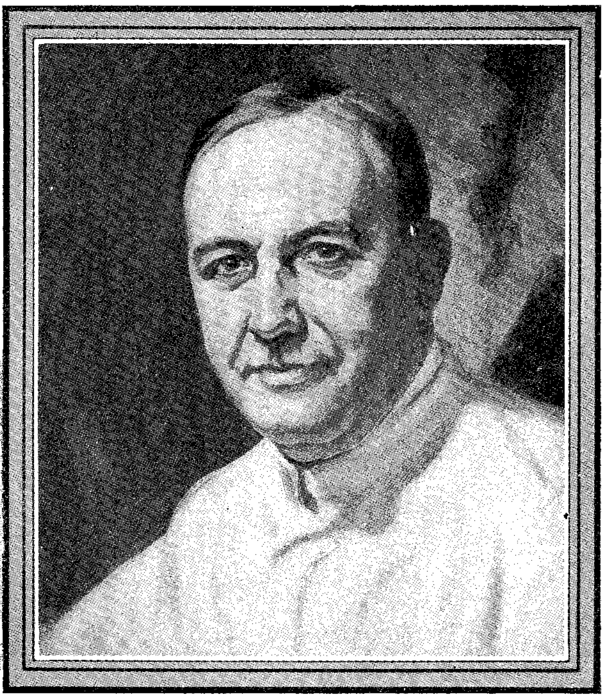

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"A sharp blade, a tube of Williams—that is my recipe for a perfect shave."

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Michael *of The* Waldorf

barber to princes and presidents gives his secret of a perfect shave

FOR Michael Orth no setting could be more perfect than the Waldorf. The stately Waldorf, with its mellow memories of great events and greater men. The distinguished Waldorf, where statesman and artist and financier pass and repass within its kindly walls.

It is over the Waldorf's gleaming barber-shop that Michael rules—tall, imperious, courtly.

After years of experience in shaving thousands of men, Michael has decided that the secret of a perfect shave lies in lather. And the perfect lather comes from Williams Shaving Cream alone.

In the speed with which it scatters the oil-film, and softens *all* of every hair, Michael has found Williams Shaving Cream to be unequalled. He will use no other lather on the distinguished faces of his patrons.

And Williams Cream is used exclusively not only in the Waldorf, but in all the other famous Terminal Barber Shops throughout the country.

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Each morning, in your own home, you can get the clean, restful sort of shave that Michael gives you at the Waldorf.

The white, uncolored Williams cream quickly piles up rich, dense lather. Your shave is quick, easy, comfortable. And afterwards your face feels fresh and soothed; for Williams contains a special healing ingredient for the skin.

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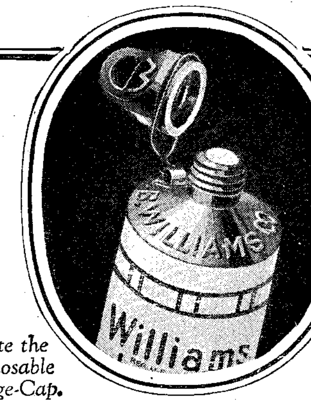

Note the Unlosable Hinge-Cap.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

technical difficulties of playing the instrument.

In recent years the bagpipe makers of Aberfeldy, Dundee, Glasgow and Edinburgh (where the name of Glen is sacred to all pipers) have produced a new form of pipe in which the chromatic scale is used, but this is a quite modern development. In the very long history of bagpipe music, it was not until 1784 that an Argyllshire minister made the first attempt to reduce it to ordinary musical notation; not until 1828 that Captain Neil MacLeod published his "Cannteireachd," hailed in Scotland as the most remarkable book in the history of music. Its importance may be gathered from the method used by the hereditary pipers to transmit the old pipe music to their apprentices. They used syllables instead of the musical notation which we know.

In pipe music the piobaireachd compares with the ordinary reels, as symphony compares with jazz. Here, for an example, is the opening of the piobaireachd Cogheigh nha Shie (the title is in Gaelic), as taught to apprentices from time immemorial by the McCrummens of Skye:

Hodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin,
Hodroha, hodroho, hodroho, hachin,
Hiodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin, etc.

It looks to us like gibberish; but there is a Scot in London who has heard it on the pipes in Skye and who says it is "grrrand music."

The old pipers ceased to exist when the Hereditable Jurisdictions act was imposed on Scotland in 1747. Their pipe music would have died out with them had not Capt. Neil MacLeod reduced it from these old syllables to modern musical notation in his "Cannteireachd" in 1828. It is thus that the oldest tunes of the piobaireachd music (Sir Walter Scott anglicized it to pibroch, which is easier to pronounce) have been enabled to survive. The old laments and salutes of ancient Scotland live in them to-day.

To Highland ears each of them tells its own story. Each clan thrills to its own pibrochs. Clansmen know the stories they tell. It may be a homely story of a peasant debating whether to emigrate or to pay his landlord the triple rent which a rival has offered. It may be the story of a wandering Prince, who sent an envoy to the clan to discover whether hospitality would be given him; and the pibroch will tell of the envoy's journey, of the Prince's growing anxiety as he awaits the envoy's return, of the good news the envoy brings and, finally, of the Prince's content as he reaches the chieftain's castle and settles down with his hosts for the night.

It may be the story of a raid on the clan; of the capture of the clan's piper; of how the piper was ordered to mask the enemy's approach by playing a joyful tune, and how he played a tune of wild alarm instead; of how he was stabbed and thrown into the loch for dead; of the fearful battle which ensued; of the clan's victory, and how its brave piper was rescued from the loch and nursed back to strength.

These are the old legends which the

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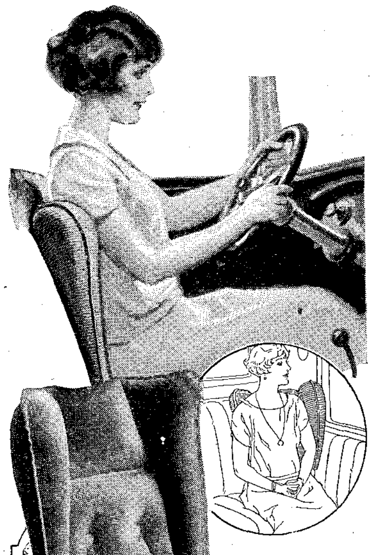

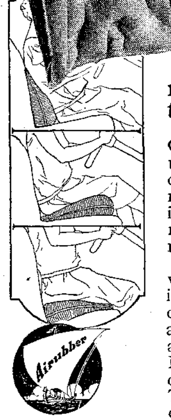

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

hereditary pipers have handed down from generation to generation, and they are played at the gatherings of the clans today. As we read:

> They are played by pipers attired in plaid jackets, kilts, and hose. Brooches hold the plaids at their shoulders. Jeweled dirks and powder-horns are at their sides; jeweled cases containing knives and forks are in their garters. Pipers still wear the tartans of their clans, as generations of pipers have done before them, and parade slowly from side to side as they play, just as their forebears used to do, on their masters' lawns or behind their masters' dinner tables. Even the manner in which a piper carries himself is prescribed by the bagpipe's tradition. The pride of a piper is proverbial.
>
> Pibrochs are the classical music of the bagpipes. A player of pibrochs would no more play reels or Strathspeys or marches than Pachmann would play jazz. There are a hundred players of reels to one of pibrochs. Scots who know their Gaelic divide pipe music into three parts: ceol mor, or big music, which consists of the great pibrochs; ceol meadhonach, or middle music, which consists of old folk-songs, croons and laments, and the more widely known ceol beag, or little music, which includes the familiar marches of British regimental pipers and the reels, and Strathspeys of the better class of street pipers.
>
> Reels and marches may be heard frequently, but it is only at the clan gatherings that the great pibrochs may be heard. It takes from twenty minutes to a half hour to play a pibroch right, tho. Like symphony music, pibroch begins by laying down a ground theme which may take five minutes or more for its development. With its theme announced, simple variations are introduced, becoming more complex as the piece advances. The final variations, which have their own Gaelic names (the language of pipe music is Gaelic just as the language of piano music is Italian), become very complex and as a rule are in quicker time, with doublings and treblings. It is on these wild but beautiful pibrochs that the Highlander is nurtured.

Of the structure of the instrument itself we are told that the bagpipe, in its Highland form, consists of an air-tight leather bag with three wooden stocks, usually of ebony, fitted into it, one of them holding the mouthpiece, another the chanter, another the three drones. And the writer continues:

> As most people know, it is played with the bag held under the arm, the drones over the shoulder, and with the fingers on the note-holes in the chanter at the front. Except that its scale is its own and does not exist in any other instrument, the bagpipe is similar to a church organ in principle. The player maintains the wind pressure on his drones and chanter by keeping the bag full of wind and regulates the volume of sound by the pressure of his arm on the bag.
>
> What he produces may not be the sweetest form of music in the world, but even to ears that are far from Scottish it is the most unforgettable of all music. If, on a walking tour through the Highlands, you hear the distant drone of the bagpipes slowly resolve itself into the tale of a bloody clan raid, such as the pibroch of Donuil Dhu tells, or if at a Highland funeral you hear the wail of "Lochaber No More," forget it if you can!

Americans "in unprecedented numbers" flocked to Scotland to witness the Highland gatherings, of which we are told:

> Never before have so many of us been awed and confused by bagpipes and kilts. Never before have we brushed so near to Scotland's secret. It is present in every gathering of the clans, altho we may be only dimly aware of it. One can not but reach the conclusion that nationality is made more romantic and decorative in Scotland than in any other country in the world.
>
> Why is one Maclean a brother to every other Maclean in the world? Why do all the Macphersons look up to Cluny as the head of their family, and all the Camerons look up to Lochiel? What makes the Mackenzies remember as long as they live that they are children of Seaforth? What makes the Campbells remember that they are children of MacCailien Mhor? Scottish lawyers and doctors and farmers and business men leave their work and travel hundreds, sometimes thousands, of miles to attend the gatherings of their clans. Why? The Smiths do not conduct themselves in this primitive fashion. The Browns do not.
>
> How does Scotland do it? It is her own secret. The Hereditable Jurisdictions act, a century or more ago, aimed at abolishing the clan system in Scotland. But are there not 20,000 MacNeills in the United States banded together in their clan association? And did not The MacNeill of Barra, the forty-fifth hereditary chieftain of the clan, cross to New York a year or two ago to join their assemblage?
>
> Royalty itself attends the famous Braemar gathering, where the bearded giants of three clans, the Farquharsons, the Duffs and the Stewarts, compete in the playing of the pipes, participate in reels and flings and sword dances and toss the caber. There are gatherings in the Highlands from June to October, at which the bagpipe and the kilt preserve color and flavor in a world grown increasingly gray and level.
>
> It is a magnificent achievement. Only Scotland knows how it is done. The rest of us who do so little to decorate our modern world may profitably flock to Scotland, as we have been doing these last few weeks. We may find ourselves queerly moved by the skirling of the bagpipes and fascinated by the swing of the kilts, but bagpipes and kilts are only the carved work on the portico of Scotland's secret. Beyond the portico we can not penetrate.
>
> It is all very well for Scottish archeologists to tell us that the harp and not the bagpipe is the true musical instrument of Scotland; that the tartan trews and not the kilt is her true national dress; that French claret and not whisky is her true national drink. The purists are no doubt correct. They usually are. That is what purists are for. It may even be true, as the purists tell us, that the hunting and fighting traditions which the gatherings perpetuate are unjust to the clans themselves, emphasizing traditions of medieval wildness instead of the peace-loving traditions which characterized their clans in their heyday.
>
> Yet all this hardly helps us. Despite

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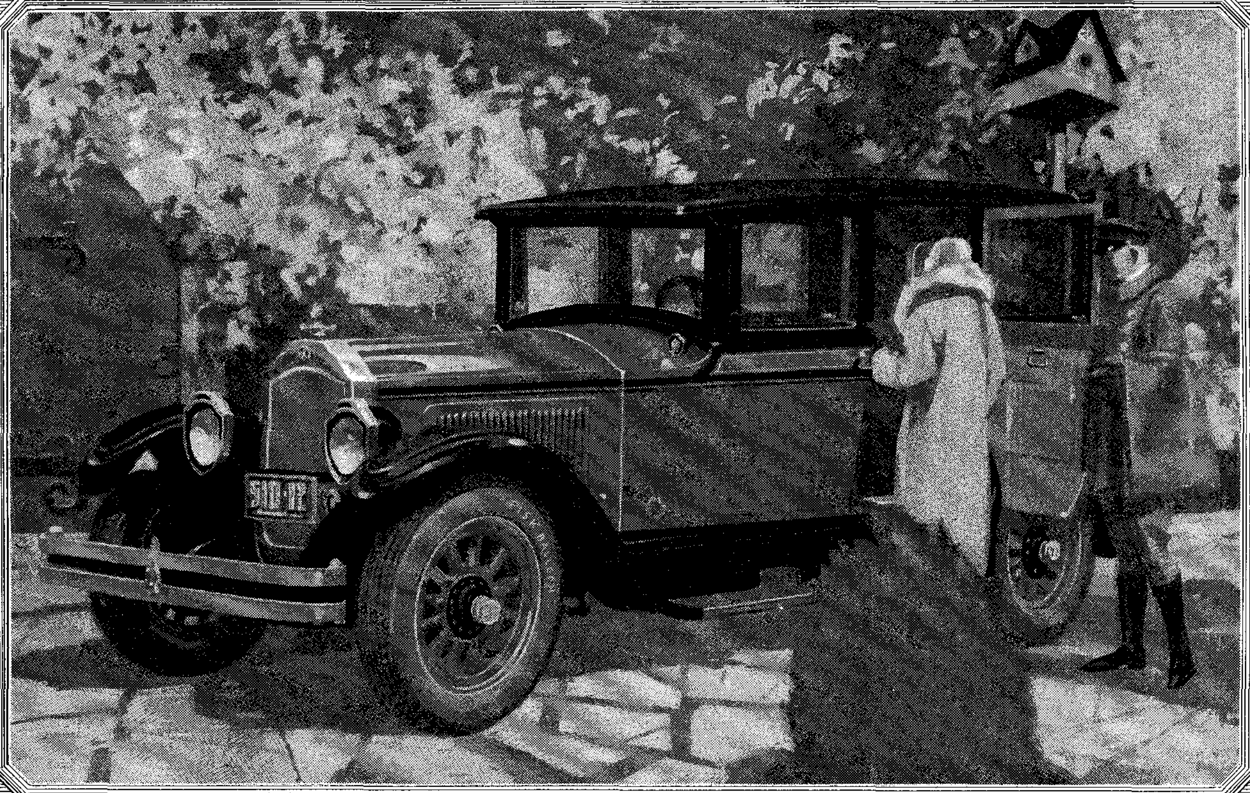

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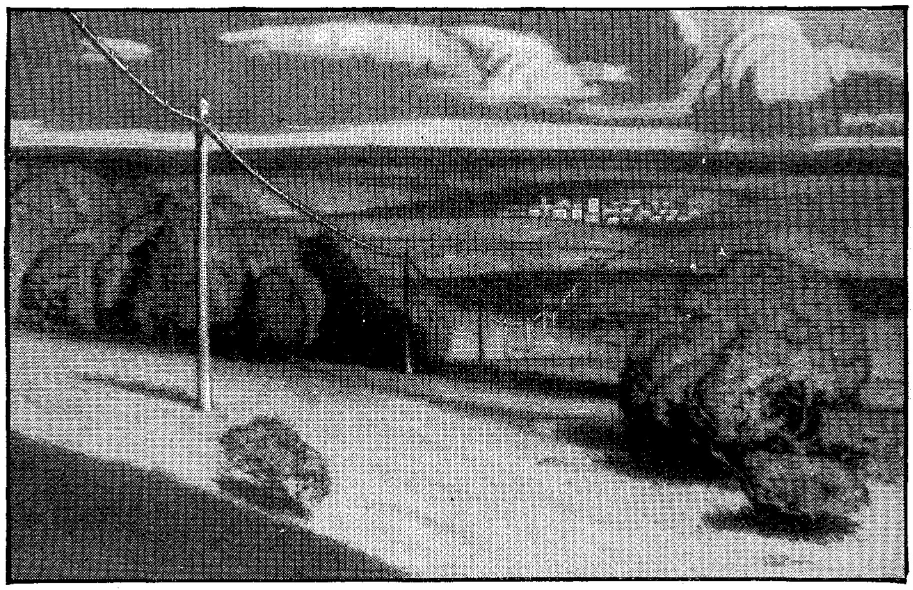
WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

THE SYMBOLS OF A DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CAR



Safeguarding the lanes of speech

The New York-Chicago telephone cable has been completed and is now in service. A triumph of American telephone engineering, the new cable is the result of years of research and cost $25,000,000 to construct. Its first reach extended along the Atlantic seaboard, then steadily westward until this last long section to Chicago was put into service.

To the public, this cable means dependable service irrespective of weather conditions. It is now not likely that sleet storms, which at times interfere with the open wire type of construction with 40 to 50 wires on a pole, will again cut off the rest of the nation from New York or from the nation's capital as did the heavy sleet storm on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

The new cable means speedier service, as it provides numerous additional telephone circuits and will carry a multitude of telephone and telegraph messages. It would take ten lines of poles, each heavily loaded with wires, to carry the circuits contained in this most modern artery of speech.

This cable, important as it is, is only one of the Bell System projects that make up its national program for better telephone service to the subscriber. It is another illustration of the System's intention to provide the public with speedier and even more dependable service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the purists, the bagpipe and kilt remain the symbols of Scottish nationality. They bring a hint of the Highlands even to those who are not Scots. They make us stop and wonder and eventually part with sixpence to one of those Whitechapel Highlanders who abound in the streets of London. Every detail of his conglomerate Scottish dress thrills us: his old Ninety-third Highlanders' kilt with the Royal Stuart plaid; his belt-buckle, as big as a soup-plate; his terrific sporran and his old cavalry sword in place of a Highland claymore. Even the Irish jig which he plays on his Highland bagpipe brings back to us the romance of the misty Highlands; the shadows of mountains and forests; the pathos of old loyalties and lost causes. Show us a bagpipe and a kilt and we become more Scottish than the Scots.

A GRIEVED GAUL WHO FINDS US A NATION OF CHILDREN

THE seamy side of the American fabric is now presented to Parisian readers by Othon Guerlac, a recent visitor to these shores. He groups his unfavorable impressions as an "antidote" to some previous comments on certain things that we actually do better in America. But M. Guerlac remarks, in *La Victoire*, that the French public is "tired of hearing the incessant praise of the famous American 'efficiency,'" and adds mischievously, "At this time in particular we do not mind hearing a little evil of our creditors." Turning to an examination of our intellectual food, he says that it seems to justify "the reproach which the Frenchman so often makes to the American, and to the Englishman too, that Americans are more 'juvenile' and less 'sophisticated' than the Europeans." And he continues:

> The American reads a lot of fiction—too much fiction. The great weekly, with a circulation of several millions, *The Saturday Evening Post*, owes its enormous success to the romances and the novels which it publishes. There is a whole industry engaged in feeding a public hungry for romantic adventures. A single company alone publishes five magazines of this character. Moreover, the "movies," with which you are familiar, have instructed you on this point.
>
> Altho the better newspapers are superior to our own through the abundance of news items, they are too often edited with an eye for a public which prefers sensational news, unusual occurrences and crime to academic discussions. Yet I must add that in general the press knows how to distinguish and does distinguish sharply between its new features and its polemics—a state of affairs which our newspapers generally ignore.
>
> Nevertheless, the American public has one thing to its credit. It is not the slave of its press and does not "swallow whole" all that is told to it. I have often had occasion to note the fact that the voters find a way to vote for candidates whom all the newspapers condemn. Rather it is the newspapers and the politicians, in particular, who are the slaves of the public,

FADA Radio

FADA

Tune up your toes-Lopez is on the air!

ROLL back the rugs! Roll back the years! It's time for stepping out—when FADA RADIO lures Lopez into your home!

But unless your Radio is up to the FADA RADIO Standard of Reception—even the marvel-music of Lopez may sound like a Hurdy-Gurdy. To get perfect clearness, perfect tone-shading, satisfactory volume—you can depend on FADA RADIO—daily more widely recognized as the criterion for all radio performance.

And the ease with which you can tune in and out with FADA RADIO makes any evening's program one strictly of your own choosing, whether the desired stations are close at hand or scattered over the continent.

Strong Statements—Let's Prove Them! Of course, the best way to judge FADA RADIO Reception is to hear it in your home. The nearest Fada Authorized Dealer will be glad to demonstrate one on trial, free of obligation. Most of them will arrange convenient terms of payment if desired.

And remember, when you own one, FADA RADIO Service guarantees the maintenance of the Fada Standard of Reception.

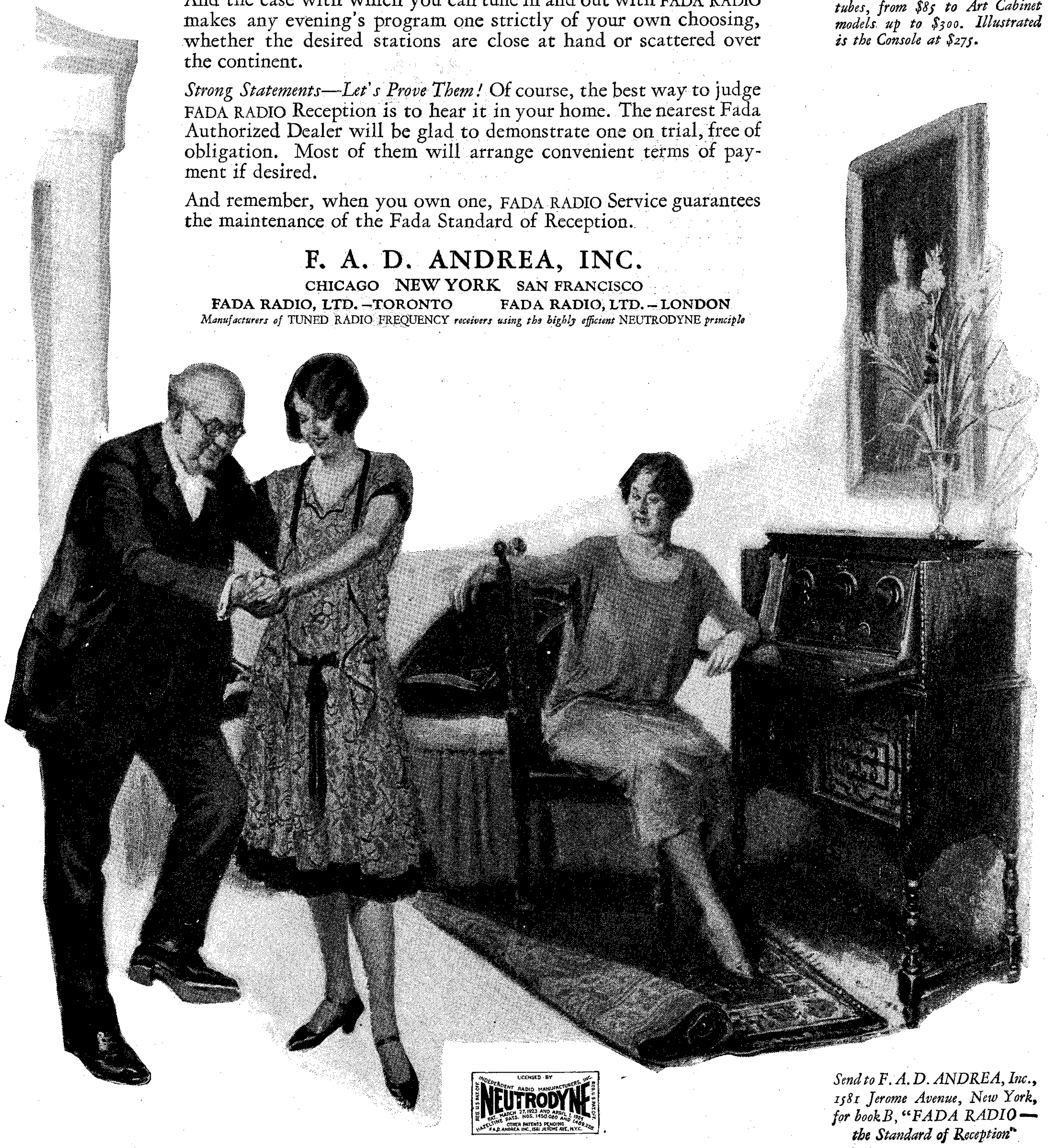
There is a Fada Radio model for every purse—all 5-tube Neutrodyne sets for dry cell or storage battery tubes, from $85 to Art Cabinet models up to $300. Illustrated is the Console at $275.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.

CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

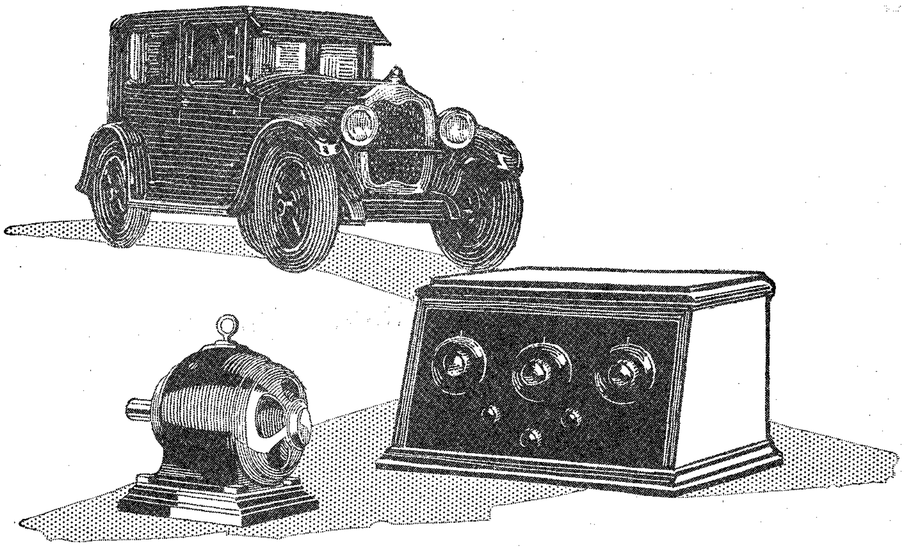
FADA RADIO, LTD.—TORONTO FADA RADIO, LTD.—LONDON

Manufacturers of TUNED RADIO FREQUENCY *receivers using the highly efficient* NEUTRODYNE *principle*



LICENSED BY INDEPENDENT RADIO MANUFACTURERS, INC.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. NEUTRODYNE REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PAT. MARCH 27, 1923 AND APRIL 1, 1924
HAZELTINE PATS. NOS. 1450,080 AND 1489,228
OTHER PATENTS PENDING
F. A. D. ANDREA INC., 1581 JEROME AVE., N.Y.C.

Send to F. A. D. ANDREA, Inc., 1581 Jerome Avenue, New York, for book B, "FADA RADIO—the Standard of Reception"



In Countless Products Formica is Evidence of Quality

IN fourteen years Formica has won its place as an essential raw material in thousands of products — and in not one of them was it used because it was a cheaper material than the one it displaced. This wide-spread and growing use of Formica is a splendid testimonial to ideal of quality held by the American manufacturer. It is equally eloquent of the fact that quality pays!

Formica has been the standard radio insulation in the sets of more than 125 radio manufacturers. It is used for front panels because of its fine finish, its mechanical strength, its perfect insulating qualities. And for the still more important reason that all of its qualities are permanent — unchanged by time, weather or conditions.

It has been used for silent timing gears in many of the leading automobiles and has established with engineers a reputation for durability, easy accurate working, and lasting silence.

In industry you find it used in gears and pinions to quiet the machinery and absorb destructive shocks.

In electrical products it is an insulation unaffected by humidity, heat and weather. An insulation that is free from both mechanical and electrical weakness.

It has provided a more durable and lasting pump valve material for all sorts of large and small pumps, on ships, in the oil fields, in the packing houses.

Wherever you see Formica it is in a product whose makers are technically abreast of the times, and who put a proper value on quality in their products.

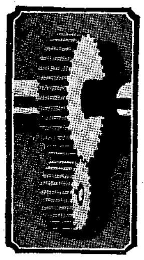
Formica timing gears for the replacement trade are made and sold by The Perfection Gear Company, Chicago, Ill.

All good radio dealers will supply Formica panels in neat craft paper envelopes, trade-marked, for the home radio set builder.

Write for booklet, "What Formica Is."

THE FORMICA INSULATION CO.
4646 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

FORMICA
Made from Anhydrous Bakelite Resins
SHEETS TUBES RODS



Formica gears silence the machinery in many factories and also many machines made for use in the home, the store and the office.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

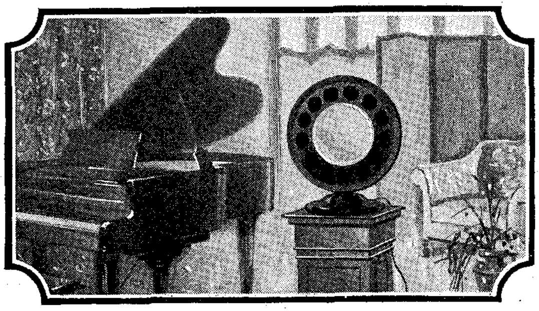
> or at least of the most "vocal" (as they say there) and most militant party of the public.
>
> It is here that I touch on what seems at present to be the weak point of American society. Prohibition on the one side and the Dayton Trial on the other, illustrate this situation. In the one case as in the other, the press and, above all, the political world have allowed themselves to be absolutely terrorized by a minority which one would call here "right-thinking." The latter, through an ably managed campaign of propaganda, have caused laws to be passed of which neither the papers nor the politicians approved. Nevertheless they did not bother to resist them.
>
> This means that in this country, to-day so different in its composition from the American of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the descendants of the Puritans and the Calvinists of former times have only had to organize themselves in order to impose laws which do not correspond to the ideas or the customs of the present day. All those who have examined the state of opinion in Tennessee concur in recognizing that this impossible law against evolution was voted by legislators who simply believed they were making a platonic gesture, signed by a governor who did not wish to compromise his political future.
>
> We find here a phenomenon sufficiently similar in another way (this is the time to say it) to the fear which our deputies have for the power of the votes of the cheap wine merchants.

So true is it, Mr. Guerlac exclaims in a parenthesis, that political phenomena do not differ so much as between one country and another, and that civic courage has never been the dominant quality of the representatives of the "sovereign people." But he also has something to say about some of America's physically unattractive aspects. The cities and countryside are "often very disappointing," and he specifies:

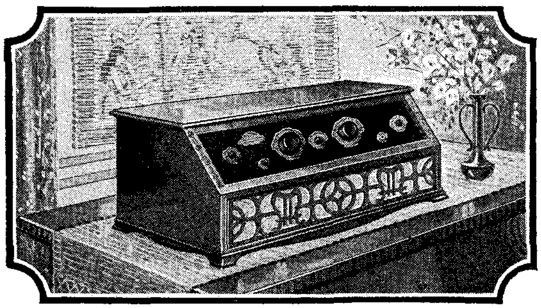
> The cities, all built on the same model, especially in the East, the Middle West (lit. 'center') and the West, in so far as they meet the eye of the passing traveler, have something about them which is cruelly commonplace and monotonous. Railroad station surroundings generally present a mournful aspect. Grain elevators, warehouses, dismal hotels, Chinese laundries and everything that is sordid and ill-favored seem to muster themselves there in order to greet the new arrival.
>
> Then comes the inevitable business district where one meets everywhere, in Seattle as in St. Louis, in Atlanta as in Boston, the forty-story skyscrapers, the banks, the hotels, the wholesale and the retail stores. All this is colossal, imposing heavy and gloomy. If you have to kill an hour, there is no pleasing coffee-house where you may sit and watch the crowd go by. You must choose between the hotel lobbies where the whole world is "at home" or the candy-shops and drug-stores where ice-cream and sodas are sold.
>
> Even before the "Dry Era" the horrible saloons were very mediocre refuges where one could only drink in a standing-up position. . . . With the exception of the

MUSIC MASTER *SUPREME!*

—as in Reproduction, so in Reception

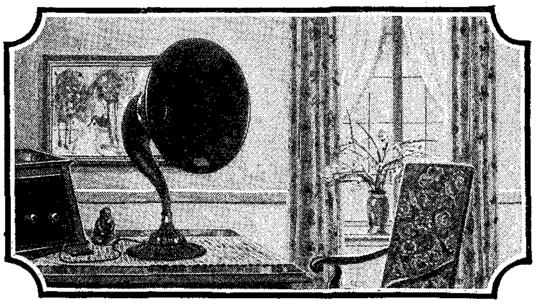


Played, Sung or Spoken before the Microphone—



Music Master's Sensitive Mechanism Receives,

Endues with Power, Clarity and Volume.



Music Master Resonant Wood Insures Natural Tone Quality

BETWEEN broadcasting station and Music Master Reproducer stands MUSIC MASTER Receiver to bring in today's wonderful New Era super-program with splendid fidelity of effect and naturalness of tone.

Music Master Radio Receivers incorporate every demonstrated principle of standard radio reception and reproduction.

Music Master Receivers furnish radio reception equal in efficiency to the world-standard quality of radio reproduction achieved in Music Master Reproducer. Perfectly balanced radio reception and reproduction are thus available to discriminating radio lovers.

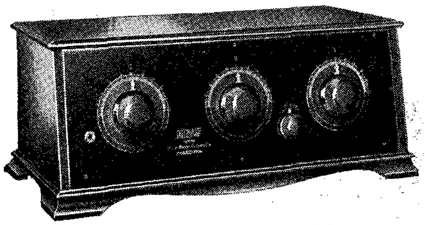
Ask any authorized dealer to demonstrate for you what clarity in reception may really be—what distance range is really available—what selectivity really means.

See MUSIC MASTER—hear—compare—before you buy *any* radio set.

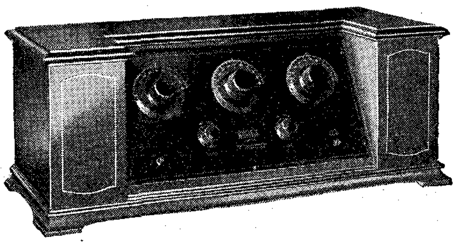
TYPE 60

Five Tubes. Two stages of radio frequency, detector and two stages audio frequency. Selective, good volume and distance. Brown mahogany art finish cabinet. Price. . . $60

(*Canadian Prices Slightly Higher*)



Ten Models—$50 to $460—Unconditionally Guaranteed



TYPE 100

Five Tubes. New Music Master circuit, involving special adaptation to radio frequency. Very selective, good volume and distance. Solid mahogany cabinet in brown mahogany art satin finish. Price. . . $100

Music Master Corporation

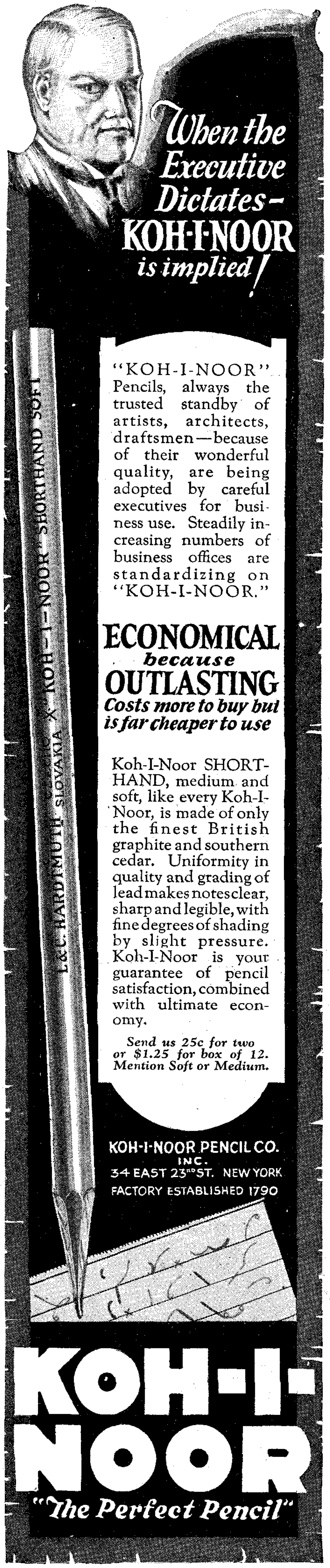
Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

CHICAGO NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH MONTREAL

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

Music Master

RADIO PRODUCTS



L.&C. HARDTMUTH SLOVAKIA X KOH-I-NOOR SHORTHAND SOFT

When the Executive Dictates—KOH-I-NOOR is implied!

"KOH-I-NOOR" Pencils, always the trusted standby of artists, architects, draftsmen—because of their wonderful quality, are being adopted by careful executives for business use. Steadily increasing numbers of business offices are standardizing on "KOH-I-NOOR."

ECONOMICAL because OUTLASTING
Costs more to buy but is far cheaper to use

Koh-I-Noor SHORTHAND, medium and soft, like every Koh-I-Noor, is made of only the finest British graphite and southern cedar. Uniformity in quality and grading of lead makes notes clear, sharp and legible, with fine degrees of shading by slight pressure. Koh-I-Noor is your guarantee of pencil satisfaction, combined with ultimate economy.

Send us 25c for two or $1.25 for box of 12. Mention Soft or Medium.

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KOH-I-NOOR
"The Perfect Pencil"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

public gardens, the only sections of the town which are pleasing to the eye are the residential districts. They are truly charming and elegant oases, well maintained with their vast green lawns, and their flower-beds which surround the houses.

Even the American countryside is disappointing. There are too many uncultivated areas, too many empty fields and, on the outskirts of the towns, too many badly maintained and wretched-looking sections, which bring to mind the worst features of the worst suburbs of Paris. The streets inhabited by the negroes, the wooden shanties of the immigrants, the factories, the piles of rubbish and refuse seem to take a genuine pleasure in unfolding their horrors along the railroad tracks.

Undoubtedly the villages inhabited by the farmers atone for this unfavorable impression. Also, without doubt, the American farmer, even if in modest circumstances, has his own house separate from the stables, the chicken-coops and the piggeries, which are always about one hundred and fifty feet away from the house. But these houses are almost always of wood. And the wood requires to be repainted frequently. Nothing is prettier than a freshly painted farmhouse and nothing is sadder than a cottage which has been allowed to deteriorate.

The American drinks little or badly and eats also not too wisely—at least to judge him according to French traditions.

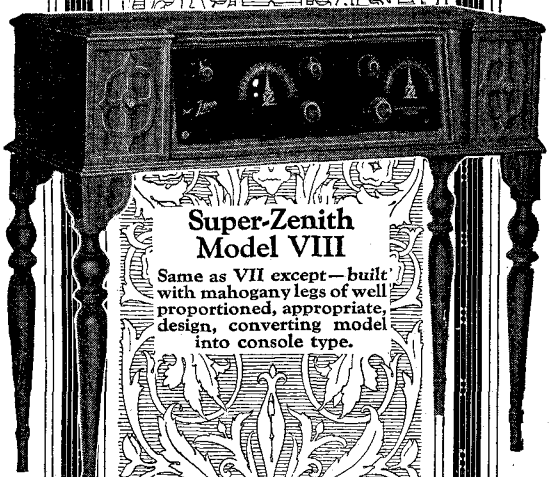
HOW "SPARKS" GETS A RIGHT TO HIS JOB

IT'S not the easiest thing in the world to be a wireless operator at sea. For, as Walter B. Hayward writes in the New York *Times*, "the Government does not bestow its favors lightly upon boys who must carry responsibility at sea with no one near-by to lend a hand." Room 603 of the New York Custom House is, we are told, the place where Uncle Sam's radio examiners sit in judgment upon the candidates for operators' licenses in the Second Radio Inspection District. The natural thing is for a radio operator to start in as a B. C. L., a broadcast listener, building his own sets and sitting up late at night. "Having exhausted the possibilities in this field, he turns his attention to the Continental Morse Code and transmitting apparatus, investigating the mysteries of continuous wave—C. W., he calls it." But before he can go any further the young man must go to room 603 for examination:

> They give him a table, pad, pencil and earphones and let him face the omnigraph, a spring motor device that sends letters, words, phrases and sentences in code at specified rates of speed. He does not like it. He thinks it an infernal machine because its transmission is perfect, and he has been accustomed to the erratic dots and dashes of the key operated by human fingers. But he can't escape the omnigraph, with its high-pitched buzzer and its even, precise signals. He must take ten words a minute accurately, and after that he must prove that he understands the functioning of his individual set and has a fair knowledge of the radio communication laws and regulations. If he fails, he is not disgraced and forever barred. He can return in three months and try again.
>
> With his amateur ticket and his code letters safely in hand, he begins to look further afield. The fascination of the game has got him. He thinks of radio as a career. He covets the commercial license, which will enable him to go to sea, get a glimpse of the world and gain the experience that will plant his foot firmly upon the ladder. This means months of monotonous "brass pounding," as he calls his work with the key, in order to acquire a good "fist" and theoretical and practical study of transmitting and receiving apparatus.
>
> What does he learn? Something about Ohm's law, inductance, capacity, alternating currents, storage batteries, motor-generators, motor-starting and control devices, antenna systems and a dozen other things, including the handling of traffic and the rules and laws governing radio communications. And when he has got all these things into his head he must spill them out again in Room 603, after showing that he can receive perfectly twenty words in code a minute. A mind that concentrates, a sensitive ear to distinguish dots from dashes and a good "fist" will pull him through, all things being equal. He may be all there with the theory, but unless he takes the code hurdle he is flunked.
>
> Barely out of his teens, an amateur turned professional, he goes to sea, probably in a tramp. He is Sparks now, holding a commercial first-grade, third-class license, and the master of a more formidable transmitting set than his C. W. set at home. He may have little or no commercial traffic to handle, but his duties are coordinated with the navigation of the ship. He works other vessels, listens for signals from the radio fog stations and gets radio compass bearings—a little art in itself—for his skipper. And he finds out soon enough that radio inspectors ashore work him to discover if he is on the job.
>
> If Sparks makes good, he can at the end of six months have his license raised to first grade, second class, and in another six months, if he can attain a code speed of twenty-five words a minute, and show a clean service record, the inspectors will raise his license to that of commercial first grade, first class. Now Sparks is eligible for appointment to the radio room of a transatlantic liner, and is well started on his career. Later he may aspire to the extra commercial, extra first grade, which is given only to those who have superior knowledge and skill, and look forward to the day when he may find a billet ashore as a radio engineer.

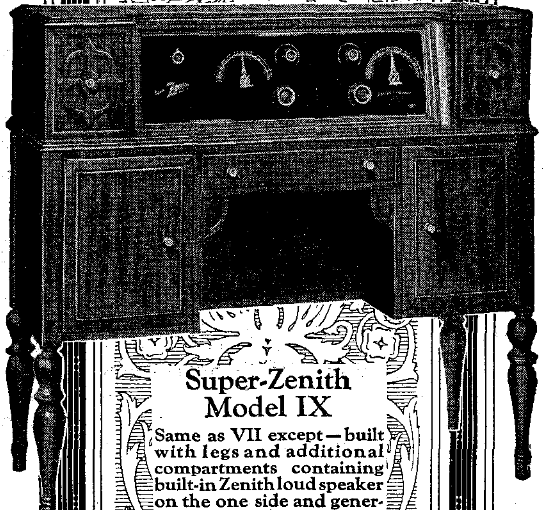
And conducting examinations, it seems, is merely by the way of "incidental business for the supervisor of radio and his staff." According to Mr. Hayward:

> His office is the nerve center, so to speak, of radio communications in the New York district, the most important of all because of the great number of stations of all types and the complicated traffic problem that ensues from their operation. More than 3,000 vessels carrying radio equipment clear from the Port of New York every year, and the apparatus of each ship is inspected before she sails—a continuous



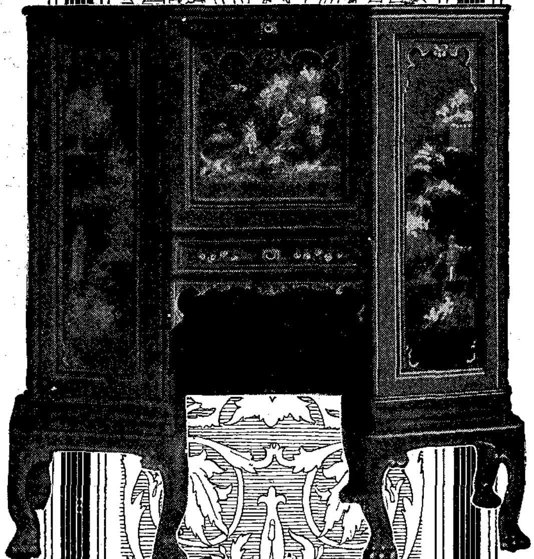
Super-Zenith Model VIII

Same as VII except—built with mahogany legs of well proportioned, appropriate, design, converting model into console type.



Super-Zenith Model IX

Same as VII except—built with legs and additional compartments containing built-in Zenith loud speaker on the one side and generous storage battery space on the other.



New Zenith De Luxe Chinese Model

Equipped with two built-in loud speakers, Bates Rotary Log, illuminated dial, single control specially constructed Zenith Radio Circuit.

Why Zenith is Here to Stay—

If you own a Super-Zenith it is not necessary to tell you why the instrument is here to stay.

If you are contemplating the purchase of a radio and want one that will be thoroly satisfactory years from today—this message is for you.

In the beginning we confronted a grave question—the choice of one or the other of two business policies.

One way open was to make radios "at a price" in large quantities.

This plan we discarded and chose the other road—the road of business soundness—customer satisfaction and absolute permanence.

We designed and manufactured a superior instrument—the finest radio of its kind humanly possible to produce.

We chose this policy—not because we felt it would be the most profitable immediately, but because we knew it would be best in the long run.

As the result of that decision, Zenith has maintained a steady and ever-growing volume and owner endorsement.

Every Super-Zenith is a perfectly balanced radio instrument—simple yet responsive and highly sensitive—giving distance with ease—yet preserving clear, wonderfully true tones.

Literature gladly sent on request.

Again Commander Donald B. MacMillan chooses Zenith for his Arctic Expedition. When human lives may depend upon the reliability of radio performance, only one reason can explain his choice: Zenith has proved to be the best obtainable at any price.

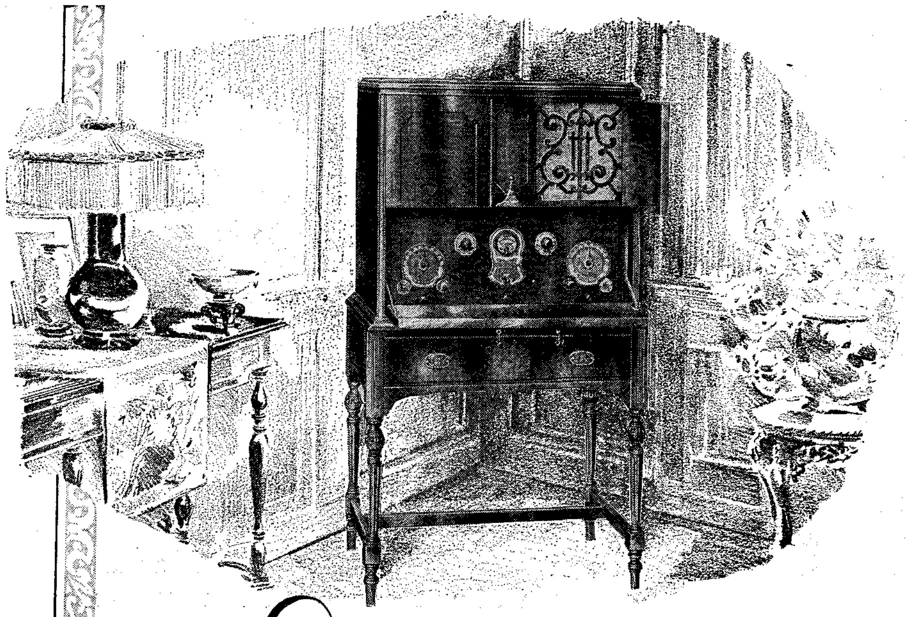
Zenith Radio Corporation, Straus Bldg., Chicago

ZENITH TRADE MARK REG

→LONG DISTANCE← TRADE MARK REG. **RADIO**

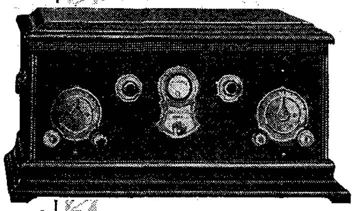
It Costs more—but it Does more

Super-Zeniths priced from $240 to $355
DeLuxe Art Model Cabinets from $500 to $2,000
Other Zenith Sets $100 and $175

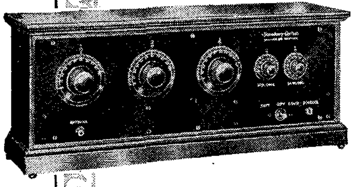


A Beautiful Receiver with a Telephonic Heritage

No. 602 Art Console [above]. Finished in American Walnut; built-in Loud Speaker; space for batteries and battery charger; 6-tube; totally shielded; takes new tube bases.



No. 601 Table Model—6-tube; totally shielded; dual control; volt meter; takes new tube bases; operates either horn or cone type loud speaker; Solid Mahogany.



No. 1 Type Table Model. 5-tube; has antenna coupling switch; also key for switching from first audio to second audio frequency amplifier. Solid Mahogany.

RADIO engineering is telephone engineering once the signal enters the receiver. In other words—how far you hear, how much you hear, how accurately you hear, depends upon the same principles as those used in the construction of the telephone.

For more than 30 years Stromberg-Carlson has been making high grade telephone equipment, and the reason that this equipment has constantly met the exacting standards of public utilities, is because every worker in the Stromberg-Carlson plant has realized that his work was of vital importance; has taken pride in so performing his task that Stromberg-Carlson quality would be assured.

Radio apparatus and the Telephone are so intimately related that with this experience and *esprit de corps*, Stromberg-Carlson engineers and craftsmen have been able to produce Radio Receivers that are the delight of enthusiasts everywhere.

The unexpected range of these receivers—their startling fidelity of tone· ·their simplicity—as well as their durability and freedom from trouble come from this telephonic heritage.

Ask your dealer to show you NEUTRODYNE *the latest Stromberg-Carlson Receivers*

Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Chicago Kansas City Toronto

Stromberg-Carlson

Makers of voice transmission and voice reception apparatus for more than thirty years

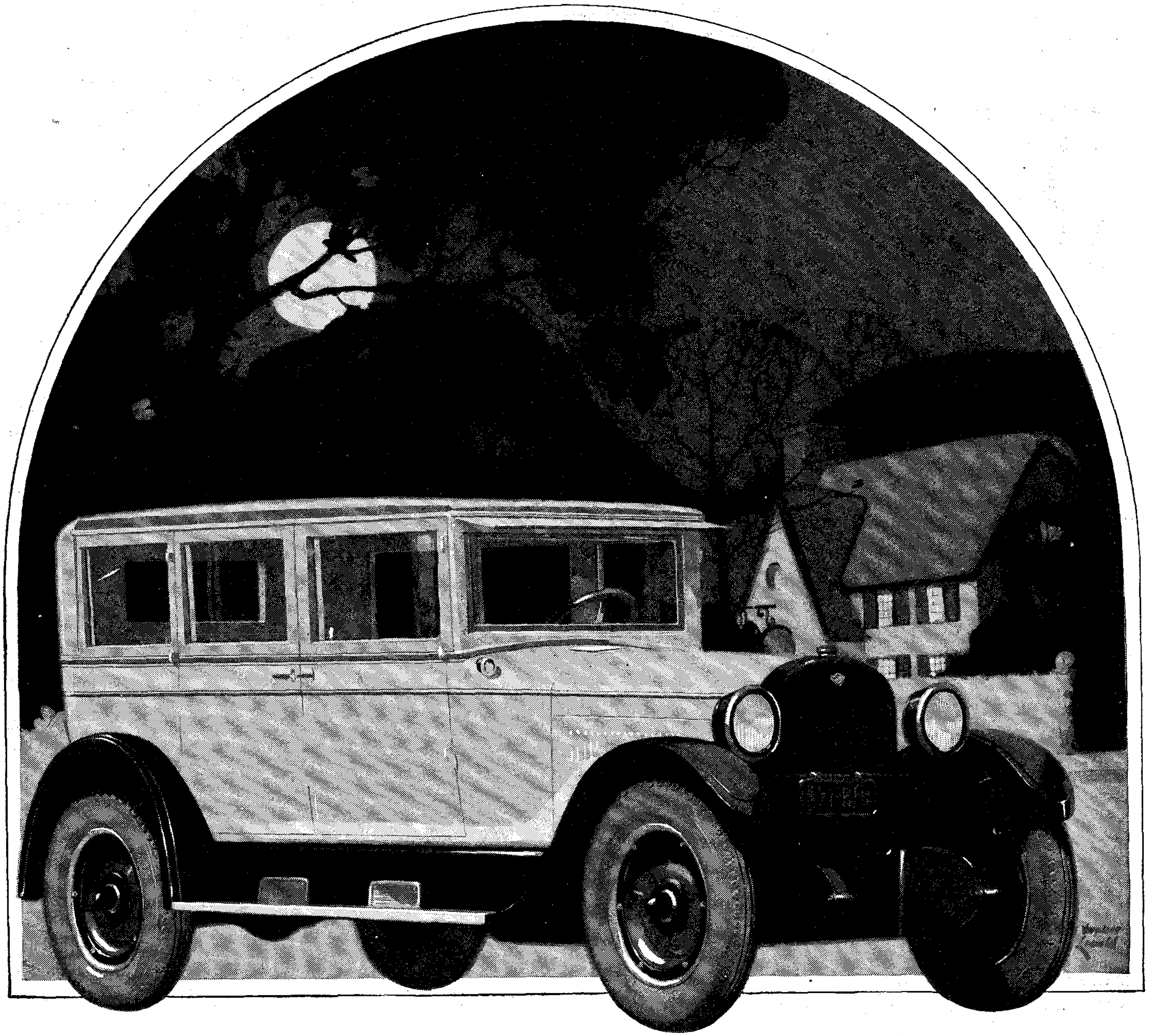
PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

task in itself. Again, the Supervisor of Radio has thirty-six broadcasting stations under his official care and numerous stations that handle ship traffic and overseas traffic to many lands. New York is also a radio compass station; fog signals are sent out from various points along the coast near by, and there are government land stations and private radio laboratories for experimental work in the ether.

A HORSE-RACE FOR HOMES

AND the rest of the title should be, "How Fred Sutton won it." But the horse-race wasn't all, for after the winner had filed his claim on the Cherokee strip he saw a town grow from one house to a city of six thousand in exactly six hours, with the added thrill of an execution and a murder. All this happened back in 1893 and Fred E. Sutton is telling the tale in the Dallas *News*. Of course, we all remember that much of the State of Oklahoma was carved out of the old Indian lands which were successively opened to settlement in 1891, 1893, 1895, 1901 and 1906. In 1892 the Cherokees sold the Government the territory known as "The Cherokee Strip," and not long afterward the Government opened the land for settlement. The plan was for prospective settlers to be ready on the border on a given day, registered and in line, then at the crack of the pistol to rush across and pick out their claims—first come, first served. Fred E. Sutton made up his mind that he would be the first settler at Wharton, now Perry, Oklahoma. This was about twelve miles from Orlando, on the boundary of the strip. The race was to begin at noon on September 16. Sutton went to Oklahoma City in July and paid $25 for a five-year-old snow-white mustang, that had never been saddled or ridden. He broke him in and gave him hard training, at one time making him run eighteen miles a day at full speed for fourteen days in succession. So the horse was ready. Next thing was to register for the race. When Mr. Sutton, as he tells the story, went to the land agent's office he found a line of people a mile long at the window. There was nothing to do but stick in line, and stick he did for fifty-eight mortal hours. On the second night he was nearly dead from hunger and thirst when he heard a horse galloping across the prairie and the voice of an old friend: "I 'lowed as how you mout want a sandwich and a bottle of Budweiser so I brung them to you." That saved our hero's life, and he got his certificate. On the night before the race he had to stay awake all night with his horse because horse thieves were taking all the good-looking mounts they could find.

And now we take up the story of the



Created for 90% of all motor car buyers who can afford to invest from one to two thousand dollars in an automobile

REO SEDAN

$1565

At Lansing, plus tax

Fashioned, finished and tailored to unite youthful smartness with grace and dignity. Sweeping lines; low-cradled body; two-tone color treatment.

Dimensioned, upholstered and tired to deliver rare riding comfort for five passengers. Four wide doors; generous leg room; wide, deep seats; four genuine balloon tires.

Powered, balanced and equipped for road mastery, driving convenience and safety. Six cylinder, 50 h. p. engine; double-frame chassis; 120-inch wheel-base; powerful brakes.

Priced to provide real sedan comfort for but little more than coach price. Actually, more the "Gold Standard of Values" than ever before.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY *Lansing, Michigan*

The Palmolive Company
Chicago Ill.

A Queer Way

of doing business, *you may say,* yet—

We urge you "*don't buy — yet*"— let us first prove the claims made for this unique shaving cream. Accept, please, a 10-day tube free.

TELLING customers not to buy your product may appear an odd selling philosophy. Yet that is the way we brought Palmolive Shaving Cream to top place in its field. We urge you not to buy it. But to start using it at our expense. Will you grant us that courtesy? We'll thank you if you will.

Immeasurably different

Palmolive Shaving Cream is based on new principles of skin care and beard softening.

It is immeasurably different from any cream you know.

60 years of soap study stand behind it.

World's soap experts make it . . . the makers of the world's leading toilet soap, Palmolive.

It represents 18 months of laboratory experiments, of over 130 formulas tested before perfection was reached.

It embodies the 4 supreme requirements 1000 men named as their ideal of a shaving cream, plus a fifth—stronger bubbles.

8 men in 10 who try it, stay with it. A great many of its users were won from rival preparations. Such success, you'll agree, does not come without reason.

5 new delights

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before.

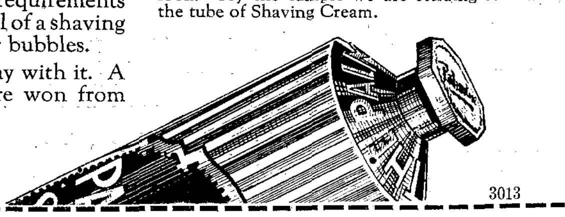
1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after effects due to Palm and olive oil content.

10 Shaves Free

Now in justice to yourself, and in courtesy to us, please accept a 10-day tube free.

Give us a chance to prove our claims. Find out for yourself whether your present method is not failing in some important ways.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.



3013

TEN SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B1093, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

start and the race in Mr. Sutton's own words:

> I reached Orlando, the starting point, at 10 o'clock, and spent one hour trying to find something to eat, but was unable to do so, as there was not a single bite to eat in the town, which had sprung up in a day from a town of 200 people to 30,000 hungry and restless souls. Failing to get breakfast, I next begun to look the crowd over for an advantageous place to start out, and found a most wonderful condition to exist. There were thousands of people with as many different modes of travel, ready and eager to get started to what they hoped and prayed would be the road to a permanent home and happiness for the father, mother and children. Men and women on horseback, in wagons drawn by mules or oxen, in two-wheeled carts drawn by a cow, on foot, and with every conceivable sort of a vehicle—all with but one object in view—a home.
>
> At a few minutes before 12 o'clock, noon, I urged my now snorting mustang into the front line, which extended from Orlando for miles in all directions, the starting point of 40,000 entrants in that awful race for land. In the last moment's wait I stood between a burly-looking man who had a most "wonderful jag," a sixshooter and a wooden leg, but who was mounted on a beautiful paint pony so noted for speed and bottom among the Indians, and a young woman of 18 years who was dressed in black tights and a skull cap. She was mounted on a coal black thoroughbred horse that showed he had been trained for the event. The lady laughed a little when I told her I would be the first to reach Wharton, and said, "If you will watch me I will show you the road."
>
> At one minute of 12 o'clock there was not a sound to be heard except the quiet milling of stock and the suppress breathing of that great mass of humanity. The Captain in charge of the line cried out: "Steady now," which cry was repeated the length of the line, and all held their breath until the shot rang out that set them off on the mad rush. We were off, the one-legged man on one side, the girl on the other and I in the middle of an old freight trail, the sides of which were worn down about a foot deep, the thoroughbred in one ditch, the paint in the other and the white mustang in the high ground in the middle. We kept our position for some miles, when I made up my mind to pass them if I could get out of the middle of the bad fix I was in. The man with the six-gun and the jag was now perfectly wild and was hitting his mount with his gun at every jump. The girl was cool, but was urging her horse. I knew he had gotten beyond his distance, and in a short time he threw up his tail and dropped into a trot. My horse was going strong and easy and I soon passed the paint and as I did so he lurched to one side and his rider was thrown. He fell lengthwise into the ditch and as I flew past I looked back for a moment and saw a man with a jag, a wooden leg and a Colt's 45 run over by 500 horses that were following in the old trail. Poor fellow, his gun and rough talk would not avail him at a time like this.
>
> I was now clearly in the lead, my mustang going easy, followed by that mad crowd of shouting, shooting, howling maniacs. Gaining on them slowly but

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

surely, at about the half way I ran into a fire set out by the sooners, who stole or bought their way through the line of soldiers the night before. The fire was miles long and raging, as the blue joint grass was six or eight feet high. I spurred the now frightened mustang, and he plunged into and through that awful flame, but at what a cost. My face was blistered, my hair all burned off and my horse so badly burned that he could scarcely breathe, but the poor fellow did his best. About a mile farther on we came upon a sooner, who had driven in the night before and his team was eating out of a wagon, in the back end of which was a barrel of water. As I approached him he came with gun in hand and said: "This is my land, and the sooner you are off of it the longer you will live." I begged him for water and he finally said I could have a little at a dollar a pint. I got down and gave him $2 and with a pint bathed the face and nose of my horse and then wet my handkerchief and swabbed his throat, after which I mounted and, at the point of a gun, began the last lap of my race.

We did very nicely until within a few hundred yards of our goal, when we came unexpectedly upon a crack in the earth about twenty feet deep and half that wide, and, as we were right upon it before we saw it, there was nothing to do but try to go over. I threw down the reins, and, as the cowboys say, "pulled leather" (held the saddle horn) and gave the game little mustang the steel. He strained every nerve and made a most powerful jump, but it was too far and he fell back and was broken down in his loins so he could not move his hind parts any more. I did all it was possible to do for him, for he had done all he could for me, but of no avail, and on Sept. 17 he died. If ever I mourned for any one I mourned for my white mustang, who won the first prize among 40,000 contestants but lost his life.

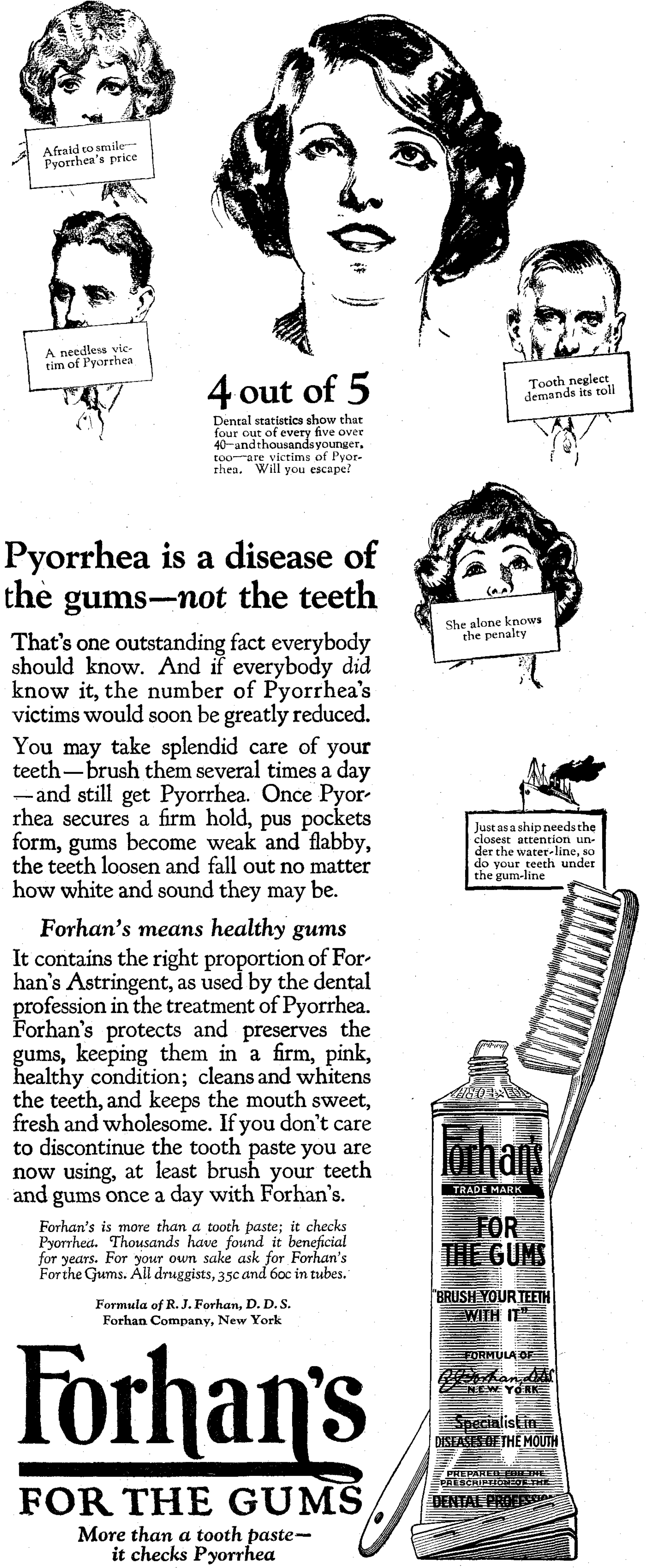
I stuck up my flag and ran to the land office and made my filing, after which I watched Wharton grow from a station agent's house to a tented city of 10,000 people in six hours, and the Cherokee Strip accomplished in the same time something that it took other States fifty years to do, and that was to put a family on every quarter section of land.

Now it's 2 P. M., continues Mr. Sutton, "and we have a town in the making." Here's how the town's business men started their activities:

R. W. Black has a tent housing a car of "Pale Malt Tonic" and a car of ice, which Mr. Wilmans, his assistant, is selling at a dollar a bottle for the tonic and 10c per pound for ice. Having had no breakfast, I was hungry, and hunted up my friend from home, H. C. Finley, who had his restaurant in operation, and here for 75c I got a tin cup of coffee and for another six bits a ham sandwich that had been a sandwich for many, many days. Another man brought a car of watermelons and, as there was no water to be had for love or money, they found ready sale at a dollar a throw.

The next notable enterprise launched was the buckhorn resort, owned and operated by Hill Bros., assisted by John Ellis and Faris Cox. Their tent looked not unlike Barnum's, and housed every kind of a game of chance known to the frontier, as well as a saloon and dance hall, to say nothing of the games where there was no chance for the outsider.

Which leads naturally on to the story



Afraid to smile—Pyorrhea's price

A needless victim of Pyorrhea

4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of Pyorrhea. Will you escape?

Tooth neglect demands its toll

She alone knows the penalty

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—*not* the teeth

That's one outstanding fact everybody should know. And if everybody *did* know it, the number of Pyorrhea's victims would soon be greatly reduced.

You may take splendid care of your teeth—brush them several times a day—and still get Pyorrhea. Once Pyorrhea secures a firm hold, pus pockets form, gums become weak and flabby, the teeth loosen and fall out no matter how white and sound they may be.

Forhan's means healthy gums

It contains the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent, as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Forhan's protects and preserves the gums, keeping them in a firm, pink, healthy condition; cleans and whitens the teeth, and keeps the mouth sweet, fresh and wholesome. If you don't care to discontinue the tooth paste you are now using, at least brush your teeth and gums once a day with Forhan's.

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

Too Oily? Too Dry?
Dandruff? Falling?

{ 4 Simple Treatments }

DOES your hair disappoint you? Does it lack the youthful look, the lustre you wish for it? Then it is probably subject to one of the four conditions mentioned above. And it will probably respond to one of the four treatments outlined below.

Hair that is alive, lustrous, glowing! The reward of the intelligent care outlined below.

Your hair can be young looking, too. (See suggestions below.)

These suggested treatments are all simple. They are all based on authoritative advice on how to care for the hair.

Packer's Tar Soap, which is the basis of these treatments, is as safe, mild and yet efficient a shampoo soap as can be made. For over half a century it has been recommended by the foremost physicians specializing in the care of the hair and scalp.

for DANDRUFF

Authorities find that dandruff is responsible for at least 75% of the cases of falling hair. But dandruff need not result in serious consequences if carefully and properly treated. The Packer Method of treatment, based on modern thought, will be found in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for DRY *hair*

Successful shampooing removes the accumulations of surface oil from the scalp. This makes the hair seem dry at first but this dryness is temporary and only noticeable for a day or two. If dryness persists it is probably due to inactivity of the oil glands—a condition requiring special care and treatment. You will find an authoritative treatment for dry hair in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for OILY *hair*

Too oily hair is produced by an over activity of the oil glands. A special treatment for oily hair, including hints on the correct way to massage, is given in the booklet packed with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap.

for FALLING *hair*

For falling hair, we recommend the Packer treatment for dandruff, the most common cause of premature baldness or loss of hair (you will find this treatment in the booklet which comes with each cake of Packer's Tar Soap). If, however, the regular use of this Packer treatment does not stop the loss of your hair, consult your family physician. He may find some underlying cause due to your general health or he may suggest that you see a scalp specialist.

Sample and Book 10c

For 10c we will send a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and our book, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp," containing scores of reliable facts and hints helpful in keeping your hair healthy and good looking. Address The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 84-K, Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. (PRINT your name and address, to insure correct mailing.)

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Now
Each cake
in a metal
soap box

HOW THE BEST RESULTS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM PACKER'S TAR SOAP
PACKER'S TAR SOAP

TREATMENTS
with each cake
What to do for dry hair.
How to treat oily hair.
Modern dandruff treatment.
How to massage.
What to do for falling hair.

These and many other important questions answered in the informative booklet packed with each cake.

of the establishment of law and order. Of course there was no city government. So a hurry-up order was sent to Guthrie for Bill Tilghman, who already had won a reputation as a law enforcer. In the late afternoon outlaws and "bad men" were beginning to drift in, but Bill's "pleasant smile and cheery voice, to say nothing of his brace of silver-mounted 45's and a sawed-off Winchester soon restored the confidence of the better element." The new one-man police department had nothing to do for an hour or so, but when he did act there was a certain Western directness about it all. To quote Mr. Sutton:

About 6 o'clock Tilghman and I were walking over the town site when we met a man known to him as Crescent Sam, on account of having what looked to me like a mule's track on his left temple, caused, I suppose, by engaging in a too heated argument with some gent of his acquaintance. Mr. Tilghman said: "Hello, Crescent, when did you leave the Horseshoe outfit, and when are you going back?" He replied: "I left this morning and will go back when I feel like it and not before." Mr. Tilghman said: "I have been sent here to keep such as you away from here and I will not allow you to stay after the sun goes down," to which Crescent replied: "I'll be here after the sun goes down." Mr. Tilghman's quiet response was: "If you are I shall have to kill you," and we walked on, Mr. Tilghman telling me that the man was a bad actor and was a graduate from the "Horseshoe" under Bill Doolan.

About an hour after sundown Mr. Tilghman was walking slowly toward the Buck Horn, which was lighted by six large coal-oil lamps hung from the ridge pole, and as he came to within about two hundred feet of the entrance, "Crescent" stepped just outside the door, or flap of the tent, with a gun in his hand and, taking aim at the moon, he fired twice and sang out that "he was a wolf and it was his night to howl and he was waiting for some Hombre to send him home." At this time his eye fell upon Tilghman, and the officer and outlaw stood like statues for a moment, each watching the other's gun hand. The outlaw slowly raised his left hand toward his other gun, at the same time pulling the trigger with his right hand from the hip. There were two reports and two flashes so close together that no one could tell which was first. The outlaw slowly crumpled to earth. The Marshal blew the smoke from his gun and inserted another cartridge, looked carefully at a hole under his left arm through both coat and shirt for a moment, then walked down to the fallen man and, looking at him for a moment said: "Poor devil"—took him by the coat collar and dragged him into the Buck Horn tent, straightened him out near the wall of the tent and crossed his hands on his breast, where he lay for two nights and a day while the dancers danced and the gamblers played their games without so much as a glance in his direction.

And this is the way the winner of what he calls the greatest horse-race in history ended his first day in the city where he lost his white mustang and where "in six hours was built a tented city of 10,000 souls":

> At 11 o'clock I laid down in a little dog tent, with my saddle for a pillow, and dropt off to sleep, to be awakened in a few minutes by the crack of a gun near me and the whiz of a bullet as it struck the horn of my saddle and glanced out the top of my tent. I got up and with a few matches started to investigate and found lying across the flap of my tent a man gasping his last. He was a handsome young man, dressed in a black silk shirt and tie, black jeans pants and a fine pair of Morocco boots. There was nothing on him with which to identify him and we never learnt who he was, but just put him down as one of the many who lost their lives at the opening of the Cherokee Strip, thirty-two years ago today.

ONCE MORE THE "SPANISH PRISONER" FLOURISHES

A NEW generation of possible American victims has grown up since the "Spanish prisoner" swindle passed the peak of its former success, and now it is enjoying a sudden and prosperous revival—so much so, we are told, that it has become advisable to expose anew the workings of the old game. As in former times, the Spanish exponents of the swindle seek their dupes in the United States, which they regard as the land of simpletons, and we read that they are finding many of the new generation sufficiently credulous to believe the tale of woe about an unfortunate Spaniard, falsely or unluckily imprisoned, and his beautiful daughter. Just now the ancient swindle is being worked from Barcelona. From there, writes Arno Dosch-Fleurot, Paris correspondent of the New York *World*, the plotters are broadcasting appeals for help on an unprecedented scale. Taking telephone or city directories of scattered cities in the United States, they have in the past few years sent out tens of thousands of these letters. The letters are, of course, meant only to appeal to the credulous. The swindlers expect, and probably hope, that all intelligent men will throw them away. No one knows how many generations of crooks have sent out these appeals for help. The writer tells us:

> The game is old enough to have its own tradition. It has become an institution. There is no one in the underworld in Spain who does not know how to work it, and the paraphernalia, the fake certificates of incarceration and the fake receipts given by the non-existent "repositoria judicial," pass current among criminals. There have been hundreds of thousands of these fake instruments printed in the past thirty years, and no one can even estimate how many victims have come to Spain and paid their money over to the swindlers.
>
> What the gold brick has been to American bunco men, the letters from Spanish prisons has been to Spanish swindlers. It is, in fact, much more useful as a method of getting money out of come-ons because it always is worked on foreigners. In Spain there is not a man, woman or child

WITH PEBECO—YOUR TEETH WILL ALWAYS BE ADMIRED

For You, too

teeth as beautiful and strong

The secret lies in gently stimulating your salivary glands

TEETH that attract instantly by their loveliness . . . that never give a moment's worry—you can have them too.

The secret lies in restoring the normal, protective action of your salivary glands.

To prevent decay these glands must wash your teeth continuously with their alkaline fluids, neutralizing the acids of decay as they form. But modern, soft food cannot give your glands enough exercise.

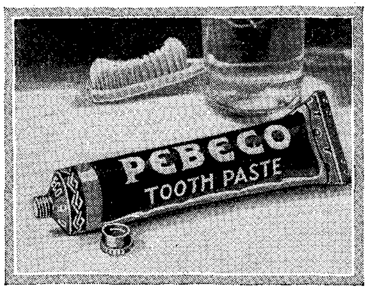
Today your glands must be gently stimulated to do their work of protecting your teeth.

PEBECO gently promotes the flow of your natural, alkaline saliva. With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night *and the acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.*

Pebeco polishes beautifully. It keeps your gums clean and stimulated, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink Products Co., Bloomfield, N. J. New York Office, 635 Greenwich St. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

Do you want your teeth to be admired? . . . to be safe, too?—Use Pebeco, the tooth paste that increases your alkaline saliva and counteracts the acids of decay as fast as they form.



FREE OFFER

Send this coupon today for free generous tube

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CO., Dept. G-36, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Prevent tooth trouble

The happy smile of healthy teeth

Use
COLGATE'S

It removes causes of tooth decay

Tooth decay truly is a menace to the nation's health. If this sounds exaggerated to you, just ask your dentist.

Preventive dentistry—the combating of disease by the prevention of tooth troubles—is the new note in advanced dental practice. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has always been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health. Colgate's is a preventive dental cream, pleasant to use, and thoroughly effective. It *removes causes* of tooth decay.

"Washes", Polishes, Protects

Colgate's contains no harsh grit—no dangerous ingredients. It "washes" your teeth gently and safely. Its principal ingredients are fine chalk and mild soap, the two substances recommended by such eminent dental authorities as Dr. A. C. Fones of Bridgeport, Conn.(1), and Dr. Herman Prinz of Philadelphia, Pa.(2).

Colgate's is made right and priced right—25c for the large tube at your favorite store.

1—FONES, "Mouth Hygiene," Second Edition.
2—PRINZ, "Dental Materia Medica and Therapeutics."

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

on whom the game could be played. Everybody knows about it and no one believes the outside world is so full of oobs as to fall for it. But the Spaniards, perhaps, would fall for the gold brick.

The letter has become standardized. It has even been mimeographed and done so well that it is almost impossible to detect. But in any case the phrasing is identical, as the writers of these letters long ago worked out the shortest possible formula in which to tell the story and arouse in the recipient of the letter the four essentials—sympathy, cupidity, latent criminal impulses and romantic desire.

Beginning with the information that the writer is in prison, usually for fraudulent bankruptcy, the letters state that he has large sums of money, either in checks or money-orders payable to bearer, which are hidden in a secret pocket of a valise that has been seized to pay a fine, or in banknotes in a trunk, the receipt for which is in the hidden pocket of the sequestered valise. In the letters now flooding the United States the hidden sum is given as $360,000, and if the valise is not released within a certain number of days, the letters always state, it will be sold at auction, the wealth will be lost, and, in the case of most of the letters, the prisoner's beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter will be cast alone and undefended upon a wicked world. But if the recipient can only bring or send $3,000 before the time expires, all will be well. The little valise will be retrieved, a third of the money given to the generous American, and, as a further tribute to his chivalry, he will be asked to take charge of the grateful Spaniard's daughter, and to deposit for her the other two-thirds of the money in the valise in some American bank. But,

Of course there is no prisoner, no bankruptcy, no daughter, no valise, no checks, no court even, and no "repositaria judicial." There is nothing but a tradition among Spanish swindlers and the simple material necessary. One man or a gang can work it.

All any Spanish criminal, not engaged in something more profitable, need do is to write a bunch of "first letters," the first appeals. If he is a clever printer he can make a plate and run them off by thousands. They are always addressed simply "Dear Sir," and that is anybody to whom the particular sheet of paper happens to be sent.

The only thing that makes the letters of one swindler distinctive from the letters of another is the name he signs and the address he gives. He must choose an address in Spain and ask for a cable reply.

He gets the address by the simple process of going to some town where he is not known, but big enough so the arrival of telegrams will surprise no one, choose an alias, seek out a cheap hotel or boarding-house and tell the porter he is counting on returning to the town in a short time, so he has given the hotel or boarding-house as his address. The porter takes his alias in good faith, and holds the wires, usually very few at each address, until called for.

To get a list of victims is easy enough.

Once they called him the "Old Crank"

—*but that was before he lost his Corn*

"New dispositions for old corns." . . . That isn't an impossible bargain . . . Doctors know that a corn may plague a man's whole system—nagging his nerves, ragging his temper—making him feel mean all over . . . For a corn isn't just a local pain. It's a *pain-station* on the "main line" of the nervous system. Tiny nerves telegraph its twinges all over the circuit . . . So Blue-jay offers this fair exchange—"New spirits for old corns." . . . Solid comfort comes the moment you put on the soft and downy plaster. Two days later, you remove the pad—and the corn comes out—gently uprooted by the little brown disc of magic medication within the pad.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1925

In former times the swindlers used to canvass America for likely victims, but for a long time they seem merely to get any list of names and addresses and broadcast.

The ticklish point, from the criminal's point of view, is the collecting of the replies at the fake addresses. Sometimes the crooks have had confederates in the telegraph office so it has not been necessary to call for replies. Others have arranged to have them forwarded to some café where it is the habit to put letters in a rack. Others have sent the chasseurs of cafés and then disappeared without accepting the wires if the chasseur's manner seemed to betray any agitation such as it might have if a detective who had been waiting to seize the letter-writer had given the chasseur instructions.

The bolder ones simply return themselves to the hotel or boarding house, say they have changed their minds about staying there, and collect their wires. This is obviously the most dangerous plan, as any one of the letters sent broadcast might have been returned into the hands of the Spanish police.

Having succeeded in collecting his wires without being arrested, the swindler need only send the long explanatory second letter. This is necessary to give some explanation of why the recipient was selected. Sometimes the "prisoner" claims the recipient once gave him a dollar when he was starving and that he has taken pains to locate his benefactor. This explanation often is given in the letters written to South America, which is filled with Spaniards of modest origin who have grown rich and are said to be particularly susceptible to this appeal. In other cases the prisoner says he learnt of the recipient through a fellow prisoner, a black sheep of a good family, who knows of the noble character of the recipient but withholds his own name because he prefers to have his family think he is dead than know he is in a Spanish prison.

This form-letter has also been worked out long ago by the cleverer swindlers, so any one can copy and forward. It must be accompanied by a fake certificate of incarceration by a fake court and a fake receipt from the "depositaria judicial." These certificates printed on mediocre paper surmounted by a fancy coat of arms would not deceive any one in Spain. The usual court certificate purports to be an official document of a court called "Tribunal de instancia de Esta Ciudad," no such court existing. The "depositaria judicial" also does not exist. The documents are also filled in in typewriting as a rule, whereas all Spanish court documents are always made out in longhand. These documents are further accompanied by faked newspaper clippings telling of the prisoner's crime and conviction, the whole making an imposing collection.

After the victim is hooked and takes ship for Europe, he receives another letter, addrest to him at the port of arrival, or at the first big town in Spain he reaches. This letter is to maintain his interest and to give him directions how to get into touch with the "prisoner" and receive his reward. Usually, we are told, the victim turns up with the fake certificate of incarceration and the certified copy of the court order sequestering the valise containing the secret pocket. Then comes an inherent part of the swindle:

The letters have revealed that the man

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay

—but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a course is a course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way: An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will travel by limited train to New York. You will go directly to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thoro understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made *this two years' journey*—are *holding positions of executive responsibility* in business everywhere?

This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you *do* receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

Send for this famous book

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business."

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.

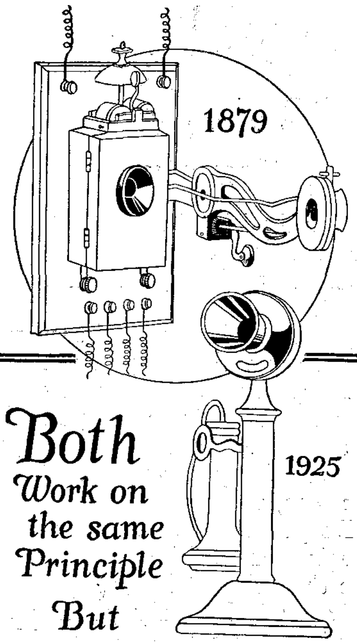
The car is waiting: step in

Alexander Hamilton Institute
411 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the book, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Modern Business

Name...
Please write plainly
Business Address...
....
Business Position...



Both
Work on
the same
Principle
But
What a difference in
the Result

THEY are alike in principle, yet the early telephone talked only across the street while the present one spans the continent!

The difference is one of design, material and workmanship.

Bristol Loud Speakers also show what science has done in the refinement of the first thought.

Purer tonal quality came first. Then the new Bristol diaphragm of broad pitch range reproduced the low and high notes with equal truthfulness.

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entitled "How to Select Your Loud Speaker." It tells how to look for and find tonal quality in a loud speaker.

The Bristol Company
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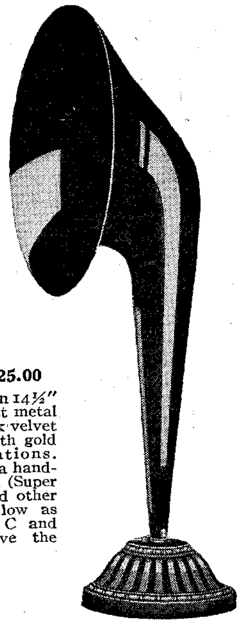
For 36 years makers of the highly sensitive and accurate Bristol Recording Instruments.



Super S $25.00

Rubber horn 14½" diameter. Cast metal throat. Black velvet mat finish with gold base decorations. There is also a handsome Cabinet (Super C) at $30 and other speakers as low as $15. Super C and Super S have the Super Unit.

BRISTOL
AUDIOPHONE
Loud Speaker

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

through whom the victim deals is either the sympathetic jailer or some one in his confidence. This makes it necessary to go easy in approaching official institutions. The best way, the swindler tries to convince his victim, is to hand over the money and let the swindler do it. If the victim is difficult, some artifice must be used, such as taking him to a room in some public building, leaving him before the door, entering and making a get-away through another door, the location being selected, of course, to aid the deception.

But by the time the victim has reached Spain in almost all cases he has worked himself into such a state of excitement over the fortune he is about to get that the swindler has no trouble taking his money at the first meeting and letting him come to by himself many hours later, when he realizes that the swindler is never coming back.

In Barcelona there have been two famous cases of men who even insisted upon handing their money over to the swindlers after they had been warned that it was a swindle. One of these was a Swiss from Zurich and the other a Frenchman from Toulouse. The Swiss, having received one of the "first letters," wrote to the Chief of Police of Barcelona, who informed him at once it was a fraud.

Several weeks later the Swiss walked into Police Headquarters in Barcelona and complained he had been swindled. The police official who had written him to Zurich recognized his name and asked him how he had fallen for the fraud once he was warned. He replied he thought the police were against the prisoner and had tried to steer him off. He stayed and helped run down the swindler, who is doing time in Catalonia now.

The Frenchman from Toulouse wrote his consul in Barcelona of the "extraordinary case" that had come to his attention. The consul warned him it was a swindle. He replied bitterly that his consul was no doubt in a plot with the Spanish Government, so the consul to save him from his own foolishess, arranged with the police to have his letters and telegrams intercepted. He kept on writing fervent protestations of loyalty to the unfortunate incarcerated and finally wrote how he had sold his home in Toulouse at a great sacrifice to get the money to redeem the valise.

Knowing he was coming, the French consul and a detective turned up early at the rendezvous, the consul threatening to have him arrested if he persisted in giving the money to the swindler. They had to put him back across the frontier and threaten him with criminal prosecution for collusion in a fraudulent bankruptcy if he ever came back.

The main reason the swindle flourishes is the fact that attempt to swindle is only punishable by fine. Until there is money passed, the worst that can happen to the swindler is a fine of 500 to 1,000 pesetas. In the underworld some one can usually be found to pay the fine, otherwise it has to be worked out in jail. If a Spanish criminal is out of luck or has lost his nerve the others often set him up with the materials for writing the letters, and if he gets caught and fined, pay the fine. Of course if he puts it over, and then gets caught, he goes to the penitentiary for six to ten years. That's the chance he takes.

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Thermo
Knitted Coats
Vests & Knickers

We have for years been telling you about Thermo knitted, guaranteed ***all virgin-wool*** sport coats; now we shall let some Thermo wearers tell you what *they* think. All unsolicited.

A man in Chicago, Ill., says:—
"I have worn one of your coats for six years and think there is nothing like it."

A man in Hudsonville, Mich., says:—
"After over a year's service it is as good as new."

A man in Freeport, N. Y., says:—
"I have had one of your coats for several years and think it the most satisfactory garment I have ever owned."

A man in East Haven, Conn., says:—
"I have had one for years and still going."

A man in Kansas City, Mo., says:—
"I wore your coat last winter and was very much pleased with same. It wore well and laundered well."

Thermo knitted knickers to match Thermo sport coats and vests are now obtainable in a variety of colors, including the latest popular shades, to suit all tastes.

Look for the Thermo hanger. If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

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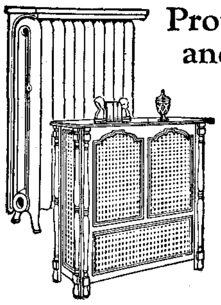
New York

From Sheep's Back To Yours



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Now is the time to add new beauty, new comfort, to halls and rooms, and end forever the damage done to interiors and furnishings by exposed radiators.

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THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT
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Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

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WHAT PRICE GLORY? 1,000 BUDDIES IGNORE IT

LETTERS written by a thousand members of the American Legion on "What Good Did I Get Out of My Service in the War?" are unanimous on one significant point—all are eloquently silent on the romance, the glamor, the glory that poesy and legend have ascribed to war since the earliest ages. There is frank acknowledgment of other benefits—chiefly in the direction of self-discipline and comradeship—but not one word of the flag-waving heroics turned on to call men to the colors. This significant fact is duly noted by Frederick Palmer, who launched the symposium in the form of a prize contest—fifty dollars for the first choice, thirty for the second, and so on, to a total of ten prizes. Publishing the winning letters in *The American Legion Weekly*, here marks:

> Summed up, the good out of the bad of human folly and destruction makes an amazing total: physical improvement, discipline, self-control, self-reliance, better citizenship, strengthened love of country, cleaner living, the true spirit of democracy in the understanding of your fellowman, and the awakening of religious devotion and self-respect.
>
> This contest is only the first that I have in mind in a plan for a contribution by those who know war first-hand to that supreme problem of peace and war. Next we shall have answers to the question, "Why I Am Against War"—the details of this contest will be announced later. Against war as war, not against serving when your country is at war. I shall follow that with the question of how coming generations, without having to go to war, shall get the good that war gave the writers in this contest. How can peace best supply a moral substitute for war?

One striking letter, which Mr. Palmer challenges any one to read "without a lump rising in his throat," is credited to J. Hal Connor, of Chandlersville, Illinois, who writes:

> "I have mere friends, but they don't understand. They haven't been through hell with me. My buddies have. They understand what it is to be hungry, homesick, footsore, dog-tired. They know what it means to see a bunkie lunge forward on his face. So I lay aside my paper, light my pipe, close my eyes and visit with my buddies nine hundred miles away.
>
> "I have some other buddies resting beneath white crosses, but I visit with them too. Good old Georgie Seibel! He stopt a mess of shrapnel, but I can still hear his 'Everything under control, Jake?' And Holden! He got in the line of a Boche machine-gun. He said simply, 'I'm finished. Give 'em hell, big boy.' Holden and Seibel and the others are still buddies when I light up the old pipe. But mere friends don't understand.
>
> "I would like to tell a hundred things my war service did for me—good and bad—but the most vital thing is that immortal comradeship which grew up when there was no such thing as capital or labor, creed or color, evolution or fundamentalism; when men were men, marines were devils, and God was God."

Connor receives an "honorable mention." The first prize is awarded by Mr. Palmer to

CONSOLIDATION
CLEAN COAL

Buy
Consolidation Clean Coal
this Winter

Ask Your Dealer

Over ten thousand dealers throughout the coal burning districts of the United States and Canada sell and recommend Consolidation *Clean* Coal.

In the largest cities and the smallest towns these merchants stock and carry the grades and sizes best suited to your range or furnace.

Consolidation Coal is a favorite fuel with the dealer because he knows that it is a *clean* coal, from which rock, slate and other impurities have been removed at the mine.

Consolidation Coal is *clean Coal*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CONSOLIDATION *Clean* Coal means less work, less money to keep the house warm.

Every shovel-full of Consolidation *Clean* Coal is practically solid heat—that's why it burns so freely and holds the fire so well.

No need for constant watching nor frequent ash removal. You get much more heat and less ash per ton than from ordinary soft coal because—

Consolidation Coal Is Clean Coal

Ask your dealer for Consolidation *Clean* Coal. If he cannot supply you, write us for the name of a dealer who can.

See our Exhibit in the Fourth National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering, Grand Central Palace, New York, Nov. 30th to Dec. 5th, 1925.

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CHICAGO, ILL., *Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.*
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GREEN BAY, WIS. *F. Hurlbut Company.*

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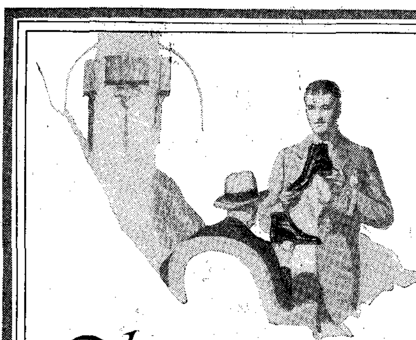

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Florsheim
Feeture Arch
FLEXIBLE RIGID SHANK

The FLORSHEIM
FEETURE ARCH

An arch support shoe that has the style of a regular Florsheim. So light and flexible that you are unconscious of the steel arch. Gives perfect support under the weight of the foot yet is flexible at every step.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
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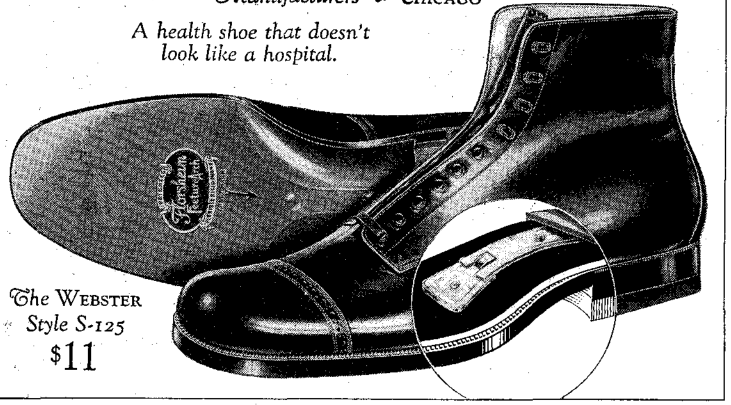
A health shoe that doesn't look like a hospital.



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Style S-125
$11

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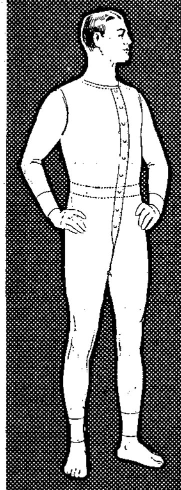

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MIXED WITH COTTON
Seventy Years of Reputation
Made to Fit—Made to Wear
A protection against colds and sudden chills
GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK
Light, Medium and Heavy Weights
Eight Grades
$2.25 to $8.00 per Garment
Ask Your Dealer

Glastonbury Knitting Co.
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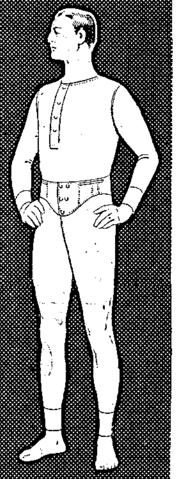
Sample Cuttings Free



UNION SUITS

TWO PIECE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the Rev. Ralph Stoody, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, who writes under the title, "The War Humanized Me." Here is his letter:

"As a minister's son in a divinity school I was unconsciously being shaped into the conventional parson's mold.

"Waiving exemption, I enlisted. I found I had enrolled in another school, the courses of which I needed.

"The result is that tho I would not favor universal military training, I so value mine that I would almost approve a year in the Army as a prerequisite for a theological degree.

"I discovered:

"That intelligence is not a matter of campus experience nor of university degrees.

"That essential gentlemanliness is as apt to be found in the immigrant's son as in the college president's.

"That because a man appears to be hard-boiled is no evidence that on occasion he may not be as tender as a mother.

"That in motive most profanity is an offense against good taste rather than a sin against Deity.

"That many virtuous men have foul mouths; that many vicious men are particular even with infinitives.

"That a Jew or a Protestant or a Catholic is not to be evaluated by his label, but by the fidelity with which he practises his tenets.

"That many a man who claims to have no religion is doing his human best to live 'by the faith his lips deny.'

"That all kind deeds are not done by deacons."

A disabled man in a hospital—Dana B. Hebner, of Tyndall, South Dakota—is the winner of the second prize. This is his contribution:

"'Tho bleeding and torn, a new man
was born,
In the din of warring thunder.'

"What a useless prayer it seems, and yet there was never a prayer which came deeper from the heart of a soldier. Looking back, I see a wild, irresponsible, spoiled lad—going to war just for the fun of it. First came intensive training and the damn discipline—which taught me the true worth of respect and obedience. Then came the trenches, and battle—the hell of which taught me to be just a little more tolerant, patient, and genuinely sympathetic with my fellowmen and comrades—taught me to get a little closer to some one's side and know that he tried, and made me know that hates are only friendships drifted apart. And now during the days of contemplation for eternity, I am a better man, please God, because of those little things I got out of the war."

In a running commentary, Mr. Palmer writes:

Many learnt for the first time to appreciate what home meant, a mother's or wife's devotion meant. They had ceased to kick about home cooking after army rations. Many learnt to control their tempers; many learnt self-reliance; many learnt [that true patriotism meant doing your duty as a citizen in peace as well as war.

Scores of "better citizen" letters came

from men of high education and professional and business men who are evidently community leaders.

The letter of the winner of the third prize was not typewritten on fine office paper. It was evidently written on paper bought at the country store by a hand unused to writing and crampt by hard labor. The author is Kilmus Edward Joyner of Louisburg, North Carolina:

"Before entering service of my country in 1918 I was a farmer and not so blest with this world's goods. Very often I had complained of my lot of work with very little pay.

"But on June 25 of that year I found to my sorrow that I had been richly blest all my life and had not realized it.

"I was made into a new man. I now know fully how to appreciate the freedom of a life on the farm. Before I did not take much interest in who was elected in any of the primaries just so it was some one. Now I go out and work for a man who I think will help the citizenship of the country.

"I had never learnt to give or take a joke until I entered the service of America. Always depended on some one else to help me when in trouble. I now rely on myself.

"I once had an awfully bad temper, one I could not control. But I learnt self-control while in the service. I think my service in war helped me greatly."

There were women ministering to us in the war in other capacities than in canteen or welfare work. They were in their country's uniform. They were under military discipline. They were not only kind, but they knew how to be kind.

Day and night these soldiers served ever at the front of suffering, these trained nurses in unfaltering devotion whether among the wounded or victims of the flu epidemic.

There is not a single ex-service man who has been in a hospital but will be glad that the winner of the fourth prize is a former service nurse—Mrs. Laura G. Stegman of Westfield, New York, and County Adjutant:

"I learned one lesson which has been to my lasting good—the lesson of Courage. Not the spectacular, once-in-a-lifetime kind but the day in and day out carrying on cheerfully in spite of great odds. Days spent on hospital wards showed me the courage which could face pain, maimed limbs, sightless eyes and unhearing ears with a smile.

"Memory flashes picture after picture—that young, ruddy-cheeked lad saying with steady voice, 'All right, Captain, saw 'er off'—that man in the prime of life who will have to rebuild his world for sightless eyes—but who remembers to speak kindly—that fellow with one arm gone wheeling a buddy who had lost both legs down to see a show at the Red Cross. Courage mixed with kindness and self-forgetfulness.

"White cot after white cot—tiresome days—long nights of pain. The ugly wounds, the tap, tap of the blind soldier's cane, the thump of crutches—a constant battle against wounds and disease and their dread follower, discouragement. Yet no grumbling—no kicking against life or the price exacted for one's loyalty to a cause.

"Dare I not face life courageously and cheerfully remembering these men?"

Spoiled boys of good homes with generations of American ancestry back of them, we are told, tell how they found themselves and the worth of the America that

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
A safe antiseptic
An effective liniment
This preparation is composed of herbal extracts, essential oils and solvents. Does not destroy tissue.
Manufactured by
W. F. Young, Inc.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. U.S.A.
Use the magic bottle

Relieve rheumatic pain

When the first warning twinges come, apply Absorbine, Jr. It rouses the blood to renewed action and brings quick relief to the congested area. Following relaxed tension, the pain and ache quickly disappear.

Don't fear to rub—it cannot burn. It is an agreeable liniment to use, of a pungent, agreeable odor, which quickly disappears.

Besides keeping muscles and joints limber and free from stiffness, '*the magic bottle*' has many other emergency and everyday uses. It should have a prominent place in your medicine cabinet.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

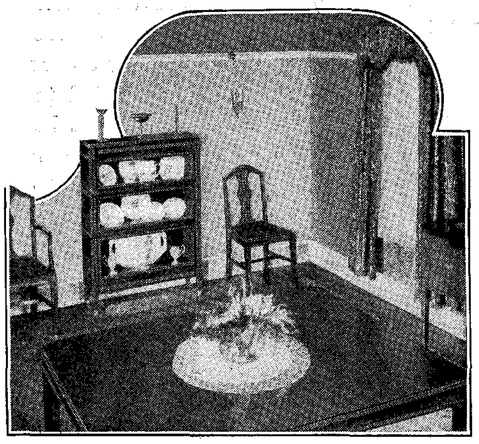
W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

"My trouble is muscular rheumatism. The very first application of Absorbine, Jr. brought relief."

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Range your lovely china as you do your books

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases
for every room in the home



Sheraton Design in Mahogany

If there is no Globe-Wernicke branch or authorized dealer in your city, buy from us direct at no additional cost, all freight prepaid.

THE GLOBE-WERNICKE CO.
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POTTERIES and porcelains—china and silver! Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases are the happy solution for their display and safe-keeping in modern dining rooms. Glass doors glide quickly back out of the way when opened (which makes access easy even in narrow spaces) and protect from dust when closed.

New and different uses are found for Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases in every other room in the home, too! Separate sections may be massed or grouped singly and moved about with perfect ease. Period and modern designs in desired finishes or left unfinished so that you may paint to match other furniture.

Mail This Coupon

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,
Dept. L-2,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me your new, free booklet giving prices and showing how others use Globe-Wernicke Sectional Bookcases, "For Every Room in the Home."

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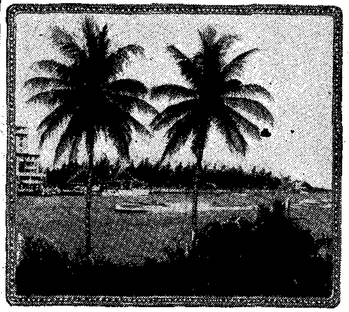
Miami



In the tropical Zone of Florida

America's "Wonder" City—Breaking All Records for Business Progress

November Opens the Miami Season

Fast de Luxe Train Service Now in Effect. Many New, Extra Fast Trains This Season

OUTDOOR SPORTS—HEALTH AND FUN

The Climate Supreme
The Tourist's Delight
The Motorist's Mecca
The Fisherman's Paradise
The Golfer's Wonderland
The Polo Player's Pride
The Surf Bather's Joy
The Aviator's Dreamland
The Yachtman's Rendezvous
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The Hi-Li Player's Haven
The Realization of Your Anticipations
Truly the Outdoor City

BEAUTIFUL drives along Crystal Clear Atlantic Ocean and Biscayne Bay; among the Coconuts, Royal Palm, Orange and Grape Fruit Groves.

Wonderful Surf Bathing every day in the year.

America's finest yachts and the world's fastest Speed Boats, assemble in Biscayne Bay for the Mid-Winter Regatta.

Eight Golf Courses. Many splendid Tennis Courts.

Aviation—Express Cruisers of the air to Bimini, 45 minutes; Havana, 3½ hours.

Miami expects to entertain 300,000 visitors this Winter, and she has never failed to please her guests. $50,000 will be expended for musical entertainment.

ARTHUR PRYOR'S FAMOUS BAND

twice daily in Royal Palm Park

(Eighteen weeks, starting December 6th)

Horseracing will start its second season under the auspices of the Miami Jockey Club, sanctioned by the Metropolitan Jockey Club, covering a period of 45 days, starting in January.

Passenger transportation facilities greatly increased. Florida East Coast Railway System being double tracked. Through sleepers from all large cities. Improved direct steamship service from New York operated by the Clyde Line and Admiral S. S. Line—from Philadelphia by the Merchants and Miners S. S. Co.—from Baltimore and Philadelphia by the Baltimore and Carolina S. S. Co. The Dixie Highway along the Florida East Coast is being placed in fine condition.

Bank deposits increased from $46,000,000 in 1924 to $189,000,000 in 1925. $100,000,000 in new buildings during 1925. 46 new hotels, making a total of 136, also completing 365 apartment houses, making a total of 715. Five thousand residences will take roomers.

Write for free handsome booklet, with full information

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

The World's Greatest Winter Resort!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

they had taken for granted. One of the briefest replies received in the contest was simply: "It made me appreciate the U. S. A." Mr. Palmer relates:

> Many foreign born told how by offering their lives in the blood test they had gained a certificate of Americanism. More than one mentioned that he had learnt to read and write English while in the service. The fifth prize goes to Frederick Nelson of Petersburg, Alaska:
>
> "Having been born, brought up and educated in a foreign land, the good which I got out of my war service seems something bigger and broader and dearer than could the ordinary soldier out of his. I did acquire a complete, a genuine love for my new country, its institutions, its traditions, its policies and its people.
>
> "Many factors helped bring this about, but perhaps the most conspicuous of these was the tolerant helpfulness shown by native buddies at every turn of the variegated game, particularly across the sea. This may not seem of much importance; but to the sensitive foreigner, who is accustomed to expect ridicule by reason of every mispronounced word and every little lack of native characteristics, it is a wonderful revelation to find himself on the level of his fellowmen, fighting for the same high ideals, and finding himself regarded for what he is and does rather than for what his ancestors were and did."

THE WATCHDOG OF THE TREASURY

SITTING on the lid of the Federal coffers, Martin B. Madden is pictured as barking "I'm against everything that costs money" at every one who approaches. And if he does allow the lid to be opened a little way, it seems, he counts out every penny taken, knows what it is being taken for, and remembers the transaction long after the money has been spent and forgotten by those who had the spending of it. Mr. Madden is said to know more about government finance than any other man in Washington, and he is reputed to be as hardboiled an economist as can be found anywhere within the length and breadth of the land. He is Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, and in that position he virtually has the power to prevent the United States from spending one cent until he has approved. The Illinois Congressman thus exercises a tremendous influence over the policy and destiny of the Government. All outgoing funds pass through his hands—amounting to about $3,000,000,000 a year. And, writes John Billings, Jr., in the Brooklyn *Eagle*,

> As a result of his great authority in doling out public funds Mr. Madden, as the personification of Congress, is the object of a vast and impersonal hatred throughout the government service. Holding the Treasury purse strings firmly between his two big hands, he draws all the criticism of those officials who believe Congress has starved them. It was just such criticism from Army and Navy aviators that

Spending Dollars to Save Cents

IT'S all well enough to snap up bargains in pipe fittings if you're sure they're not going to boost installation expense beyond what you save on their purchase price. The trouble is you *can't* be sure. And the cost of taking down a section of pipe line to replace just one leaky fitting generally wipes out the savings made on hundreds.

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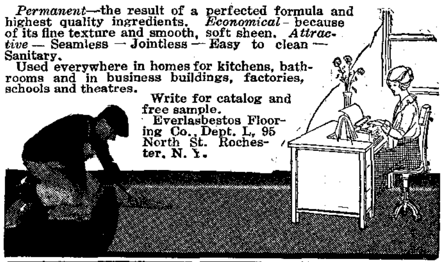

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prompted him to go before the President's board and reply with a counter-charge that the Army and Navy were squandering in useless experimentation the money Congress had granted.

Chairman Madden is equipped by experience to speak definitely not only on aviation, but also on every other form of government activity. His knowledge is not limited to any single phase of government enterprise, but rather he sees and understands the whole machine in operation and comes naturally to an evaluation of the proportionate worth of each function.

All government problems resolve themselves sooner or later into a question of money, of how much or how little shall be allowed by Congress. And it is right here that Mr. Madden, with one of the most powerful Congressional committees behind him, holds the key to almost every controversy that comes up.

Chairman Madden to-day stands as the supreme check on the continuous and insistent demands from government agencies and officials for "money—money—money." If it were not for him and his constant battling against extravagance President Coolidge would have no economy program at all to brag about.

When the Bureau of the Budget was set up in 1921 a change in the system of appropriating money took place also at the Capitol. From a number of scattered committees the function of doling out appropriations was drawn together under one body—the Appropriations Committee—and Congressman Madden was named its chairman. Incidentally all rules of seniority were broken when he was selected for this post. He was chosen simply because he was the most capable man the majority could find to fill this very responsible office. Since then he has stood with his back to the wall and fought off the yammering pack of officialdom who wanted more and more money.

It is Mr. Madden and his committee that decide just how much money is needed each year for all the various and scattered activities of the Government. As an advisory document they have before them the budget estimates. They also call in the heads of departments and countless other officials to get exact explanations of what the money is wanted for. In the course of these hearings a complete survey of every governmental activity is laid before Mr. Madden. He and his committee learn every detail of the functioning of the great government machine. They prod dark corners with questions. They require each official to justify his demand for an appropriation by a historical record of what he spent his last appropriation on. No other committee gathers such minute information about the Government as a whole and its mode of operation as the House Appropriations Committee in the course of its hearings on supply bills.

And Chairman Madden watches every line of the testimony with an eagle eye. His mind is crammed with figures and facts about the Government and its cost of operation. He can quote offhand pages from committee hearings. He has acquainted himself with every Federal undertaking and is prepared to speak with authority on it. His committee is a sort of laboratory for testing the validity of every administrative function, for studying its history and planning for its future. In the committee Mr. Madden is almost the whole show.

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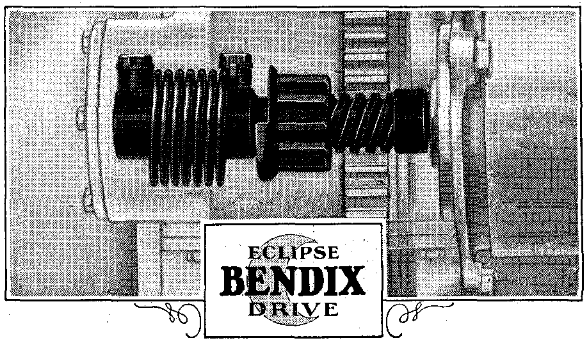

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the Government against the criticism of the Army and Navy. These departments, we are told, have complained that they were insufficiently supplied with funds. But the writer quotes Mr. Madden as saying, in effect: "Here, gentlemen, is what we have given the Army and Navy for aviation and they now admit they have nothing to show for it. The fault is theirs, not ours. We have been as generous as any foreign government with aviation."

Mr. Madden believes, we are told, that the demands of government bureaucracies, if met by Congress, would be enough to break the Treasury overnight. "These fellows," the writer quotes him as saying, "have no thought for the people who pay the bills. Their one desire is to raid the Treasury for every possible cent." But—

This large white-haired gentleman from Chicago blocks their path. When asked in the House if he favors this or that project under consideration, his usual reply is:

"I'm against everything that costs money."

At the last session of Congress it was calculated that demands amounting to $9,000,000,000 were pending before the House, and Chairman Madden managed to fight them all to defeat.

Mr. Madden is seventy years old, tho in appearance and carriage he looks hardly more than fifty. He is tall and strong. He has one "game leg" and walks with a decided limp. His hair is white and his face is ruddy. His manner is aggressive and in his speech there still lingers a thick Irish twang. He was born in England.

At the age of ten he began work in this country in the stone business, studying at night school. By sheer determination and hard labor he lifted himself up to wealth and power in Chicago. At present he is head of a large stone concern, as well as a bank director. He has held important positions in a number of building and manufacturing associations. A business man through and through, Mr. Madden dipped, at an early age, into Republican politics in Chicago and in 1905 was elected to the House of Representatives, where he has served continuously ever since. He was Nicholas Longworth's chief opponent for the Speakership last spring.

Madden imprest the President's Board with his downright common sense. He was fiery, to be sure, and used some pretty strong language against the Army and Navy, but that is more his manner of attack than anything else. He honestly feels the Army and Navy chiefs do not spend wisely the money given them by Congress. The ideal solution, he thinks, would be to take from the Army and Navy all contact with business, turning that job, instead, over to trained civilians.

Within a few weeks his committee will meet again to consider the 1927 appropriations. He will, as in the past, do some terrible fighting to keep these figures as low as possible. But last March he made this prophetic statement to the House:

"In my opinion the appropriations have practically reached the post-war low-water mark and from this year on we are likely to have increases in them rather than decreases."

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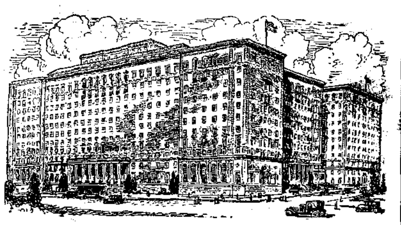

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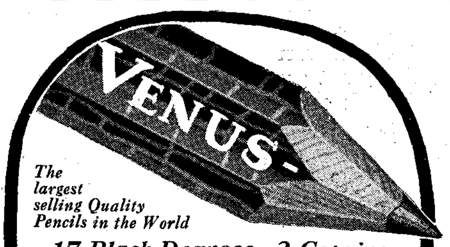

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OLD ARISTOCRATS IN WAR TIME

WAR stories, if not completely dropt out of favor, may plead for a temporary new lease while thoughts of the Armistice anniversary are still with us. So with this apology we quote from one of a series of war letters, those written to President Wilson by Ambassador Page, recently published in the New York *Herald Tribune* and now issued in Volume 3 of Burton J. Hendrick's "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Writing of the war spirit of the aristocracy, Mr. Page told of this experience:

> I was at a dinner of old peers at the Athenæum Club—a group of old cocks that I meet once in a while and have come to know pretty well, and even to marvel at. I think every one is past seventy—several of them past eighty. On this occasion I was the only commoner present. The talk went on about every imaginable thing—reminiscences of Browning, the years of good vintages of port, the excellence of some court opinions handed down in the United States by quite obscure judges—why shouldn't they be got out of the masses of law reports and published as classics? Wouldn't it have been well if the King had gone and spent his whole time at the front and on the fleet? What's an English King for, anyhow?
>
> "Call in the chief steward. . . . Here, steward, what's that noise?"
>
> "A hair raid, milord."
>
> "How long has it been going on?"
>
> "Forty minutes, milord."
>
> "I must be deaf," said the old fellow, with an inquiring look at the company. Everybody else had heard it, but we've learned to take these things for granted, and nobody had interrupted the conversation to speak of it. Then the old man spoke up again.
>
> "Well there's nothing we can do to protect his Excellency. Damn the air raid. Pass the port."
>
> Then the talk went on about the ignorance and the commonness of modern British Governments—most modern Governments, in fact. French statesmen—most of 'em common fellows, and Italians and Germans, ach! What swine! "Think of that fellow von Kuhlmann. I lent him a valuable book and the rogue never returned it. Did you know Kuhlmann?"
>
> "But," turning to me, "you are to be congratulated. You have a gentleman for your President. How do you do it? That breed seems to be out of a job in most countries."
>
> Not one of those old fellows drove to the club. They can't get gasoline and they have no horses. Nor can cabs be got after ten o'clock. When the firing and bomb-dropping had ceased, the question arose whether it were safe to walk home. My car had come and I took five of them in it—one on the front with the driver. As each got out at his door he bade me an almost affectionate good-night. One of them said, "By our combined forces the God of our Fathers—not the barbarous Prussian Gott—will see us through."
>
> There's no sham about these old masters of empire. They feel a proprietary interest in the King, in the kingdom, in everything British. Every man of them had done some distinguished service, and so have the sons of most of them; and at least half of them have lost grandsons or sons in the war, to which they never allude.

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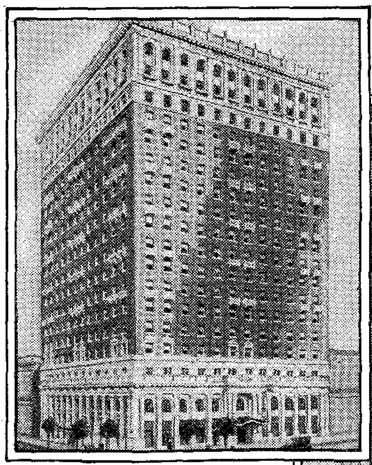
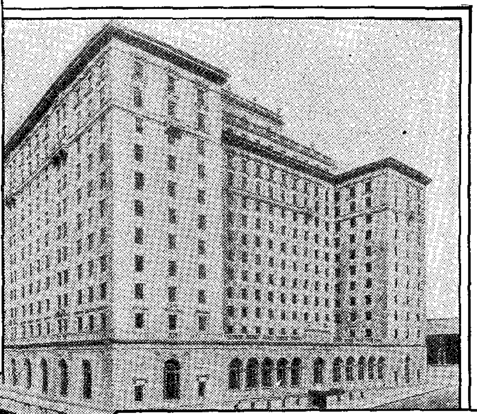


(*above*)
MAYO HOTEL
Tulsa, Oklahoma
George Winkler, *Architect*



(*below*)
OLYMPIC HOTEL, Seattle, Wash.
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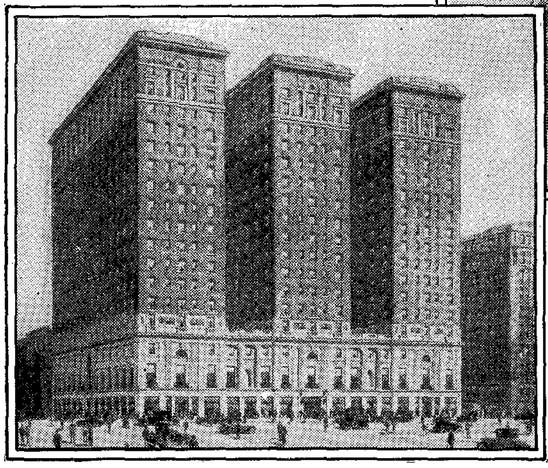

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A CLOSE-UP OF THE POET OF THE SIERRAS

I am as one unlearned, uncouth,
From country come to join the youth
Of some sweet town in quest of truth;
A skilless northern Nazarene.

WITH an ode containing these lines Joaquin Miller introduced himself to the bards of San Francisco—and those bards burst into roars. It was in the days of Bret Harte's editorship of *The Overland Monthly*, and San Francisco took its new-sprung literary reputation too seriously to restrain its laughter at the unsophisticated Poet of the Sierras, who had just sold his small possessions in Oregon, borrowed what he could from his family, and come to the "sweet town" in quest of fame. The somewhat supercilious Harte himself wrote so merciless a review of the young poet's little green baize volume, "Joaquin Et Al," that Ina Coolbrith had to use diplomacy to get him to withhold it. Her own review, however, was only half encouraging, and took exception to the poet's likening of the snow-peaked Sierras to Diana hanging "all her linen out to dry."

Joaquin Miller may not have been a great poet, but in the next few years he made a name for himself on two continents. To-day he is tending to become a legend. It is only twelve years since his ashes were scattered to the four winds at his hill-home above San Francisco Bay, yet he belongs to the vanished pioneer epoch as much as does the covered wagon. That he was one of the most picturesque personalities of his epoch is proved once more, with some new and intimate details, by Herbert Cooper Thompson's article on "The Poet of the Sierras as I Knew Him," in the November number of *The International Book Review*. Mr. Thompson writes:

> No one who saw Miller easily forgot him. An impression remained of a big, powerful man, handsome in a virile way, with slouch hat, patriarchal beard, soft shirt, flowing tie, swaying coat-tails, and trouser legs stuffed into boot-tops. And there was about him a proud gleam of the eye and a fierce dignity that marked him apart from the snake doctor. People called him a poseur. He was. Yet he had as much right to long hair as Buffalo Bill, for it protected a wound in his neck made when an arrow was driven through his cheek. Besides, long hair was a tradition with Victorian poets. And if he fancied, as he did, that his beard gave him a resemblance to the Moses of Michelangelo, the fact remains that he lived in an age of beards. His fashion in boots was a Sierran privilege, well earned.

Miller's youth would make a movie-thriller. Born in 1841 in Indiana, then itself a frontier State, he started with his parents at the age of ten over the Oregon Trail, and for seven months prodded oxen across the sage-brush at the rate of two miles an hour. From then on, his life suggests Tom Mix, Lincoln and Byron. Living a hard frontier life, he nevertheless steeped himself in the classics and managed to go to an academy at Eugene. But before that:

> At thirteen he was pushing an ore-cart in a southern Oregon mine, and had to be dug out of a collapsed tunnel. When still a lad, he worked for a pair of rascally miners at the headwaters of the Sacramento. They cheated him out of his pay, so he made off with a horse and saddle, taking refuge with the Indians. He was caught and put in a calaboose. Escaping with the help of friends, he was pursued by two deputies until he wounded one and killed the horse of the other. Then a sheriff tried to nab him. But he waylaid the sheriff and took his horse, being pinked with a pistol bullet in the process. Next he lived and hunted with the Indians in the Shasta country, romantically mating with the chief's daughter and starting a half-breed family When he later returned to these mountains, the Modocs were on the war-path, and he received an arrow wound in one fight and a bullet wound in another. Some years later he drove an express in an eastern Washington mining region infested with desperadoes, without losing an ounce of dust or bullion. So much for the Tom Mix phase of his life.
>
> He had a quixotic fondness for the unpopular side. When the Civil War came on, with its bitternesses, Miller published at Eugene a paper so disloyal to the Union that issue after issue was suppressed, only to appear under a new name. The failing fortunes of the South alone saved him from imprisonment for treason. And it left him a host of enemies.
>
> All this time, Miller, with characteristic frankness, was proclaiming his own genius to his friends. He believed in his mission That was the thing that drew him to the Bible. He had the intense conviction of a God-inspired Old Testament prophet. And he was quite as natural and as naive as those old prophets. His imagination was also captured by Jesus. But he saw Jesus, the merciful, living in the open air and in gladness of heart, unconcerned in bourgeois distinctions between virtue and vice, the implacable foe of smugness and hypocrisy. In his heart, however, Miller worshiped the Great Spirit of the Indians.

From boyhood, we are told, Miller had read, recited and scribbled poetry. But he never went at writing in earnest until he had scraped through a bar examination and got an appointment as a county judge at Canyon City, in the bunch-grass country of eastern Oregon. His first volumes, "Specimens" (1868) and "Joaquin Et Al" (1869), were written at Canyon City in a "bold, sprawling but legible hand," in three backless ledgers, along with bits of diary, legal accounts and political speeches. These ledgers came into Mr. Thompson's hands through his father, who had roomed with Miller at the little academy in Eugene, where the two young men had thumbed Vergil together and met in such debates as "Resolved that Oregon should separate from the Union as an independent republic," with Miller characteristically taking the affirmative.

By the time Miller had served a term as judge, been defeated for reelection, and staked his all upon the publication of his poems, he was ready to enter the new phase of life that led him to San Francisco and London. Mr. Thompson tells us:

> In the old ledgers scribbled at Canyon

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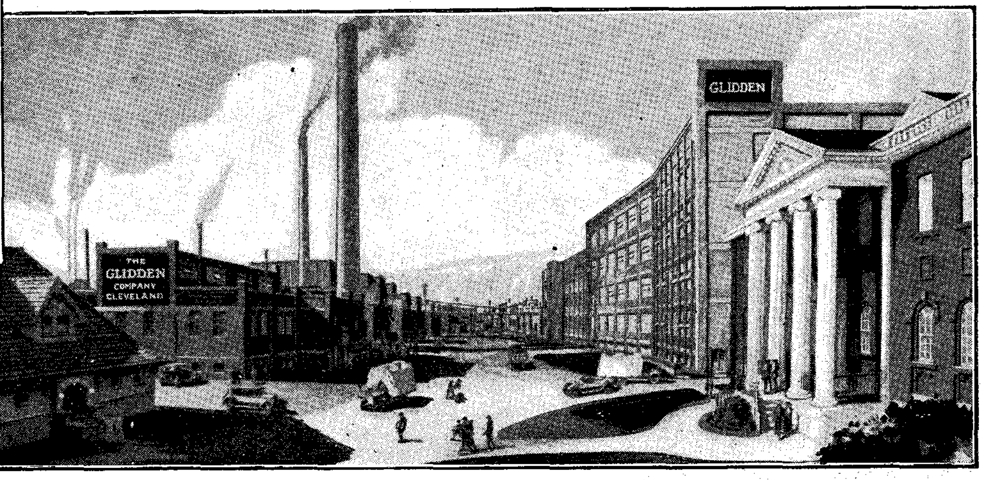

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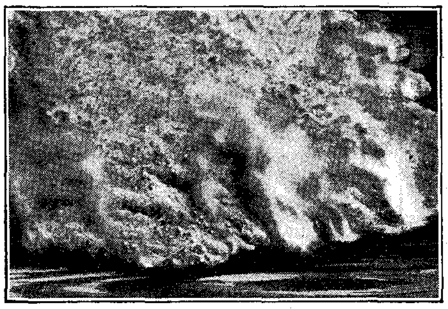

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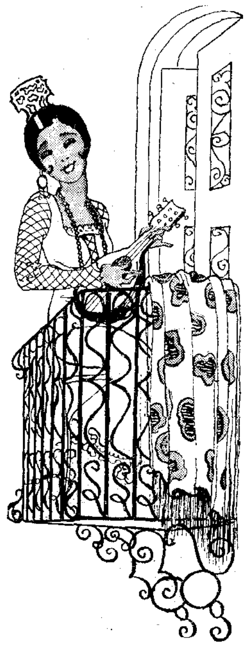

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

City appear some poems that the author evidently did not consider worth printing, such as this Indian tale in hexameters, which begins:

> Hias Skukum Kamnyakking
> Of the Vale of Chikillatty,
> Which I knew each nook and track in,
> Well as Peter knew his daddy,
> Was the chief of the Siwash,
> And the great high cockalorem
> As his fathers were before him.

It is crude and slapstick, with a good deal of Siwash jargon in the dialog. However, all his other poems, scraps or exercises are marked with the exuberant kind of earnestness and strenuous seriousness that was his natural manner.

Miller's stay in San Francisco was not in vain. He believed too firmly in his own star to mind Harte's coldness; besides, it was not in his nature to harbor spite. And he found a friend in Charles Warren Stoddard, just returned from his search for idylls in the South Seas. Stoddard, of course—for he had a lively sense of the ridiculous—guffawed at the ode to the Frisco bards, for he knew the town, yet later wrote: "Never had a breezier bit of human nature dawned upon me this side of the South Seas than that Poet of the Sierras when he came to San Francisco in 1870." Twenty years later Stoddard introduced Miller to Harte, who, altho courteous, never reversed his first judgment.

With dauntless hope, Miller left San Francisco for London, incidentally paying his first visit to New York.

It appears that Miller and New York did not agree. He felt insulted by the city's artificial bars separating man from man. In Central Park, when he sought to rest under a tree "that reached its eager arms up to God, asking, praying for rain," a policeman, club in hand, told him to keep off the grass. His comment, confided to his journal, was: "There is no grass there, New York, and if you come to Oregon you may sit untroubled under the trees, roll in grass that is grass, and rest forever." Apparently he did not know that resting and rolling in grass were not sports that would appeal to New Yorkers. He tried to see Horace Greeley, but the office-boy said the editor was out. The poet suspected the office-boy of polite fiction. Here is his own description of an attempt to see Henry Ward Beecher, as jotted down in his journal:

> Went over and tried to see Beecher: found the door by the pulpit open, and went in. The carpenters were fixing up the church, but they looked so hard at me that I did not ask for Mr. Beecher. I went up on the platform and sat down and peeled an apple, and put the peelings on the little stand. Then I heard a man cough away back in the dark, and he came and climbed up the little ladder and took those peelings in his thumb and finger—long, lean, bony fingers, like tongs—and backing down the ladder he went to the door and threw them away with all his might. Then he coughed again, but all the time he did not let on to see me. I felt awful, and got down and left soon.

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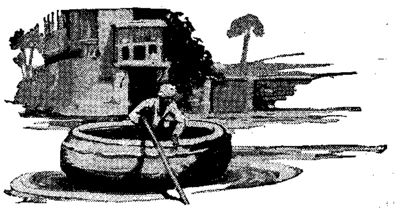

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However, I got some leaves from a tree by the door to send mother.

Miller was wholly unable to understand how he had committed any social breach. "Yet what art," Mr. Thompson remarks, "in his description of that sanctimonious old prig!" And we read on:

Very different was Joaquin Miller's reaction to England. He delighted in its literary shrines. His notes on the Burns country are little rhapsodies. London was unfriendly for a time, but in the end he conquered it by the sheer merit of his poems.

Fame came at a time when he had met every discouragement. His brother, from whom he expected funds, lay ill in Philadelphia, suffering from maladies contracted in the Civil War. He had to make every penny count. With a crippled leg, he had worn himself weary visiting literary landmarks. On his first day, he had sought lodgings in a public house, only to find that pubs were "reeking gin-mills." He had lost his way, when he met Lizzie, a beautiful child of about twelve years, "a ray of sunlight after a whole month of storms." She brought him to Mrs. Brady, slim, bony, six feet tall, who used to hammer her husband cruelly. Brady was a brewery driver as "short and stout as one of his beer-barrels, and a good-hearted soul," who loved his old telegraph-pole of a wife and believed that he could lick her if he tried.

From Mile End, Miller moved to Camberwell, and then to a garret in the poet Cowley's house, back of Westminster. From here he tramped from one publishing house to another, with the "Pacific Poems" under his arm. He met the great Murray, who flipped over the leaves, jerked back his head and wagged a great, long forefinger at him with: "Aye, now, don't you know, poetry won't do? Poetry won't do, don't you know." And Miller, in the street, with the despised sheets under his arm, shook an angry fist at the window.

After five months in London, Miller's book appeared in March, 1871. It came out anonymously, without even a publisher's imprint, yet it won immediate recognition. *The St. James Gazette* attributed "The Arizonian" to Browning, perhaps because of its rugged style. Walter Thornbury, a close friend of Dickens, looked up the American author, and so did two enthusiasts from Dublin University. In a week, Miller was in the thick of London society. His theatrical sense prompted him to dress the part of the Poet of the Sierras, and his personal individuality supported the pose. Once he attended a dinner of the Pre-Raphaelites, and delighted those highly cultured gentlemen by exclaiming, in support of Rossetti's dictum that no great poem could ever be fashioned in a city, "You might as well try to grow a California pine in the shell of a peanut!"

The article in *The International Book Review* throws some new light on the poet's later days. After his return to America in 1871 he paused in Philadelphia to nurse his dying brother. He began a life of Christ in verse, to solace the brother, but never finished it. His home-coming in Oregon was saddened by the death of his only sister. He then went to his old haunts among the

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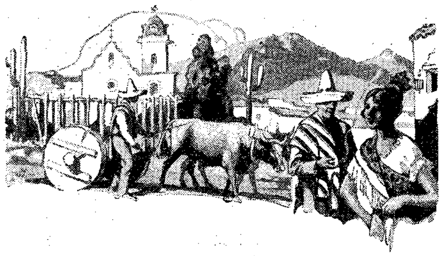

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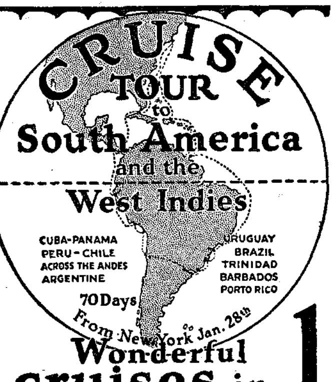

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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Indians at Mt. Shasta. His Indian sweetheart of old, thinking he was trying to take their daughter away, hid herself. Here he lived and wrote of his life among the Modocs. He used the profits of that book to travel to Brazil, and later to the Holy Land. During a period of journalistic work in Washington, D. C., he lived in a cabin there, which is still preserved. It was in 1885 that he built his eccentric home, "The Hights," back of Oakland on San Francisco Bay. During the gold rush in Alaska, Miller went to Nome to do articles for a press syndicate, and later brought out a poetic volume inspired by the trip. Mr. Thompson tells us:

My first personal recollection of Miller was when, as an awestruck child, I sat on the knee of a big, bearded stranger and heard an incomprehensible bear story. Another picture comes to mind at Stanford University, when he addrest an assembly on "Education in China." Apart from omitting all reference to China and education, it was an interesting talk, illustrated with a long string of personal anecdotes and observations. And he gave a charming reading of some of his own verses, in a musical voice with a plainsman's accent. On this occasion, as always on appearing before an audience, he had overcome a natural timidity by a judicious use of barleycorn.

Altho a temperate man, the old gentleman got mellow on occasion. Such an occasion was a visit paid to his home in the Bay hills in the 'nineties. He was then living with his mother, who had a diminutive cottage to herself. His buildings were little better than enlarged doll-houses, each devoted to a separate purpose, one a kitchen, one a parlor, and so on. And one was like a tiny chapel with two gothic windows and a gothic porch, the door extending two-thirds of the distance from the floor to the peak of the roof. This was called "The Abbey," in compliment to Newstead Abbey, which had appealed to his imagination on his visit to England. He welcomed me as the son of an old friend, and insisted upon my staying to dinner. He was quite talkative, as he had brought home some of the exhilaration that was then freely dispensed in the village of Fruitvale on the Oakland road. Whether this was responsible for his eccentric table manners is doubtful. But, however that might be, he ate out of the tureens after serving the rest of us on plates. His mother, poor old lady, who loved to talk, was frequently squelched—for which the blame may properly be placed on Fruitvale. Joaquin was good to his mother.

On my last visit to him in 1912, during his final illness, he was lying on a bed in a single-room cabin under a buffalo robe with a little cricket cap on his head. His locks were thin and his beard white. He lay quietly, for he was partly paralyzed. But his eyes were sharp and penetrating and his mind clear and active. In fact, he was still setting out trees, giving directions to "Babe," as he called his daughter Juanita, who in turn supervised a top-knotted Korean. As he lay there and talked reminiscently, he seemed a typical old pioneer—kindly, humorous, glad to

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have lived, and now ready to pay the penalty with fortitude. He was then past seventy years, but his boyishness and zest for living were still with him, and it was difficult to think of him as old.

Besides these reminiscences of Joaquin Miller, the November *International Book Review* contains twenty-eight other feature articles, namely:

"The Winning Book of the Season," by John W. Crawford; "A Gipsy of the Sea Spins His Yarn," by Frederick O'Brien; "Turning the Spotlight on Mr. Mencken," by John E. Rosser; Basil King in His Cambridge Home," by Esther Brock Bird; "Willa Cather Visits the Cliff-Dwellers," by James L. Ford; "Sir Gilbert Parker Makes La Salle His Hero," by Harry Hansen; "Friendly Forests and Treacherous Men," by William Arthur Deacon; "Victory Comes Late to *Emily Dickinson*," by *Mildred Wasson*; "Editorial. "Picking the Winner"; "Arrows in the Air—XI," by Mr. Smith; "Sifting Out the First Families of America," by Carl C. Brigham; "A Social Philosopher of the Middle West," by Thomas H. Dickinson; "Shakespeare in the Rôle of Geographer," by Brander Matthews; "Lady Gregory Names a Wee Horse," by Harold Speakman; "Mr. Wells Discusses the New Woman," by Louise Maunsell Field; "The Stormy Friendship of Two Presidents," by Claude G. Bowers; "The Author of 'Ariel' Talks of His Next Book," by Willis Steell; "Taking Tea with Anne Douglas Sedgwick," by Jeannette Eaton; "Gentlemen Adventurers in Old India," by H. Glynn Ward; "Colonel Mitchell's Winged Words on Aviation," by John Walker Harrington; "Adventuring with the Argonauts of the South," by Donald Douglas; "A True Story of Wise Motherhood," by Edwin Markham; "Sherwood Anderson Pursues Elusive Emotions," by William R. Langfeld; "Amy Lowell's Posthumous Poems," by Richard Le Gallienne; "To Eleonora Duse: In Answer to a Letter," a poem by Amy Lowell; "Lord Grey's Inside Story of War Diplomacy," by Edwin L. Shuman; "New Books for Boys and Girls," by Mary Graham Bonner; "Two Methods of Making the Reader Shudder," by David F. McCord.

Sizing Up the Enemy.—Little news from Riffian sources comes out of the war in North Africa. An English newspaper, however, has managed to obtain the words of a song that the Riffians sing about their camp-fires as they await the morrow's battle with the French or Spaniards or both. The song in translation follows:

One Englishman is a sportsman.
Two Englishmen is a drunken brawl.
Three Englishmen is a British colony.

One Spaniard is Don Quixote.
Two Spaniards is Don Quixote and Sancho
  Panza.
Three Spaniards is a retreat.

One Riffian is a sniper.
Two Riffians is a battalion.
Three Riffians is Annual.

"Annual" refers to the great Riff victory over Spain. Their song shows that the Riffians are lacking in neither racial self-esteem nor a sense of humor.—*The Argonaut.*

Backward, Turn Backward, Etc.—Herbert Holeman, colored, twenty-eight, of 417 New York Avenue northwest, who was injured to-day when the automobile truck on which he was riding collided with a street car on Connecticut Avenue near Porter Street northwest, died yesterday at Emergency Hospital from internal injuries.—*Washington Times.*

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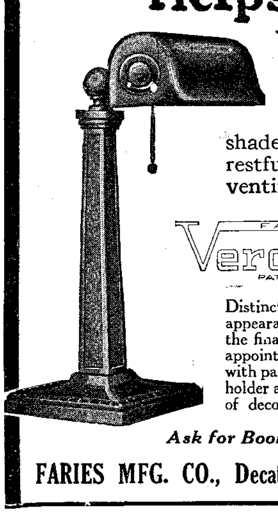

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
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A DEFENSE OF TOBACCO

IS the wide-spread belief that the use of tobacco is injurious a myth, arising from ignorance and fostered by a peculiar mental bias common to many "professional reformers"? These charges are made by Dr. O. Victor Limerick, director of the Department of Pharmacology of the Brooklyn, New York, Diagnostic Institute, in an article entitled "The Psychology of the Tobaccophobe," contributed to *The Therapeutic Gazette* (Detroit). The prejudice against tobacco reminds Dr. Limerick, he says, of the history of the common tomato. In the sixteenth century the Spaniards brought the tomato into Europe from South America, and it became known in Italy as *Pomo dei Mori* (Moors' Apple). Similarity of sound made it *Pomme d' Amour* (Love Apple) in French, and this at once gave rise to the popular belief that there was "something sinisterly dangerous" about this vegetable. Even to this day the tomato is avoided as a poisonous and evil-doing plant by the peasants of several districts of northern France. He goes on:

> One of the chief causes of perplexity relative to any problem in science is the common failure to make proper distinction between a prevailing opinion and an established fact. And inasmuch as the prejudice against the use of tobacco is based almost entirely on popular opinion, it is important that we know how this popular opinion originated and why it is still shared by a considerable number of persons whose attainments are not open to dispute. Popular opinion need not hold any valid relation to what is true, and it is often entirely erroneous. Popular opinion is the scum of mass reaction. It is thick with fossilized misconceptions held in suspension by stultifying tradition.
>
> When we make a stringent examination of the theories that have successively supported the belief that tobacco causes disease of the body or of the mind, or of both body and mind, it becomes difficult for us to understand how these theories could have escaped refutation for so many years. It becomes next to impossible for us to understand how the higher grades of intellect could have been led and kept astray by a succession of assumptions, each one of which might have been completely shattered by a moment's sober reflection. The unconscious harboring of an emotional bias and the unsuspected absorption of conventional opinion is the only way of accounting for the longevity of the erroneous theories.
>
> When the first voyagers to the Western Hemisphere learned of tobacco from the Indians and, on their return, introduced it into Europe, opposition to its use was at once based on the assumption that the drawing of smoke into the lungs, as in the act of inhaling, must certainly cause some sort of lung disease. In course of time this belief became almost world-wide, and it still prevails in some quarters. Now the truth is that very little smoke ever enters the lungs when it is "inhaled" by a smoker; it is not conveyed further than the larynx. A greater number of non-smokers than

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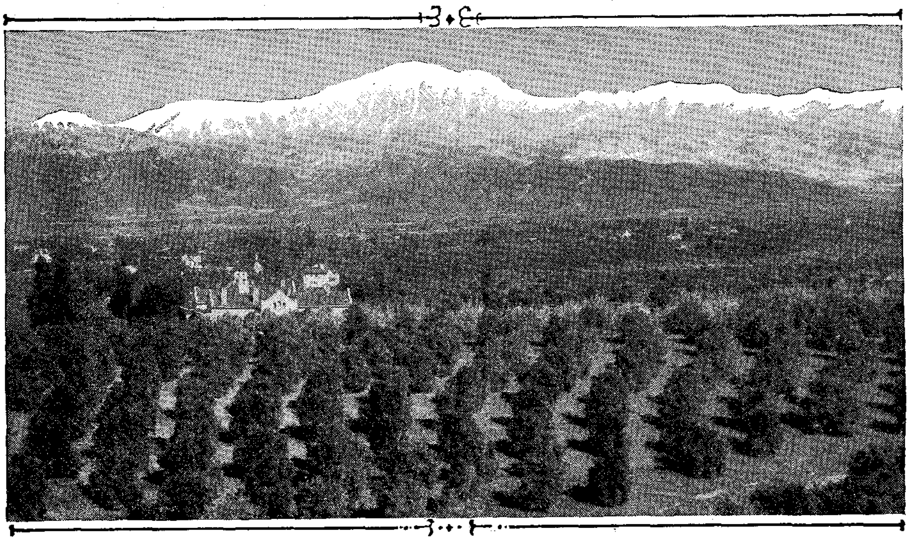
smokers were discharged on account of tuberculosis during the draft of soldiers for the World War. This statistical fact is offered merely as pertinent interpolation. The habit of inhaling tobacco smoke is every whit as pure and undefiled in origin as is the habit of kissing.

There are no nerves of taste nor nerves of smell in our lungs, so it must be obvious that the drawing of tobacco smoke into the lungs can not possibly give rise to a pleasurable sensation. As a matter of fact, when tobacco is accidentally drawn into the lungs, which is a common experience of novices, it invariably excites an expulsive cough. The "inhalation" of tobacco smoke (drawing it as far back as the larynx, not into the lungs) is simply an act preliminary to forcing the smoke against the nerves of *taste* and *smell*, which are situated only in the mouth and nose. The pleasurable impression derivable from smoking is proportional to the amount of surface of these nerves that is exposed to the volatile materials incorporated in the tobacco smoke. The blowing of smoke through the nose, which is a practise of many habitual smokers, is an extension of surface to the volatile materials. The popular belief that tobacco smoke causes disease of the lungs came to an end in enlightened circles about the time that the red in flannel shirts lost its reputation among consumptives.

The next opinion advanced in support of the contention that tobacco plays havoc with both body and mind was that nicotine, which is a very powerful substance, is the captivating constituent of tobacco and the actual cause of the craving which ultimately results in an habituation. This belief, says Dr. Limerick, became so widespread and was shared by so many men of professional eminence that none but the most courageous dared express a contrary opinion or even a doubt. The very processes of reasoning by which scientists arrive at conclusions were inverted, he asserts, in order to give this theory so much as a semblance of plausibility. He goes on:

> An opium addict prefers morphine to the crude drug, and the cocain addict prefers the isolated alkaloid to the leaves from which it is obtained. This is the exact reverse of what is true in the case of those habituated to tobacco. Despite the fact that nicotine is available to every one, it being the insecticide in common use by gardeners and farmers, no one has ever seen a "nocotine-taker." There is no such thing as nicotine pills or tablets in the market. There is, in fact, no appreciable relation between the amount of pleasure derivable from a given kind of tobacco and its nicotine content. The preference of the average smoker is so strongly in the direction of mild tobacco that manufacturers find it expedient to stress the mildness of their respective brands. The cigar is rapidly giving way to the cigaret, which is the mildest form of smoking tobacco.
>
> The theory that the injurious effect of tobacco is due to the carbon monoxid present in its smoke can be dismissed with the statement that there is more carbon monoxid generated by automobiles during traffic jams in New York City in one day than can be got out of a whole year's crop of smoking tobacco. And New York is a health resort!
>
> Moved to caution by the nimble manner



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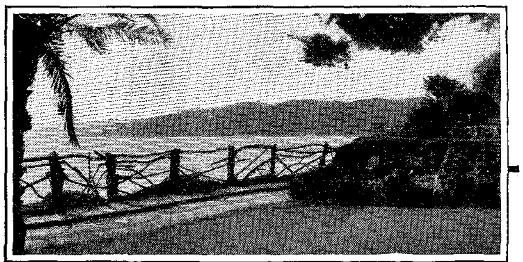

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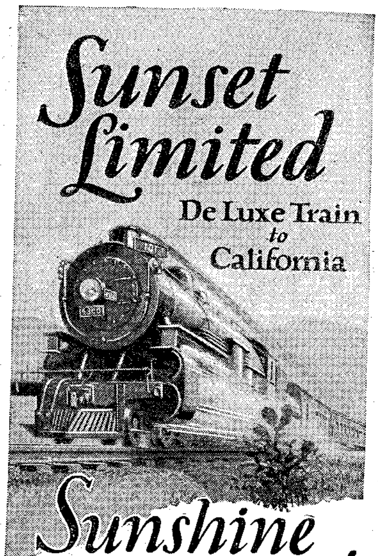
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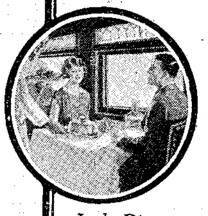
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

in which scientists have shattered their theories, one after another, the tobacco-phobes took the stand that, in some way or other, tobacco lessens mental alertness, lowers scholarship, and impairs deportment. This charge inspired some of the finest anti-tobacco oratory of the day. The thing that immediately cast suspicion on the spoken and printed convictions of these schoolmasters and school principals was the fact that, almost without exception, these well-meaning souls attached greatest blame to the mildest form of smoking tobacco (the cigaret) and were unaccountably mute with respect to the strongest form (the pipe), which is quite a favorite with student bodies. The opinions of schoolmasters relative to the effect of tobacco on mental alertness and scholarship are made scientifically worthless by the fact that they are products of self-deception. They are as unconvincing as an old-time revivalist's description of purgatory.

M. V. O'Shea, Professor of Education, University of Wisconsin, and member of the Committee to Study the Tobacco Problem, is author of a book entitled "Tobacco and Mental Efficiency." In speaking of the irreconcilable opinions of men, as they are commonly exprest, this author says, as quoted by Dr. Limerick:

> There is another possible explanation of the difference in testimony given by different groups of men. The men of distinction felt under no compulsion to express conventional views. There was nothing whatever to be gained by misrepresenting their experience. Being men of distinction, they probably possess an unusual degree of independence of thought and judgment, and freedom from conventional restraint. They would, therefore, be less influenced by traditional views than would the typical individual of average attainments. They have probably given an accurate and faithful statement of their experience with tobacco, so far as they have been able to analyze it.

Here, says Dr. Limerick, we have the admission that the opinion of "the typical individual of average attainments" relative to the effect of tobacco is of no value because he feels more or less "compulsion to express conventional views." Professor O'Shea makes this further admission:

> Leading reformers, who should be regarded as creative thinkers, have generally been non-smokers, but the men who have created new nations, new types of government, who have welded nations together, and who have in other ways exhibited marked creative ability, have often been smokers.

Our author goes on to say:

> At the present moment a considerable number of persons seem stirred up about the possibility that cigaret-smoking will prove ruinous to the minds and morals of our young women. A magazine of world-wide circulation has quoted a physician as saying: "It (tobacco) fouls the breath and makes women unwomanly." This sort of loose talk is a stench in the nostrils of real scientists. Tobacco has no specific action on the organs that differentiate the sexes, so it can neither make a woman unwomanly nor a man unmanly, in the sense in which these terms are used by respectable medical authorities.
>
> The history of human experience, as well as the results of exhaustive investigations conducted by men highly trained in scientific research, point to the fact that the moderate use of smoking tobacco is not harmful to either the body or mind. The welfare of every organism, whether it be ameba or man, is determined by the totality of its gainful reactions to its environment. Man is continually struggling to adapt himself to his artificial and vacillating environment. Every innovation of modern civilization adds to the intensity of this struggle, which is superficially exprest in animosity, irascibility, envy, greed, dejection, inflation, or other emotional stresses involving excessive psychoneurotic taxation. Beyond shadow of doubt, tobacco does aid the adaptive mechanism of man. This fact has been confirmed with statistical finality. Under its soothing influence the jars and frets of the moment soften and the smoker thus gains a repose in which his powers of perception are better poised, his ideas flow more freely, and his various responses to stimuli are improved in quality.

Among the "tobaccophobes" thus pilloried by Dr. Limerick we must apparently number one of his French colleagues, Dr. Héricourt, who in an article contributed to *Le Quotidien* (Paris) under the heading "Must We Consider Tobacco a Mental Poison?" concludes that it is rather a moral anesthetic—a sedative, to be sure, but not a corrective of such psychic excitants as coffee or alcohol—rather an aggravation of their action. After noting that most of the drugs affected by civilized man are mental excitants while tobacco would seem to act in the opposite sense, he asks:

> May not tobacco be a providential sedative, capable of correcting the inopportune effects of the antagonistic substances so unfortunately absorbed?
>
> It is certain that the consumption of these demands, more or less imperatively, the use of the other; that it is especially after the *demi-tasse* or the *petit verre* that we feel the need of cigaret, cigar or pipe.
>
> And if, for whatever reason—often the appearance of some digestive or nervous trouble—we decide to cut out either coffee or tobacco, while continuing the use of one or the other, we then observe disorders which put in evidence the action of the substance whose use we have continued—either signs of caffein poisoning, if we have stopt smoking, or of tabagism if we have left off taking coffee.
>
> In these conditions, shall we not have to agree that tobacco corrects, in a valuable way, the influence of habitual psychic excitants and that it furnishes a sedative calculated to enable human beings to enjoy stimulants without the risk of losing their balance?

As a matter of fact, Dr. Héricourt goes on, this is not precisely the case. Coffee and alcohol stimulate particularly that part of the brain that controls ideation and imagination, whereas the calming influence of the weed acts not on this but on the moral sensibility—it has actually a "consoling" quality, as its advocates have always claimed. This is a desirable thing in certain circumstances, but is not always opportune. Dr. Héricourt concludes:

> The general conclusion is that tobacco, tho a sedative, is not a desirable one. It does not correct the action of the psychic excitants, but really aggravates them by suppressing, in an anesthesia of moral sense, the sole protection that we may oppose to the flood of released imagination.

HOW SWEET IS SUGAR?

It is not generally realized that "sugar" is merely the name of a class of substances of various degrees of sweetness. Some of these have been so rare that they are known only to chemists, but an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) predicts that the rare sugars of the present day may be among the common ones of the future. Sucrose—cane sugar or beet sugar—has long been available, pure and inexpensive. One cent will now buy more than three hundred calories of it, representing the nearest approach to chemical purity of any common item in the diet of man. The writer goes on:

> Only a few years ago, the much berated "glucose" was commercially available only in the form of crude sirups, but to-day there are indications that refined products of high purity will soon compete with the long-favored sucrose under conditions that do not justify the somewhat derisive designation of "corn sirup." Lactose, or milk sugar, is marketed in large quantities. Levulose, also known as fructose, or fruit sugar, once ranked among the rarer sugars, has been produced crystalline in quantity for a great number of years; and the possibility of manufacturing levulose sirup from the Jersualem artichoke has already been suggested. The production of invert sugar sirups, containing glucose and levulose, from sucrose already is an industry of considerable proportions. The changing dietary customs in regard to sugar products is shown in the lessening prominence of honey and molasses in comparison with their rôle in the culinary arts a century ago.
>
> In view of these circumstances it seems highly desirable to learn the special properties with which the possible saccharine competitors for human favor are endowed, so that they can be compared discriminately when occasion arises. The most prominent feature of the sugars as a class is their sweetness; yet, strangely enough, accurate information as to their relative sweetness has largely been lacking or the data have been variable. Recent studies at the University of Minnesota are probably the most satisfactory contribution yet offered on the subject. If the sweetness of sucrose is rated as 100, levulose deserves a value of 173, glucose 74, maltose 32, galactose 32, and lactose (milk sugar) 16. The low sweetening power of the latter has long been known, and has made it possible to use this easily dissolved carbohydrate in large quantities where high calory intake was desired but ordinary sugar would become distasteful because of its greater sweetness. The unique sweetness of levulose has not been fully appreciated heretofore. It accounts for the relatively high sweetness of invert sugar produced by inversion of sucrose, thereby increasing its

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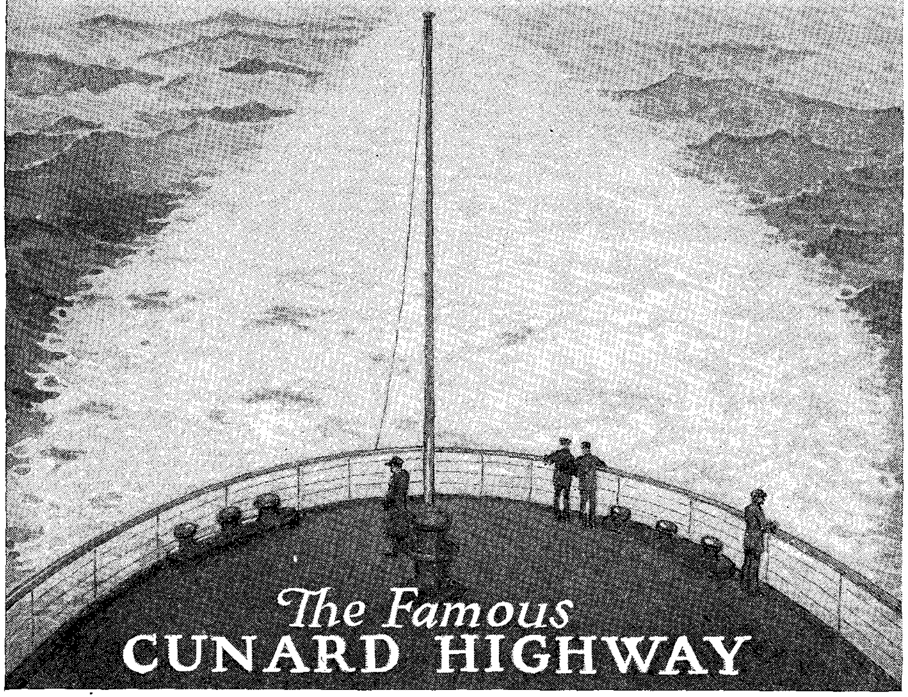

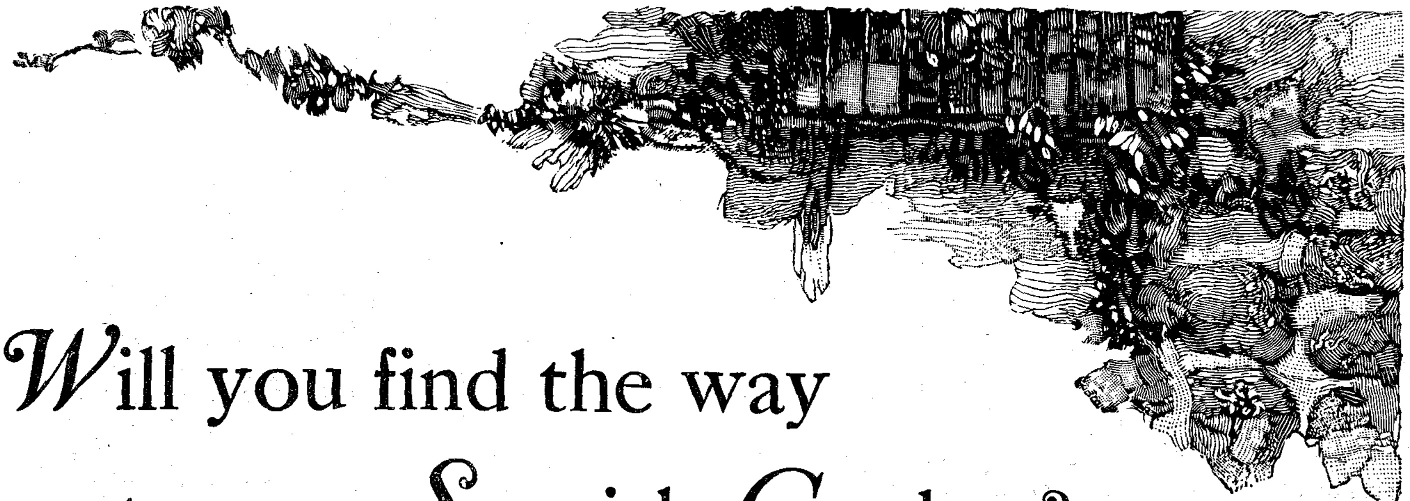

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Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown an increase *every year.* Roger Babson says that Florida offers the greatest opportunity for money-making of all the states. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. Two country clubs, a military academy, public schools and the College for Young Women of the Sisters of Saint Joseph are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have been spent in development work—future plans call for twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has been bought.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Theatre, a Conservatory of Music and other remarkable projects.

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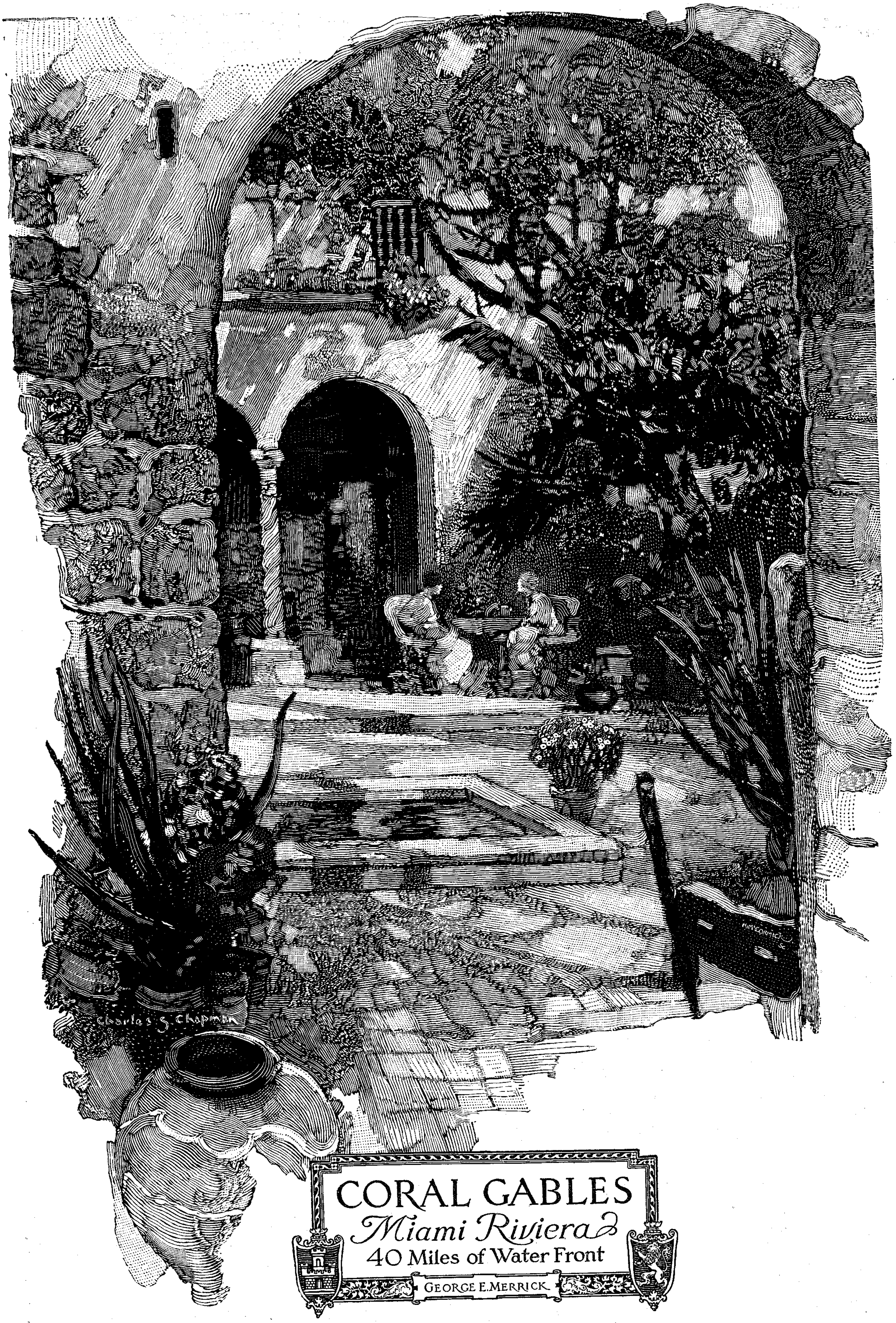
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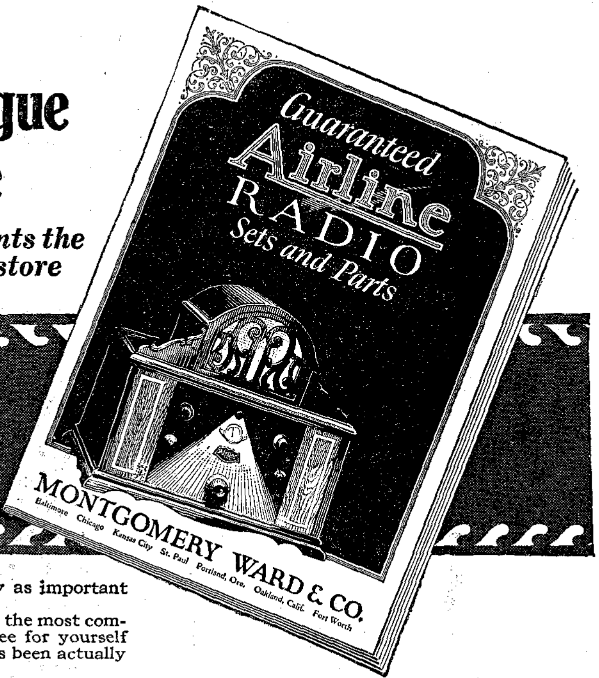
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

sweet flavor about 30 per cent. It will also come as a surprize to many that "glucose," the hydrolysis product of starch, approaches cane sugar so closely in sweetening power.

The time has come for students of nutrition to emphasize the fact that the place of sugar in the dietary has changed from that of a flavoring adjuvant to a position of not negligible importance as a food fuel. A century ago the per capita consumption of sugar presumably did not exceed ten or twelve pounds yearly. At present the annual use averages a hundred pounds more. This gradual introduction of approximately two pounds, or eight thousand calories a week, into the regimen of the average person can have occurred only through displacement of some equivalent source of energy. Pure sugar, devoid of inorganic salts or vitamins, has thus become a diluent, so to speak, of the national diet. This does not mean that sugar is not a wholesome food; on the contrary, it is easily digested as a rule and quickly mobilized for physiologic uses. Without sugar—in suitable form—in the blood, disaster quickly arises. But the purity of present-day sweet sugar used as a food rather than as a food adjuvant inevitably leads to a decreased intake of the useful "contaminants" that are introduced into the diet along with the cruder sources of carbohydrate or fat that is being displaced. Whether a real menace to well-being is involved therein remains to be seen. A change in dietary customs and food habits has, at least, brought new problems.

MAKING SHIPS RAT PROOF

RATS are objectionable anywhere, but their presence on shipboard is even more undesirable than in buildings, because with them disease may be transported from one country to another. Provisions for making buildings or vessels rat-proof are now often incorporated in architects' specifications, and the rat-proofing of large ships in the port of New York is now proceeding with gratifying results, we learn from Drs. S. B. Grubbs and B. E. Holsendorf, of the U. S. Public Health Service, who contribute a leading article on the subject to *Public Health Reports* (Washington). After experiments and study begun thirteen years ago, when the authors held that fumigation for rats could not be efficiently done unless the vessel was extensively prepared, it was decided about a year ago to begin the rat-proofing of vessels at New York. Preparation for fumigation, by opening up dead spaces to let the gases penetrate and by blocking runways by which rats could escape, is in itself, we are told, a partial rat-proofing, from which a more complete and permanent system has naturally evolved. We read:

> At the request of the general manager of the line, one of the finest and largest passenger vessels afloat was chosen for a demonstration. For several months before beginning the work, conditions on the vessel were studied by almost daily observations

and trapping. Intensive trapping reduced the number of rats appreciably, and observations allowed their habits and movements to be charted with reasonable accuracy. As the rat-proofing progressed month by month, trapping results fell practically to zero, and the testimony of persons on board and the absence of rat signs finally indicated that the rats had practically been eradicated. The response to this demonstration has been such that we have a large number of requests to begin on other ships, among which are many of the finest vessels afloat.

The term "rat-proof" has for some time been applied to buildings and is recognized as a valuable measure against bubonic plague and rat depredations. Rat-proofing may be permanent or temporary. Permanent rat-proofing must be incorporated in the original building, or requires considerable structural change, whereas temporary rat-proofing may be secured by blocking off rat harborages and rat-runs.

The general principles of rat-proofing are the same whether on land or sea, but their application may differ. For instance, we rat-proof buildings largely to prevent the gnawing and burrowing of the gray rat, whereas these rats are not common on shipboard, where burrowing is impossible.

It may be well to define the term "rat-proof" as it is being used in the port of New York. A rat-proof ship is one on which it is impossible or difficult for a rat to hide, nest, or move about in search of food. This condition may be approximately reached when the ship is first constructed (permanent rat-proofing), or it may be accomplished by abolishing dead spaces or blocking them off by material impervious to rats, at the same time stopping all rat-runs. In the complicated structure of a modern ship this requires a large amount of detailed work, most of which is done with light material requiring regular inspection and repair (secondary or temporary rat-proofing).

Rats may get on a rat-proof ship, just as they may enter a rat-proof building; but once on such a ship it will be impossible or difficult for them to hide, except in cargo or stores, which will afford only temporary shelter, and they can not move from one compartment to another in search of food or water. In other words, they will be confronted with an acute housing problem, high cost of living, and poor transportation between home and business (food-getting). Laboring under these disadvantages, rats will be exposed to acute rivalry among themselves, to their enemies, and to starvation. They will breed with difficulty, and instead of multiplying will decrease or even disappear.

A rat-proof ship will have less destruction from rats, will be cleaner, will be preferred by passengers and shippers, will be less likely to carry bubonic plague, and consequently less liable to the delays and expense of quarantine.

The tendency of modern building, both on land and sea, is already toward rat-proof construction. On shore this is primarily to prevent fire; on the sea it is to prevent fire and to increase strength and safety. Ships have been built within the past few years that are nearly, if not entirely, rat-proof, altho probably not designed with this object in view. If the general principles are understood by the naval constructors and are incorporated in the original design of a modern vessel, rat-proof construction would cause but small or no additional expense.

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KHJ...........Los Angeles..........................Los Angeles Times

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KGO..........Oakland..............................General Electric Co.

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P. M. (P. T.)
KFOA........Seattle...Seattle Times

Alternate Saturdays (Nov. 7, 21, etc.) 9-9:30 P. M. (E.T.)
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WGN........Chicago...................................Chicago Tribune

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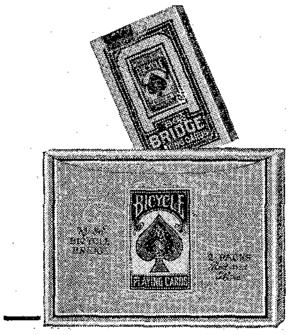

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS
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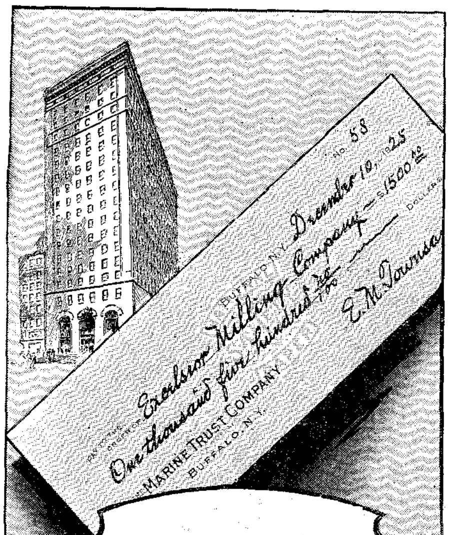
Buffalo N.Y. December 10 1925
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Dollars
Marine Trust Company
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E. M. Townsend

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

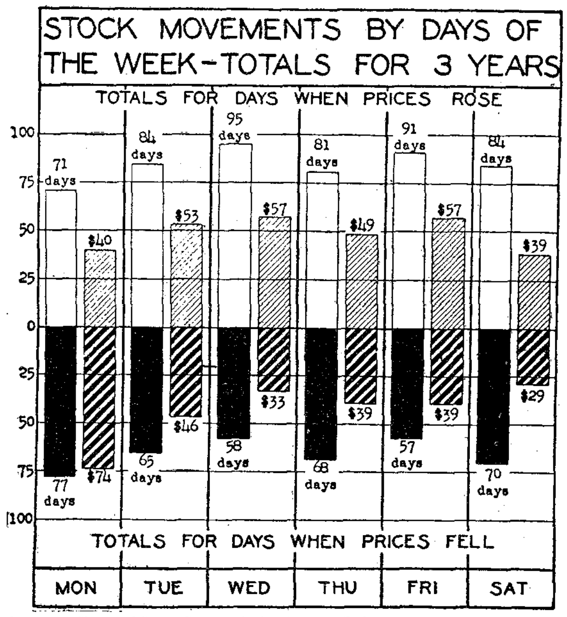
WORRYING ABOUT CONSUMERS' HABITS

MANUFACTURERS have a way of complaining about changes in the habits of consumers and condemning "the rank and file of the community for turning from old-line and 'staple' goods to what are often termed luxuries," reports the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which finds such complaint futile and almost absurd. We are reminded that farm-equipment makers say hard things about the farmers "because instead of buying wire fencing, plows, and harrows, producers are alleged to be putting their money into automobiles." In the same way representatives of textile interests sadly deplore the fact that consumers no longer absorb the once customary amounts of staple clothes and products, but all over the country, men and women, they "demand highly styled goods and frequent changes in the color and cut of their clothes." Now whether it is true or not that the people of this prosperous country are all "falling down to worship the gods of luxury," *The Journal of Commerce* can not see what is to be gained by complaining, or by "reading lectures to the rank and file of consumers throughout the land." For these changes in consumption habits have now been with us so long through good and bad times that we may well consider them permanent. So, "it would at the present time be much more profitable to be formulating plans for adjustment of our machinery for production, distribution and service to new conditions, than to waste time and effort in kicking against the tricks." As *The Journal of Commerce* concludes:

> There is no great likelihood that automobiles will grow permanently less numerous on our highways or that the rank and file of the public will shortly turn from the motor to the electric car. Nor need we expect that in a short space of time consumers will cease to demand "up-to-the-minute" clothing. The farmer is not apt to return to that frame of mind necessary to drive him to forego the pleasure of greater social and other contacts with his fellows, made possible by the possession of a car, in order that his barn may have a new coat of paint or that old fences and equipment may be replaced with new except where these latter things are an actual and more or less compelling necessity. What one may think as to the desirability of such practises is beside the point. The fact is they are here and must be reckoned with.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

WE have all kinds of business cycles and curves nowadays, and the Cleveland Trust Company adds to the list by making a study of daily averages for industrial stocks for the last three years to find out which days of the week are most likely to show upward, and which downward, movements. In its *Business Bulletin* the Ohio bank states its conclusion that the greatest changes tend to occur on Mondays and the smallest ones on Saturdays. It seems that:



From the Cleveland Trust Company's *Business Bulletin*

> The tendencies are most noteworthy in the records of declines. Business was transacted on the New York stock exchange during 148 Mondays from the middle of 1922 to the middle of 1925. On 71 of these trading days the average prices of the industrial stocks in the Dow-Jones list increased, and if the price advances of all these 71 Mondays are added, they amount to $40. During the remaining 77 Mondays the average prices of these stocks declined, and the aggregate of these drops in the quotations amounts to $74.

These findings are portrayed in the diagram which is reproduced on this page. In the first division of the diagram the first column in outline and the one in light shading represent the number of Mondays in the past three years on which average prices rose and the aggregate amount of their increase. "The corresponding columns in solid black and heavy shading below the zero line represent the Mondays on which prices fell, and the total of these declines." We read then:

> A further examination of the diagram will show that during these past three years prices declined more often on

Monday than they did on any other day. The greatest number of advances in price levels came on Wednesdays, and the amount of these advances was not exceeded by those of any other day. The data indicate that the widest price changes tend to come on Mondays, and the smallest ones on Saturdays. Price decreases are most frequent and largest on Mondays, and price increases are most frequent and greatest on Wednesdays.

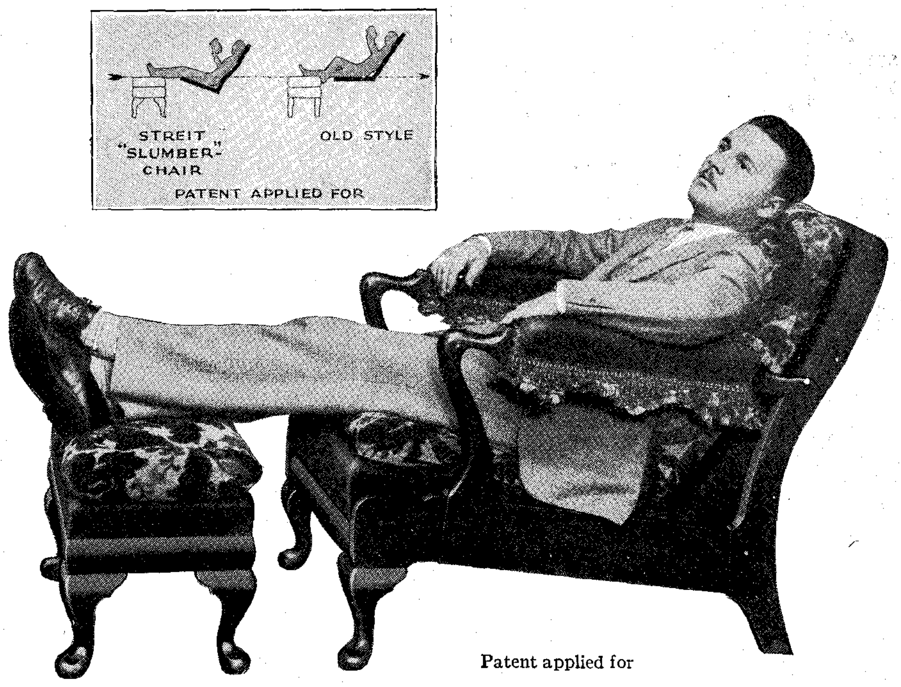
These tendencies seem to hold good whether the general trend of the market is upward or downward. The general level of stock prices rose during most of the time from the middle of 1922 to the middle of 1923. It declined during most of the succeeding 12 months, and it has risen a long way from the middle of 1924 to the middle of 1925. Despite these differences in the three years the averages of the daily movements for the separate years agree closely, and appear to reflect genuine characteristics of the market tendencies on the different days of the week.

Perhaps part of the explanation is to be found in a tendency of investors to think things over on Sunday, and to arrive at decisions which they put into execution on Monday by placing orders to "sell at market." Why these orders should not be offset by an equal number of buying orders is not clear, but the fact seems to be that Monday is in the long run the poorest day on which to sell, and the best on which to buy. Monday quotations are the most variable, while those of Saturday are the most stable.

HOW STANDARDIZATION MAKES MONEY EASIER

A BASIC condition of such a boom as we are now having in Wall Street is easy money, the financial experts say. There is plenty of capital for investment and speculation. And this necessarily stimulates all markets. One reason for this ease in the money market is called to our attention by the Irving Bank-Columbia Trust Company of New York in its current *Mid-Month Review of Business*. This factor, we are told, consists of "the cumulative benefits flowing from the establishment of the Division of Simplified Practise in the United States Department of Commerce, nearly four years ago." By this one act alone, says the writer for the New York bank, Secretary Hoover "has well earned immortal fame in the history of American business." We are told that "simplified practise and standardization herald easier money conditions in future and declining costs." It is observed:

Anybody with common sense can see the folly of manufacturing sixty-six varieties of paving brick when only five are actually necessary to meet all demands. By force of inertia, however, the situation would doubtless have endured indefinitely in the absence of some agency whereby producers, distributers and users could come together and agree to minimize the excess varieties in shape, size, quality, process, composition and other characteristics of many products. Thus, the styles of woven-wire fencing have been reduced from 552 to 69. Where 78 sizes of bedsteads, springs and mattresses were formerly manufactured, only four are now turned out. Bolts and nuts for farm machinery have been reduced from 1,500



Patent applied for

Give Dad a Streit "Slumber" Chair

a whole lifetime of Christmas Happiness!

DAD will just love this new, different and better comfort chair. Everything about it is just as he has always wanted **his** chair to be.

The new feature, and this is what makes the Streit "Slumber" Chair so unique, is the construction of the back and seat so that they are always in the same relative position. Either reclining or sitting up, there is no sliding forward, no hunching down. Just solid comfort, for every bone and muscle in the body! Too, the deep upholstery is curved nicely to fit the spine and to support the "small of the back."

Give dad a book and his pipe and watch him "melt" into a Streit "Slumber" Chair. And at the end of an hour or five hours he'll be just as comfortable! That's what we mean when we say this chair gives an entirely new idea of chair comfort.

Adjustable!
Reclining!

New Streit Slumber Chair

See the Streit "Slumber" Chair at leading dealers — or write us for booklet showing the many charming designs. Be sure to have a Streit "Slumber" Chair for dad on Christmas morning.

Streit Slumber Chair
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. CAN. PAT. OFF.

Yet, it appears just as any well designed high-grade chair. No mechanism shows. The lines are true to the most desirable classic and period furniture ideas. It's a chair that mother and the girls will be proud to have in the living room — as well as a chair they'll use all the time when dad isn't at home.

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Please send booklet on Streit "Slumber" Chair and name of nearest dealer.

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My furniture dealer is...

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ADDING-CALCULATOR

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"One of the fundamental ideas of Monroe construction is that of simplicity; complicated parts and movements have been entirely avoided.

"Painstaking thoroughness is evident throughout the Monroe Plant. For example, each running part is subjected individually to a penetration test of hardness, and all important bearing surfaces are ground to high finish and extreme *accuracy.*"

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A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

varieties to only 840. Hotel chinaware has declined similarly from 700 to only 160 kinds. Nine types of milk bottles now do the work of 49. House-builders have learned to get along with 24 different kinds of metal lath as against 125 formerly. Several other items used in building construction have been simplified, to the gain of all concerned. The lumber industry thus taught itself to economize nearly $200,000,000 last year. The good work is going on steadily in a widening circle of industries. Automotive parts, boilers, boxes, concrete blocks, dental supplies, furnace parts, grocery bags, tanks, oil-burners, pocket-knives, wooden tool-handles, hardware in scores of different groups, steel lockers, rubber heels, cotton fabric colors, invoice and other office forms,—these are only a few random citations from the wide gamut of our industries where highly practical innovations have been made in the direction of greater simplicity. But the end is still far away.

We are asked to reflect on the widely ramifying consequences of this waste-saving program:

> The cumulative savings benefit consumers, wholesalers and retailers as well as manufacturers. All four groups gain by economizing the space as well as the capital formerly needed for carrying excess supplies. Prompt deliveries and better service can be given all along the line. The manufacturer not only has less money tied up in raw materials and semi-finished or finished stock, but also in jigs, dies, templates and special machinery, repair parts and storage space. Manufacturing becomes more economical, since with larger units of production, clerical overhead is reduced and there is less idle equipment, better and easier inspection, greater facility in training employees, steadier employment, an increased rate of stock turnover, greater sales momentum, fewer factory shutdowns, easier financing. A smaller number of sizes and shapes makes for standardization in methods of packing, handling and transportation, with fewer chances of error in shipment. Plans and schedules can be made farther ahead. Furthermore, additional gains result from decreasing the number of production processes. There also begins a growing circle of ancillary benefits of broad social importance, such as the elimination of a peculiarly wasteful and parasitic form of advertising, the gradual education of buyers to the habit of purchasing on a basis of tested quality rather than of price, the promotion of a fuller understanding between buyer and seller, with a consequent decrease in litigation, and last, but not least, a certain stabilizing influence upon all forms of trade, thereby tending to narrow the swings of the business cycle.

We are told that the outcome from the standpoint of international commerce "can only be surmised, but that American business competition will thus become more formidable seems even now to be keenly feared abroad, as is shown by the earnest efforts being made to promulgate similar reforms in other industrial countries, notably in Germany."

John Bagley made fragrance *immortal*

ALL the artistic geniuses of life have been specialists. Cellini, the carver of gold . . . . Gainsborough, the painter of portraits . . . . and John Bagley of Ole Virginia, the creator of tobacco fragrance.

To Bagley a pipe tobacco without fragrance was like a rose without perfume. Cool, mellow and satisfying it must be—but fragrant also.

In the prime of his wizardry, this peerless blender developed a blend that for sheer aroma had no counterpart in tobacco history. Only the perfumed breath off Dixie's fields in June . . . . sweet clover at sunup . . . . the luxuriant growth of the tropics could match it for fragrance.

BUCKINGHAM he named it, and even womenfolk gathered 'round the long clays to drink in its peerless fragrance.

That BUCKINGHAM fragrance still exists. Like to try it? Just ask at your favorite tobacconist's for a tin of it.

And Tonight—in your wife's presence
—Smoke Buckingham

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by
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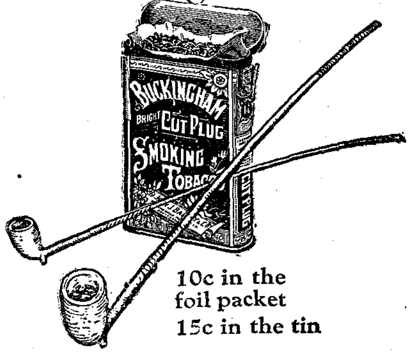
Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 27.—Greece and Bulgaria notify the League of Nations Council that orders have been given to their respective troops to withdraw behind their own frontiers. It is announced that the Council will send a commission to the Balkans to investigate the causes of the Greco-Bulgar conflict.

Following the failure of Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux to fund the French debt to the United States, Premier Paul Painlevé hands in the collective resignation of his ministry to President Doumergue.

Martial law of fifteen days is declared in the Provinces of Santiago, Valparaiso and Aconoaqua, Chile, following a riot by partizans of Dr. Joseph Salas, the defeated "wage-earners" candidate in the Presidential election.

Further reports of the disastrous bombardment of Damascus by the French say that the city was shelled three days and that the French used machine-guns, artillery, airplanes, and tanks to quell the uprising of Druses who had secretly entered the city.

October 28.—Premier Painlevé accepts the task of forming a new Ministry.

October 29.—The Conservatives lead in the Canadian general election by a small margin, Premier MacKenzie King, Liberal, and eight of his Cabinet losing their seats.

With the American and British Governments requesting information in regard to the French bombardment of Damascus, the recall of General Sarrail, in charge of the French troops in Syria, is being demanded in France.

Premier Painlevé of France forms his new Ministry, taking the finance portfolio himself and retaining Aristide Briand as Foreign Minister.

The League of Nations Council appoints a Commission to investigate the Greco-Bulgar embroglio, and names Horace Rumbold, British Ambassador to Madrid, as Chairman.

Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, Minister of Agriculture, a son of Viscount Halifax, will be appointed Viceroy of India, succeeding Earl Reading, it is officially announced in London.

October 31.—The Persian National Assembly ousts the Shah, Ahmad Kajar, and the Kajar dynasty by a vote of 80 to 5, and power is temporarily reposed in Premier Reza Khan.

The Permanent Mandate Commission of the League of Nations requests France to explain the bombardment of Damascus by French troops and the incidents leading up to it.

Gen. Michael W. Frunse, who succeeded Leon Trotzky as Chief of the Russian "Red" Army, dies in Moscow.

November 2.—The Arabs in Palestine go on a twenty-four-hour strike as a protest against the bombardment of Damascus and the "Balfour Declaration," which provides for the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.

November 3.—Premier Painlevé's reorganized government wins its first vote of confidence in the Chamber of

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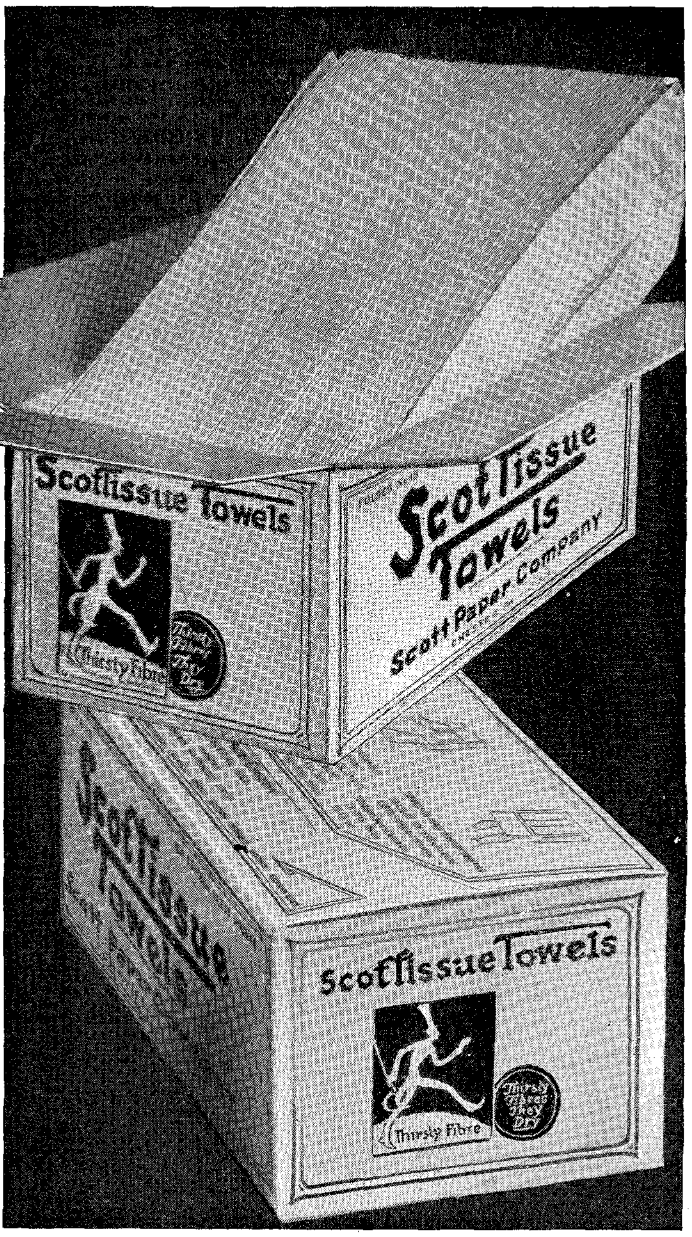

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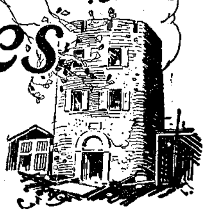

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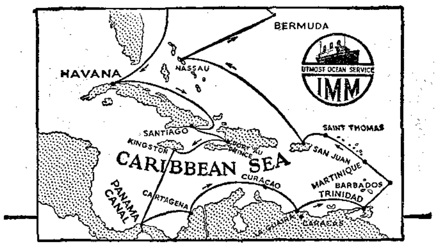

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Sell Radio In Spare Time!

Demonstrate the Ozarka in your own home or in your prospect's home. Sales experience not necessary—we teach you! Ozarka instruments priced right, with sales helps, national and local advertising, make your selling easy.

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The Ozarka plan of selling radio is entirely different. Most practical—easier to explain. Sales are made quicker and easier. Knowledge of radio not necessary—we teach you every detail without charge! Our success with 3,100 men proves the merit of our teaching.

3,100 Men Are Doing It!

The Ozarka organization today consists of 3,100 men. In territory not now covered the right man is wanted. $100 weekly in spare time is not unusual. Many Ozarka men are making far more—some have been with us for three years.

FREE Book Tells How—

Write me personally—tell me about yourself, and I'll see that my 64 page book, Ozarka Plan No. 100, is sent you without cost. Please mention the name of your county. To be sure of my personal attention, attach coupon below. to your letter.

J. Matheson Bell, Pres.

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Gentlemen: 11-25-124.A

I am greatly interested in the FREE BOOK "The Ozarka Plan" whereby I can sell your radio instruments.

Name........

Address........City........

County........State........

CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

Deputies by a narrow majority, with the Socialists abstaining from voting.

All the Powers represented in the tariff conference in Peking accept in principle the Chinese proposal that tariff autonomy, conditional upon her abolition of a likin tax, be granted to China.

Complete returns from the municipal election in England show a total net gain to Labor of 135 seats—47 in the provinces and 88 in London, where Labor now has a majority in 8 of the 28 boroughs.

DOMESTIC

October 27.—Eighteen people are killed and more than fifty injured when the "Sunnyland," a St. Louis-San Francisco passenger train, is wrecked near Victoria, Mississippi.

Lieut. James H. Doolittle, U. S. A., makes a new world's record for speed in seaplanes by flying at an average of 245.713 miles an hour over a course at Baltimore.

October 28.—Maj.-Gen. Charles P. Summerall, president of the court; Maj.-Gen. Fred W. Sladen, and Brig.-Gen. Albert J. Bowley are retired from the court martial trying Col. William Mitchell, the one on a peremptory challenge, and the other two on allegations of bias.

October 29.—A radio-controlled safety device for stopping locomotives when there is danger ahead is successfully demonstrated at Detroit.

October 30.—Col. Thomas W. Miller, formerly Alien Property Custodian, and four aliens and three foreign corporations are indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in New York in connection with the alleged fraudulent return of $7,000,000 worth of American Metals stock to aliens.

November 1.—The Italian War-Debt Commission arrives in Washington and Count Volpi, president of the Commission, announces that Italy not only has the will but the capacity to pay her just debts.

November 2.—After he had mortally wounded the officer, George ("Dutch") Anderson, bandit and pal of Gerald Chapman, was killed by detective Charles Hammond on October 31, in Muskegon, Michigan, according to identification just made.

The Muscle Shoals Commission informs President Coolidge that it is unable to agree upon any plan to dispose of the Government's power project in Alabama, and that a majority report and, perhaps, two minority reports will be filed.

November 3.—Senator James J. Walker, Democrat, is elected Mayor of New York City by a majority of approximately 400,000 over his Republican opponent, Frank D. Waterman.

President Coolidge declines to extend the leave of absence of Brig.-Gen. Smedley D. Butler, of the Marine Corps, to permit him to continue to serve as head of the Philadelphia Police Department, after December 31.

A. Harry Moore, Democrat, is elected Governor of New Jersey by a majority of approximately 40,000 over his Republican opponent, State Senator Arthur Whitney.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

barleycorn—"H. G. B.," Cleveland, O.—The cale of measurement for the foot in fitting shoes s not the inch but the *barleycorn.* "Three barleyorns make one inch." Even so recently as the 'Sixties" our parents thus began their tables But except in shoe measurement this unit of measure has entirely passed into disuse, and it is doubtful if many shoe dealers now know the term. As an English measure of length, however, the barleycorn is very old, certainly used in medieval times and probably much earlier. From "The Assize of Weights and Measures," enacted, according to some historians, about the twentieth year of the reign of Edward I. (1292), written in Latin, we read: "It is enacted that three grains of barley, dry and round, make an inch; twelve inches make foot; three feet make an 'ulna'; 5½ ulne make perch; and 40 perches in length and 4 in breadth make an acre."

The term *ulna* has given way to the Anglo-Saxon *yard* (gyrd) and this unit of length became tandardized by Henry VII., who caused a metal bar to be made as a permanent record. He also ordained that the foot should be one-third of the oyal yard, and the inch to be one-thirty-sixth of the yard.

The *barleycorn* by no means dropped into disuse, nor did the inch come into general use, for the oot rule, so common to-day, divided into inches *uncia*=twelfth part), was unknown, and all ommon measurements were by the *barleycorn,* inger-breadth, finger, palm, hand, span, foot, ubit, yard, etc. A table of 1561 reads, "Foure raines of barlye make a fynger: four fingers a hande: four handes a foot." One in 1594, "Foure barley kernels couched close together side by side re said to make a finger breadth." And Bailey in 1721 defined fingers-breadth as "a Measure of wo Barley Corn's Length, or four laid side to ide." The common linear measures, then, in erms of the inch, were: barleycorn, ⅓ inch; inger-breadth, ⅔ inch; digit, ¾ inch; thumb-breadth (sometimes called digit), 1 inch; nail, ¼ inches; hand or palm, 3 inches; hand-breadth, inches; span, 9 inches; foot, 12 inches; cubit, 8 inches; pace, 30 inches; and yard, 36 inches.

On one point, however, the Lexicographer has been unable to obtain any light. The shoe measure is on a recurring series of thirteen *barleyorns:* infants' sizes in the first series, children's izes in the second series, and adult sizes in the hird series. Size 13 adult is therefore thirteen inches long. [Many shoe dealers, to insure comort, drop two, two and a half, or three sizes in the unmarked infants' scale, so that a foot apparntly measuring size 8, say, will be fitted in a ize 8 shoe.] But the Lexicographer has nowhere ocated any early English unit of thirteen *barleyorns*, or 4⅓ inches. He offers as a hypothesis that the series of thirteen is based on the so-called Drusian foot which, in the opinion of some antiquarians, was "the most usual measure in medieval England," their opinions being formed from exhaustive studies of early English architecture. The length of the Drusian foot in modern standards is 13.2 inches. This foot may have been the measure of 39 *barleycorns* or of three hand-breadths of 13 *barleycorns* each.

The Lexicographer will welcome any such additional references as his readers may be in a position o supply.

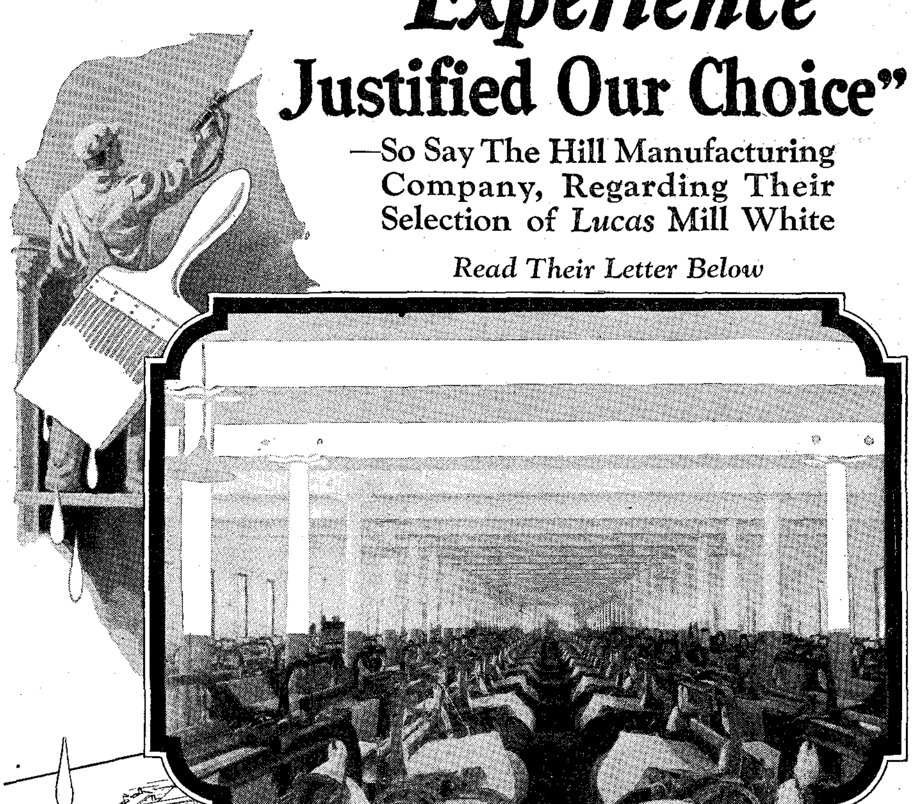
Mother Shipton.—"J. I. S.," Takoma Park, D C.—This so-called prophetess is first heard of in a tract of 1641, in which she is said to have lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and to have foretold he death of Wolsey, Cromwell, Lord Percy, etc. n 1677 the pamphleteering publisher, Richard Head, brought out a *Life and Death of Mother Shipton*, and in 1862 Charles Hindley published new edition in which she was credited with having predicted steam-engines, the telegraph, nd other modern inventions, as well as the end f the world in 1881. Of course she, like the immortal Mrs. Harris, is immortal only because there is no sich a person."

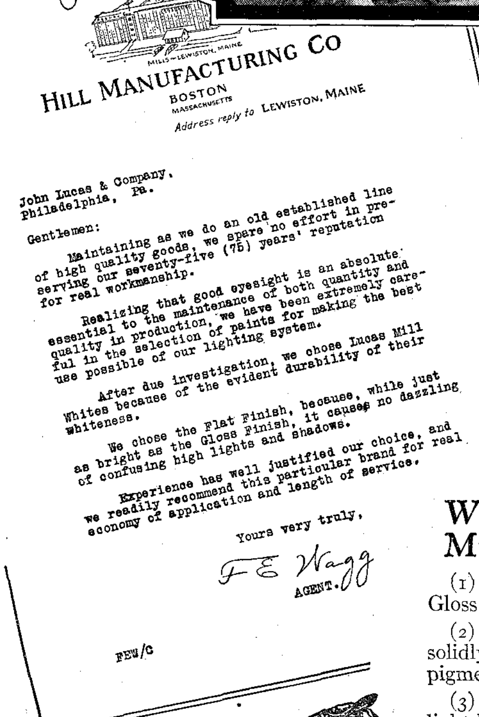
none.—"H. M.," Wardensville, W. Va.—Altho etymologically equivalent to *not* (a single) ne, *none* is commonly used as a singular under a mistaken idea that it can not be used correctly s a plural, but many writers of standard English have used it as a plural, notably Shakespeare, Dryden, Halleck, Wordsworth, Swift, Lounsbury. FUNK & WAGNALLS *New Standard Dictionary* authorizes the use of the word both as a singular and plural according to the meaning of the context. Where the singular or the plural equally expresses he sense, the plural is commonly used and is ustified by the highest authority. "Did you buy melons?" "There *were none* in the market." Did you bring me a letter?" "There *was none* n your box." "*None* of the three cases *have* been eceived" is correct. In illustrating this point the ictionary gives the following quotation: "Mind, ays one, soul, says another, brain or matter, says third, but none of these *are* right." And says, In the preceding quotation the 'are,' altho ngrammatical, connects 'right' with any one of he antecedents specified—not with 'mind,' 'soul,' r 'brain.' If *is* be substituted for 'are,' 'right' may be as reasonably connected with 'mind,' soul,' or 'brain' as with the antecedents menioned." *None* used with a plural verb is found epeatedly in English classics.

"Experience Justified Our Choice"

—So Say The Hill Manufacturing Company, Regarding Their Selection of *Lucas* Mill White

Read Their Letter Below





HILL MANUFACTURING CO
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Address reply to LEWISTON, MAINE

John Lucas & Company,
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Gentlemen:

Maintaining as we do an old established line of high quality goods, we spare no effort in preserving our seventy-five (75) years' reputation for real workmanship.

Realizing that good eyesight is an absolute essential to the maintenance of both quantity and quality in production, we have been extremely careful in the selection of paints for making the best use possible of our lighting system.

After due investigation, we chose Lucas Mill Whites because of the evident durability of their whiteness.

We chose the Flat Finish, because, while just as bright as the Gloss Finish, it causes no dazzling of confusing high lights and shadows.

Experience has well justified our choice, and we readily recommend this particular brand for real economy of application and length of service.

Yours very truly,

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AGENT.

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The Makers of the Famous
HILL A MUSLIN
HILL JEANS
HILL CORSET GOODS

have given due consideration to the important part that paint plays in lighting systems.

More light is not a matter of increased artificial light or additional windows. It is a matter of *diffusion*—of making better use of the light you now have.

Lucas Mill Whites—"The great daylighters of great industries" *diffuse light perfectly*. They are made in FLAT, Gloss and Egg Shell finish. But—

We recommend—LUCAS Mill White Flat Because—

(1) ***Lucas*** *Mill White Flat* is whiter than Gloss.

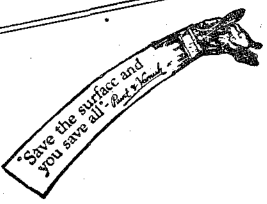
(2) ***Lucas*** *Mill White Flat* covers more solidly than Gloss because of its greater pigment content.

(3) ***Lucas*** *Mill White Flat* returns more light because of the greater pigment content.

(4) ***Lucas*** *Mill White Flat* diffuses light, thereby preventing glare and sharp shadows.

(5) ***Lucas*** *Mill White Flat* resists the tendency to turn yellow.

Write Dept. B-11 for interesting booklet "The Great Daylighters."



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The Latest Florida Miracle.—Hats Cleaned By Phone. Ring 5-5445, BENNETT'S.—*Ad in a Jacksonville Paper.*

The Rising Generation.—HOUSEKEEPER—Woman of 35 or more to take care of small family, all modern imps. Call Bell 3080.—*Ad in a Pennsylvania Paper.*

The Height of Consideration.—"Waiter, my bill should be thirteen shillings; you've made it fourteen shillings!"

"Yes, sir. I thought you might be superstitious, sir."—*Adelaide Observer.*

Our Missionary Labors.—The Americanization of Europe goes merrily forward. A Spanish bull-fighter has been hit on the head by a pop bottle thrown by a spectator.—*Life.*

And Everybody Scolded Her.—A female mummy believed to be over 3,000 years old has been unearthed near the City of Ur.

And to think that 3,000 years ago she was the "Modern Girl"!—*Dublin Opinion.*

Prodigality.—"Rafferty," exclaimed Mr. Dolan, "your boy threw a lump of coal at my boy!"

"That's a Rafferty for you! When he feels there's a principle at stake, he doesn't think of expense."—*Washington Star.*

Eliminating Mabel

TWO NO EQUAL Silk Garments lost by saleslady, with Mabel inside. Please return to 442 Nat'l Bank Commerce. Reward.—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.*

TWO NO EQUAL Silk Garments lost by saleslady, with Label inside. Please return to 442 Nat'l Bank Commerce. Reward.—*A Later Issue of the Same Paper.*

"My Dear, You Should Have Seen Him!"—The Boston *Transcript* picks this from the Lancaster *News*—"Miss Lucille Rife as flower girl carried a basket of roses and sweet peas. Mr. Robert Jones of Altoona wore a frock of pink georgette and acted as best man."

Tabloid Book Reviewing.—Snappy Comment on Standard Classics:

DICTIONARY (Funk and Wagnalls)—A bit plotless, but splendid vocabulary.

NURSERY RHYMES (Mother Goose)—Clever characterization. Plenty of action.

CENSUS REPORTS (Government)—Decided realism. Perhaps a trifle too "racy." Sex element predominant.

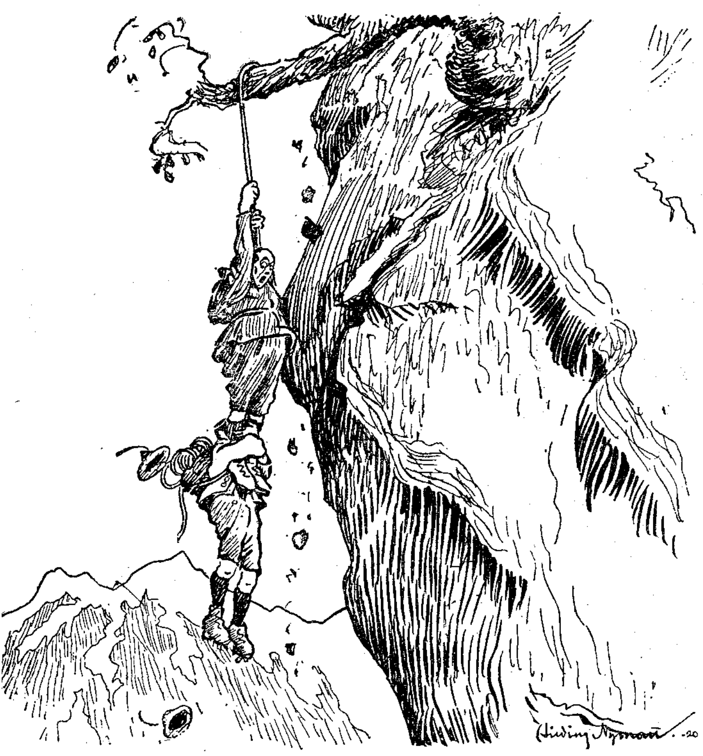
TELEPHONE BOOK (Bell)—Characters tend to obscure the action. Setting is local.

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD (U. S. Legislators)—Speeches too long. Much superfluous verbiage.—*Columns (University of Washington).*

A Leak.—Editor—"Why, my dear sir, this confounded stuff is not poetry. It's just an escape of gas."

Young Poet—"Ah, something wrong with the meter."—*Georgia Cracker.*

The Man for the Job.—"If the President, Vice-President and all the members of the Cabinet should die, who would officiate?" asked the teacher. Robert tried hard, but in vain, to think of the next in succession until a happy thought struck him. "The undertaker!" he exclaimed.—*Acton Leader.*



"Loose my feet, or I'll hit you with my stick!"

—*Sondaysnisse-Strix* (Stockholm).

She Wasn't Geographical.—Old Colored Mammy—"Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of wearying thumbing over railroad guides)—"Where is Florence, madam?"

Old Colored Mammy—"Settin' over dar on de bench, suh."—*Current School Topics.*

A Martyr to Truth.—When Freddy came home from school he was crying. "Teacher whipt me because I was the only one who could answer a question she asked the class," he wailed.

Freddy's mother was both astounded and angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?"

"She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."—*Current School Topics.*

Lost Illusions.—At the close of a lecture, Dr. James Moffatt, translator of the Bible, who at present is in this country, responded to the persistent applause by a brief bit of characteristic humor. The difference between a young preacher and an old one, he remarked, is that the young preacher wonders why people do not come out to hear him; the old preacher, why they do. "In this sense," said Dr. Moffatt, "I am a very old preacher."—*Christian Advocate.*

What a Climate!—Temperatures yesterday: High, 47 degrees; low, 48 degrees; average, 54.2 degrees.—*Newark (N. J.) Evening News.*

He Might Wear a Badge.—Man (in barber's chair)—"Be careful not to cut my hair too short; people will take me for my wife."—*Boston Transcript.*

Getting Acquainted.—First Pedestrian (to man who has just bumped into him)—"Clumsy idiot!"

Second Ditto (with ready wit)—"Glad to know you. Mine's Brown."—*Boston Transcript.*

On a Diet.—"I'd like to see some shirts for my husband. Soft ones, please, the doctor has forbidden anything starchy."—*Los Angeles Herald.*

The Proud Winner.—
PIG CHAMPIONSHIP
WON BY AMERICUS
BOY AT CLUB SHOW
—*Headlines in a Georgia Paper.*

Cures for Insomnia?—FOR RENT—Three Rooms; one double bed and two single beds; cold and hot water in each. Inquire 1166 Palm Street. Phone 1090-W.—*Classified ad in a California paper.*

Paternal Joy.—The recent celebration of the golden wedding of Sir Edmund Gosse, the noted British literary man, caused a considerable stir throughout England. This would probably have surprized Sir Edmund's father, the late Philip Henry Gosse, the eminent zoologist. In his diary for 1849, the elder Gosse made this quiet entry: "E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica."—*The Argonaut.*

The Height of Conscientiousness.—A Philadelphia man called up a bird-store the other day and said:

"Send me 30,000 cockroaches at once."

"What in heaven's name do you want with 30,000 cockroaches?"

"Well," replied the householder, "I am moving to-day and my lease says I must leave the premises here in exactly the same condition in which I found them."—*The Thrift Magazine.*

All Forgiven.—A married couple were knocked down by a motor. The car dashed away. The police arrived and found the couple bursting with indignation, especially the wife.

"Do you know the number of the car?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," replied the husband, "by a strange coincidence the first two numbers formed my age and the second two the age of my wife."

"John," said the wife, "we will let the matter drop at once!"—*Dorfbarbier (Berlin).*